

A

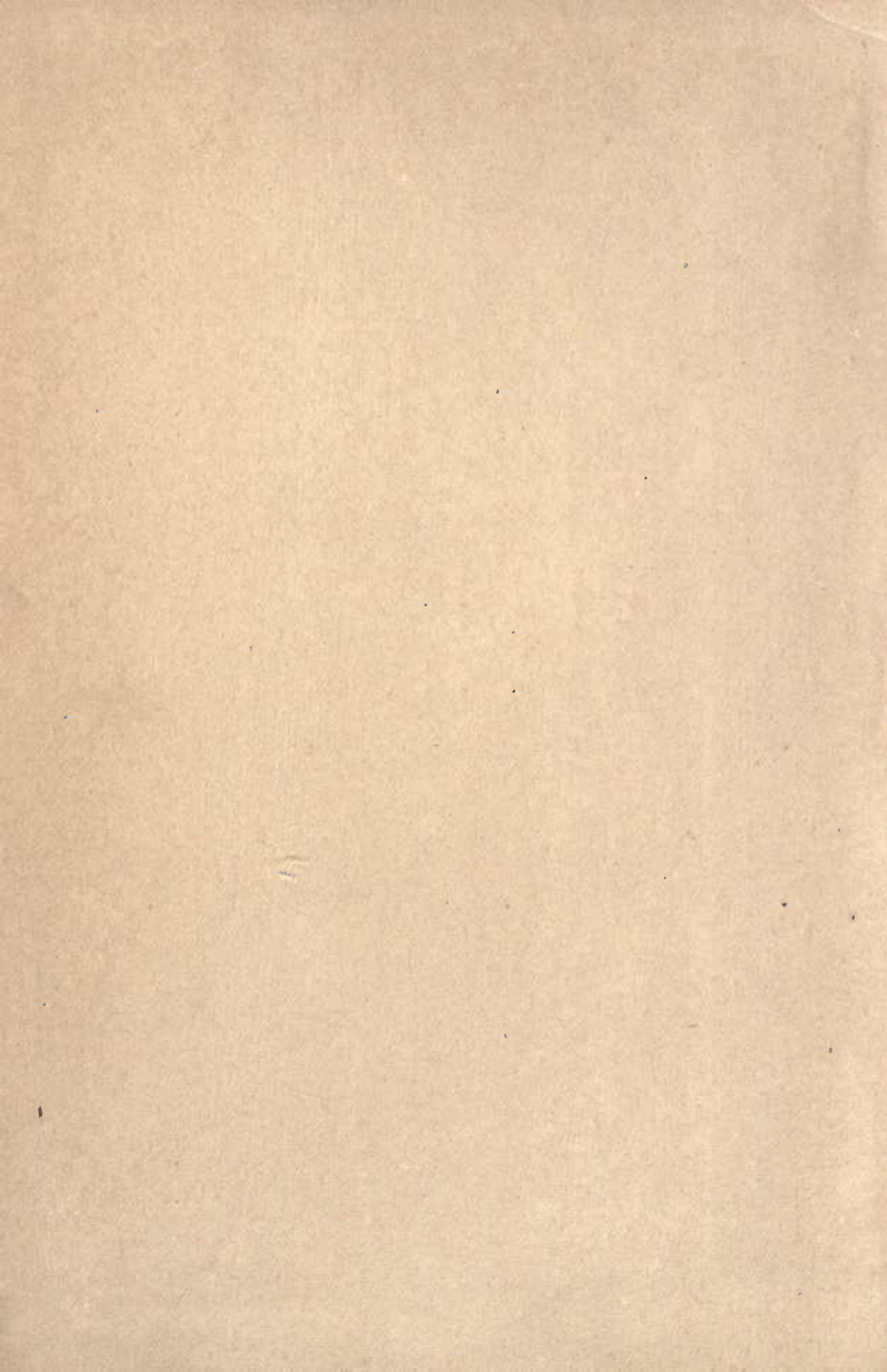
0000384800



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

Hyland's Marmott
**HIBERNIAN
SONGSTER**

ornia
nal
y



HYLAND'S MAMMOTH

HIBERNIAN SONGSTER

A COLLECTION OF

OVER 500 SONGS

THAT ARE DEAR TO THE IRISH HEART

INCLUDING SHEETS OF SELECTED MUSIC AND NUMEROUS TOASTS
AND SENTIMENTS

EDITED BY "THE BLACKBIRD"

Price: Paper, 25 Cents; Cloth, 50 Cents

J. S. HYLAND & CO., PUBLISHERS
CHICAGO

HOLD ON, THERE!

The Publishers want a word with you. We have christened this book the "Mammoth Hibernian Songster" just because it is the largest and best collection of Irish songs ever yet squeezed into a single volume. In fact, it is a storehouse where you can always find that very ditty you were "trying to think of." Moreover, every song is genuine; every line is correct; every sentiment is "kindly Irish of the Irish." It is a treasury of national minstrelsy for every age and taste. Not a song is contained in it that can wound a sensitive nature, and not one of those vulgar, unpatriotic travesties that are miscalled "Irish" by those who know not Ireland. It is the one book, indeed, to make our song-birds happy; because it is the cleanest, completest and handsomest of Irish songsters. Our race is a musical one. Our melodies beat the world for tenderness and sublimity. The land we spring from has been known as the "Isle of Song." The harp of its ancient bards is our emblem among the nations. There is a strong movement now on foot for the revival of its ancient glories in this regard, and we believe our Songster will help on the movement by arousing the sympathies and good taste of the masses, on whom all such movements must finally depend for success. Some of the choicest melodies in the collection have their sheet music attached, as an encouragement to the technical study of "the art divine." It is the confident hope of the publishers that their Songster will be welcomed in every Irish-American home, and will serve to noble purpose in guiding the choice of youth, in recalling sweet memories to the aged Exiles of Erin, and in the comfort and inspiration that all may gather even from perusing its pages, for—

The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers,
The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave,
But far in the future the power of their numbers
Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.

INDEX.

Absent Irishman, The.....	156
Acushla Gal Machree.....	17
Adieu! My Native Land, Adieu!.....	T. D. McGee 10
After the Battle.....	Thomas Moore 22
Aileen Aroon.....	Gerald Griffin 195
Aileen, Mavourneen.....	7
Aillean.....	John Banim 131
Alley Croker.....	Samuel Lover 201
Am I Not Fondly?.....	19
Angels' Whisper.....	Samuel Lover 21
Annie Dear.....	181
Arise From Thy Slumbers.....	Thomas Moore 44
Arrah, Cushla Mavourneen.....	154
Arranmore.....	Thomas Moore 19
As a Beam O'er the Face.....	Thomas Moore 22
As Slow Our Ship.....	Thomas Moore 18
A Place in Thy Memory, Dearest.....	Gerald Griffin 18
At the Mid Hour of Night.....	Thomas Moore 22
At the Yellow Boreen.....	164
Avenging and Bright.....	Thomas Moore 22
Avondhu.....	186
Awake and Lie Dreaming No More.....	Thomas Davis 136
Bad Luck to This Marching.....	Charles Lever 134
Banks of the Shannon.....	93
Banshee, The.....	Samuel Lover 12
Bard of Armagh.....	97
Pard's Legacy, The.....	Thomas Moore 56
Barney McCoy.....	210
Barney O'Hea.....	136
Barney O'Toole.....	138
Beautiful Erin.....	27
Beautiful Girl of Kildare.....	96
Beautiful Isle of the Sea.....	George Cooper 23
Before the Battle.....	Thomas Moore 27
Before the Sun Rose at Yester Dawn.....	165
Bells of Shandon, The.....	Father Mahony 50
Believe Me, If All Those Endearing.....	Thomas Moore 19
Biddy McCarty.....	137
Blackbird, The.....	130
Blarney, The.....	William Carleton 66
Boatman of Kinsale, The.....	Thomas Davis 203
Bonny Irish Boy.....	97
Rowld Sojer Boy.....	Samuel Lover 140
Boys of Kilkenny, The.....	134
Boys of Wexford, The.....	215
Brennan on the Moor.....	137
Bridget Donahue.....	153
Bright Fairies.....	165
Brisk Irish Lads, The.....	199
Burial of Sir John Moore.....	Rev. C. Wolfe 138
By the Banks of the Shannon.....	93
By That Lake Whose Gloomy Shore.....	Thomas Moore 26
Captain Megan.....	195
Cheer! Boys, Cheer!.....	Henry Russell 83
Claddagh Boatman, The.....	Gerald Griffin 63
Clare's Dragoons.....	Thomas Davis 140
Colleen Bawn, The.....	J. E. Carpenter 85

Colleen Dhas Cruthin Amoe	29
Colleen Dhas Machree	98
Come Back to Erin	26
Come O'er the Sea	Thomas Moore 23
Come Rest in This Bosom	Thomas Moore 23
Come Send Round the Wine	Thomas Moore 28
Connor the Fisherman	153
Coolun, The	Samuel Ferguson 113
Cormac Oge	185
Couldst Thou Look as Dear	Thomas Moore 7
Croppy Boy, The	Carroll Malone 212
Cushla Mo Chree	J. F. Waller 177
Darby Kelly	158
Dark Fairy Rath, The	173
Dawning of the Day	J. C. Mangan 163
Dear Erin, How Sweetly (with music)	Dr. Drennan 121
Dear Harp of My Country	Thomas Moore 27
Dear Harp of My Country (in Gaelic)	Thomas Moore 219
Dear Irish Boy, The	56
Dear Little Colleen	209
Dear Old Ireland	T. D. Sullivan 142
Death of Sarsfield, The	104
Dermot Asthore	Mrs. Crawford 65
Desmond's Song	Thomas Moore 159
Down by the Sally Gardens	A. Graves 164
Draherin OMachree	170
Drink to Her	Thomas Moore 29
Dublin Bay	Crofton 29
Dublin Lasses	78
Dying Soldier, The	106
Earth Is Fair Around Us, The	181
Eily Mavourneen, The Rose of Killarney	158
Ellen Bawn	J. C. Mangan 201
Emigrant's Farewell, The	Mrs. Norton 87
Emmett	145
Emmett's Farewell to His Love	102
Erin's Green Shore	98
Erin's Lovely Home	146
Erin Is My Home	Carpenter 32
Erin, Mavourneen	32
Erin, My Country	W. Macomb 202
Erin of the Streams	90
Erin, O Erin!	Thomas Moore 30
Erin! The Tear and the Smile (with music)	Thomas Moore 149
Ever of Thee	George Linley 30
Exile's Lament, The	T. D. McGee 94
Exile's Request, The	198
Exile of Erin, The	Thomas Campbell 115
Fair Hills of Old Ireland, The	146
Fair Hills of Holy Ireland, The	T. D. McGee 165
Fairest, Put On Awhile	Thomas Moore 166
Fairies Are Dancing, The	182
Fairy Boy, The	Samuel Lover 66
Fairy Haunts	175
Farewell! But Whenever You Welcome	Thomas Moore 31
Farewell to Kathleen	76
Far in the Mountains	166
Faugh a Ballagh	Thomas Davis 128
Fenian's Escape, The	101
Fenian Men, The	Scanlan 141
Fill the Bumper Fair	Thomas Moore 167
Flight of the Earls	A. Graves 211
Flower of Finae, The	Thomas Davis 163
Fly Not Yet	Thomas Moore 194
Forlorn Hope, The	Brigade Song 102
For Ireland, I'd No Tell	180
Fortune in the Fire	147
Fortune Teller, The	Thomas Moore 54

Four-Leaved Shamrock, The.....	<i>Samuel Lover</i>	127
From Life Without Freedom.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	34
Garden Where the Praties Grow.....		97
Garryowen		144
Gentlemen of the Army, The.....		72
Girl I've Left Behind Me, The.....	<i>Samuel Lover</i>	117
Glen of Aherlow, The.....	<i>Charles J. Kickham</i>	208
Go Where Glory Waits Thee.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	32
God Save Ireland	<i>T. D. Sullivan</i>	144
Gra Gal Machree	<i>Gerald Griffin</i>	83
Green Above the Red, The.....	<i>Thomas Davis</i>	88
Green Bushes		195
Green Flag, The		139
Green Little Shamrock of Ireland, The.....		105
Green Mossy Banks of the Lee, The.....		205
Green Linnet, The		76
Groves of Blarney, The.....	<i>R. A. Milliken</i>	157
Had I a Heart.....		197
Handful of Earth, A.....		95
Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Hall, The (with music).....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	24
Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Hall, The (in Gaelic).....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	219
Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	168
Have You Been at Carrick?.....		169
Hear Me But Once	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	160
He Came From the North.....		169
Her Hair Was Like the Beaten Gold.....		170
Here's to the Bower	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	203
Here's to You, Old Land.....	<i>Michael Scanlan</i>	135
Holly and Ivy Girl		206
How Dear to Me the Hour.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	90
Hunting Song	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	180
Hush, Baby Mine		169
I Dreamed That Old Ireland Was Free.....		13
I Left Ireland and Mother Because We Were Poor.....		209
I'd Mourn the Hopes	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	206
I'll Not Reveal		172
Ill Omen	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	78
I Love My Love.....	<i>Gerald Griffin</i>	171
I Love to Wander.....		172
I'm Dreaming of Thee, Norah.....		34
I'm Leaving Old Ireland.....		99
I'm Not Myself at All.....	<i>Samuel Lover</i>	74
I'm Very Happy Where I Am.....	<i>Dion Boucicault</i>	63
In a Valley Far Away.....		171
In Dublin's Sweet City.....		95
I Once Loved a Boy.....		172
Ireland		145
Ireland Will Yet Be Free.....		150
Irish Castles		196
Irish Emigrant's Lament.....	<i>Lady Dufferin</i>	37
Irish Exile's Love, The.....		152
Irish Fair Day, An.....		96
Irish Girl, The		116
Irish Hearts for the Ladies.....		150
Irish Hurrah, The	<i>Thomas Davis</i>	104
Irish Hussar, The		9
Irish Jig, The		114
Irish Lullaby.....	<i>A. Graves</i>	173
Irish Maiden's Lament, The.....	<i>Denny Lone</i>	71
Irish Maiden's Song, The.....	<i>John Banim</i>	84
Irish Mary	<i>John Banim</i>	34
Irish Molly O.....		92
Irish Peasant to His Mistress, The	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	54
Irish Rapparees	<i>Edward Walsh</i>	202
Irish Stew, An		133
Irish War-Song	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	166
Irishman, The	<i>James Orr</i>	91
Irishman's Toast, An		207

I Saw From the Beach.....	Thomas Moore	33
I Saw Thy Form.....	Thomas Moore	33
I See Them on Their Winding Way.....	Thomas Moore	8
Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well.....	Gerald Griffin	14
It Chanced When I Was Walking.....		174
It Is Not the Tear.....	Thomas Moore	36
It's Little For Glory I Care.....	Charles Lever	12
I've a Secret to Tell You.....	Thomas Moore	35
I Was the Boy for Bewitching 'Em.....		196
I Would Not Die.....		143
Joys That Pass Away.....		33
Juanita.....		127
Kate Kearney.....	Lady Morgan	107
Kate O'Brien.....	Charles Jeffreys	36
Kate O'Shane.....	George Linley	35
Kate of Garnavilla.....	E. Lysaght	86
Kate of Kilkenny.....		93
Kathleen Mavourneen.....	Mrs. Crofton	36
Kathleen O'More.....		160
Katie O'Ryan.....		39
Katty Avourneen.....		31
Katty Darling.....		155
Katy Darling.....		86
Killarney.....	M. J. Balfe	125
Kitty Tyrrell.....	Samuel Lover	35
Lament for Ireland.....		170
Lament for Sarsfield, The.....		204
Land of the West, The.....	Russell	211
Larry M'Hale.....	Charles Lever	11
Last Rose of Summer, The.....	Thomas Moore	59
Lay His Sword By His Side.....	Thomas Moore	175
Lay of the Dying Bard.....		183
Let Erin Remember (with music).....	Thomas Moore	149
Light Guitar, The.....	Thomas Moore	14
Light Sounds the Harp.....	Thomas Moore	204
Limerick Is Beautiful.....	Dion Boucicault	15
Limerick Races.....		148
Live In My Heart.....	Samuel Lover	65
Long Farewell I Send to Thee.....		39
Love-Dreams.....	Thomas Moore	214
Love, My Mary, Dwells With Thee.....	Gerald Griffin	38
Love Thee, Dearest, Love Thee.....	Thomas Moore	37
Love's Light Summer-Cloud.....	Thomas Moore	38
Love's Longings.....		200
Love's Young Dream.....	Thomas Moore	28
Low-Backed Car, The.....	V. Vousden	67
Ma Aileen Asthore.....		91
Maid of Erin, The.....		118
Maids of Merry Ireland, The.....	R. Wynne	124
Maire Ban Astor.....	Thomas Davis	114
Mantle So Green, The.....		161
March to the Battle Field.....	Thomas Moore	90
Mary Aileen.....		51
Mary Astore.....		65
Mary of Fermoy.....		75
Mary of Limerick Town.....		179
Mary of Tipperary.....		197
Mary of the Curling Hair.....	Gerald Griffin	68
Mary O'Mara.....		156
Maureen.....	B. W. Proctor	88
Maureen Mavourneen.....		208
May-Dew, The.....		8
Meeting of the Waters, The (with music).....	Thomas Moore	80
Meeting of the Waters, The (In Gaelic).....	Thomas Moore	218
Memory of the Dead, The.....	T. Davis	64
Men of Tipperary, The.....	Thomas Davis	62
Mild Mabel Kelly.....	Samuel Ferguson	163
Minstrel Boy, The.....	Thomas Moore	57

Minstrel Boy, The (in Gaelic).....	Thomas Moore	218
Mo Cailin Donn		110
Molly Asthore		40
Molly Bawn	Samuel Lover	42
Molly Carew	Samuel Lover	16
Mollie Darling		41
Molly, O!		151
Mother, He's Going Away	Samuel Lover	147
Mountain Sprite, The	Thomas Moore	55
My Boat Is On the Shore.....	Lord Byron	88
My Countrymen, Awake.....	T. Davis	175
My Dark-Haired Girl	Samuel Lover	151
My Dear Little Irish Colleen.....		92
My Emmett's No More		41
My Gentle Harp	Thomas Moore	176
My Gra Gal Machree		77
My Grave	Thomas Davis	53
My Heart's In Old Ireland		15
My Irish Wife.....	T. D. McGee	210
My Land (with music).....		216
My Little Irish Queen		152
My Love She Was Born		170
My Love's the Fairest Creature		176
My Noble Irish Girl.....		193
My Own		177
My Poor Dog Tray	Thomas Campbell	73
My Poor Heart Is Sad		129
My Rose		167
Nation Once Again, A.....	Thomas Davis	129
Native Music	Samuel Lover	7
Nay, Tell Me Not, Dear.....	Thomas Moore	177
Ned of the Hills.....		82
Night Closed Around	Thomas Moore	213
No Irish Need Apply		100
No, Not More Welcome.....	Thomas Moore	199
Norah Creina	Thomas Moore	37
Norah Creina, See the Flowers		198
Norah Darling		89
Norah McShane		42
Norah, the Pride of Kildare		41
Norah O'Neal	W. S. Hayes	40
Noreen	C. Linley	8
Norine Maurine		99
Now, Can't You Be Aisy?.....	Charles Lever	13
O'Blarney		85
Och! Norah Dear		48
O'Donnell Aboo! (with music).....	M. J. McCann	20
Of in the Stilly Night	Thomas Moore	50
Oh, Amber-Haired Nora		179
Oh, Banquet Not	Thomas Moore	43
Oh! Bay of Dublin	Lady Dufferin	86
Oh, Blame Not the Bard!.....	Thomas Moore	43
Oh, Breathe Not His Name!.....	Thomas Moore	45
Oh, Doubt Me Not	Thomas Moore	44
Oh, Had We Some Bright Little Isle.....	Thomas Moore	46
Oh Leave Not Your Kathleen		100
Oh, Limerick Is Beautiful	Michael Scanlan	70
Oh, Love Is a Hunter Boy.....	Thomas Moore	179
Oh, Proud Were the Chieftains	Thomas Moore	178
Oh, Remember the Time!	Thomas Moore	47
Oh, Soon Return	Thomas Moore	46
Oh, the Marriage	Thomas Davis	214
Oh! Think Not My Spirits	Thomas Moore	45
Oh, 'Tis Sweet to Think.....	Thomas Moore	174
Oh, When I Breathed	Thomas Moore	199
Oh! Where's the Slave.....	Thomas Moore	45
Oh, Yes—So Well, So Tenderly!.....	Thomas Moore	47
Old Ireland's Liberty		105

Old Ireland I Adore.....	<i>James Walsh</i>	84
Old Race, The	<i>T. D. McGee</i>	101
O, Erin, My Country		17
O Let Me Like a Soldier Fall.....	<i>M. J. Balfe</i>	73
O Open the Door		197
O, Sons of Erin.....		143
O Wearily, Wearily	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	176
One Bumper at Parting	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	44
One Night in My Youth.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	180
One Sunday After Mass		181
Orange and Green	<i>Thomas Davis</i>	212
Origin of the Harp, The.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	60
Ould Ireland, You're My Darlin'.....		148
Our Motherland		150
Paddies Evermore		162
Paddy Blake's Echo.....	<i>Samuel Lover</i>	71
Paddy's Island of Green		112
Paddy's Land		112
Pastheen Fion	<i>Dr. Samuel Ferguson</i>	49
Pat Malloy		111
Patriot Mother, The		215
Peasant's Bride, The.....		153
Peggy Bawn		162
Place in Thy Memory, A.....	<i>Gerald Griffin</i>	18
Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow.....		47
Pride of Mayo, The		205
Rakes of Mallow, The		164
Reconciliation, The	<i>John Banim</i>	51
Red-Haired Man's Wife, The		187
Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	48
Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore (with music).....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	189
Ring the Bell Softly		130
Rising of the Moon.....		132
Robert Emmett		93
Rory O'More	<i>Samuel Lover</i>	49
Roisin Dubh		178
Rose of Erin, The		110
Rose of Kilkenny, The		200
Rose of Tralee, The		96
Savourneen Deelish		52
Send Back My Barney to Me.....		161
Shamus O'Brien	<i>Lefann</i>	52
Shane Glas		168
Shan Van Vogh, The	<i>Charles Kickham</i>	103
She Is Far From the Land	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	50
Shuille Agra		79
Silence Is In Our Festal Halls.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	182
Soldier of Erin, The		155
Soldier's Tear, A		110
Soggarth Aroon	<i>John Banim</i>	113
Song of Innisfail		131
Song of the Volunteers	<i>Thomas Davis</i>	112
Song of War, The	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	57
Sprig of Shillelah, The	<i>Henry Code</i>	89
St. Kevin and King O'Toole		159
St. Senanus and the Lady.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	46
Strike the Gay Harp	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	56
Sublime Was the Warning	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	53
Sweet Harp	<i>Samuel Lover</i>	152
Sweet Kitty Magee	<i>Samuel Lover</i>	191
Sweet Kitty Neil	<i>John F. Waller</i>	54
Sweet Land of Song		42
Sweet Irish Girl, A.....		21
Sweet Sybil		194
Take Back the Virgin Page	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	55
Terence's Farewell	<i>Lady Dufferin</i>	74
Terry Malone		160
Terry O'Rourke		193

There Are Sounds of Mirth	Thomas Moore	184
There's a Colleen Fair as May	Thomas Moore	182
There's a Land (with music)	Thomas Moore	190
There's a Sweet Little Spot	Thomas Moore	69
The Green Above the Red	Thomas Moore	154
The Silent Bird Is Hid	Thomas Moore	185
The Tie Is Broke, My Irish Girl	Gerald Griffin	70
This Life Is All Chequered	Thomas Moore	59
This Rock That Overhangs the Foam	Thomas Moore	184
Tho' Dark Are Our Sorrows	Thomas Moore	181
Though the Last Glimpse of Erin	Thomas Moore	58
Three Fishers Went Sailing	Thomas Moore	68
Three Leaves of Shamrock	Thomas Moore	95
Through Erin's Isle (with music)	Thomas Moore	81
Thy Harp, Beloved Erin	Thomas Moore	101
Thy Welcome, O'Leary	Thomas Moore	187
Time I've Lost in Wooing, The	Thomas Moore	55
Tipperary Recruiting Song	Street Ballad	109
'Tis Evening Brings My Heart	Thomas Moore	132
'Tis Gone and Forever	Thomas Moore	61
'Tis Sweet to Think	Thomas Moore	61
'Tis the Shamrock, the Shamrock (with music)	Thomas Moore	25
To Ireland	Thomas Moore	135
To Ladies' Eyes	Thomas Moore	60
Top O' the Mornin'	John Locke	174
Town of Passage, The	Fr. Mahoney	82
'Twas Early One Morning	Thomas Moore	185
'Twas One of Those Dreams	Thomas Moore	188
Two Heads Are Better Than One	Thomas Moore	10
Up for the Green!	Thomas Moore	75
Valley Lay Smiling Before Me, The	Thomas Moore	58
Vesper Hymn, The	Thomas Moore	119
Voice of Her I Love, The	Thomas Moore	14
Vow of Tipperary, The	Thomas Davis	94
Wanderer's Return, The	Thomas Moore	172
Wearing of the Green, The	Dion Bouicault	104
Weep No More	Thomas Moore	187
Weep On, Weep On	Thomas Moore	120
Welcome as Flowers of May	Thomas Davis	186
Welcome, The	Thomas Davis	133
We May Be Happy Yet	A. Bonn	79
We May Roam Through This World	Thomas Moore	116
We Have Lived and Loved Together	Thomas Moore	11
What Will You Do, Love	Samuel Lover	124
When Cold In the Earth	Thomas Moore	188
Whene'er I See Those Smiling Eyes	Thomas Moore	191
When First I Met Thee	Thomas Moore	119
When He Who Adores Thee	Thomas Moore	116
When Summer Comes	Thomas Moore	191
When the Grass Grows Green	Thomas Moore	106
When the Swallows Homeward Fly	Thomas Moore	128
When Thou Art Nigh	Thomas Moore	94
When Through Life Unblest We Rove	Thomas Moore	127
When Twilight Dews	Thomas Moore	11
When War Was Heard	Thomas Moore	192
Where the Grass Grows Green	Thomas Moore	106
While Gazing On the Moon's Light	Thomas Moore	123
While History's Muse	Thomas Moore	120
Whistling Thief, The	Samuel Lover	69
White Cockade, The	A. Callanan	69
Why, Liquor of Life	Samuel Lover	188
Widow Machree	Samuel Lover	108
Widow Malone	Charles Lever	107
Widow's Message, The	Helen Forester	61
Willy Reilly	Thomas Moore	123
Willie Reilly's Courtship	Thomas Moore	118
Winter It Is Past, The	Thomas Moore	185
Woodpecker, The	Thomas Moore	167

Woods of Green Erin, The.....	78
Wreath the Bowl	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 192
Wren-Boys' Song, The	186
Ye Dark-Hair'd Youths	66
You'll Remember Me.....	<i>M. W. Balfe</i> 125
Young Ellen Loraine	200
Young May Moon, The.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 58
Young Rose, The	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 60
You Remember Ellen	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 126
You Would Not Leave Your Norah.....	126
Toasts and Sentiments	220

Hyland's Mammoth Hibernian Songster.

NATIVE MUSIC.

O, native music, beyond comparing,
The sweetest far on the ear that falls,
Thy gentle numbers, the heart remembers,
Thy strains enchain us in tender thralls;
Thy tones endearing, or sad or cheering,
The absent soothe on a foreign strand.
Ah, who can tell what a holy spell
Is in the songs of our native land!
The proud and lowly, the pilgrim holy,
The lover kneeling at Beauty's shrine,
The bard who dreams by the haunted streams—
All, all, are touch'd by thy powers divine;
The captive cheerless, the soldier fearless,
The mother taught by nature's hand,
Her babe when weeping will lull to sleeping
By some sweet song of our native land.

AILEEN, MAVOURNEEN.

He tells me he loves me, and can I believe
The heart he has won he can wish to deceive,
Forever and always his sweet words to me,
Are Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamachree.
Last night when we parted, his gentle good-by,
A thousand times said, and each time with a sigh,
And still the same sweet words he whispered to me,
My Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamachree.
The friend of my childhood, the friend of my youth,
Whose heart is all pure, and whose words are all truth
O, still the same sweet words he whispered to me,
My Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamachree.
O, when will the day come, the dear happy day,
That a maiden may hear all a lover can say,
And speak out the words he now whispers to me
My Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamachree.

COULDEST THOU LOOK AS DEAR.

Couldst thou look as dear as when
First I sighed for thee,
Couldst thou make me feel again
Every wish I breathed thee then,
Oh, how blissful life would be!
Hopes that now beguiling leave me,
Joys that lie in slumber cold,
All would wake, couldst thou but give me
One dear smile like those of old.
Oh, there's nothing left us now,
But to mourn the past!
Vain was every ardent vow;
Never yet did Heaven allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last.
Not even hope could now deceive me—
Life itself looks dark and cold;
Oh, thou never more canst give me
One dear smile like those of old!

NOREEN.

Noreen, darling! don't look so shy—
 It kills me, that glance of your eye;
 Oh, go where I will,
 It follows me still,
 Beaming bright, like a star in the sky.
 While pressing your hand yesterday,
 As idly we saunter'd along,
 Each word that I wanted to say
 Expired at the point of my tongue—
 For as in a book
 I read by your look,
 That you seem well to know what I mean.
 Yes, I love you, my darling Noreen!

Noreen! If to love you be wrong,
 The blame to my heart doth belong.
 For morn, noon, and night,
 You're all its delight,
 And your name the sweet theme of my song.
 Then, darling, no longer delay,
 Your glances my heart have undone,
 That smile says what I wish'd to say,
 To-morrow we two shall be one.
 The priest and a ring,
 Will best settle the thing,
 And explain what I really do mean.
 Yes, I love you, my darling Noreen!

THE MAY-DEW.

Come with me, love, I'm seeking
 A spell in the young year's flowers;
 The magical May-dew is weeping,
 Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs;
 Its pearls are more precious than those they find
 In Jewell'd India's sea;
 For the dew-drops, love, might serve to bind
 Thy heart, forever, to me!

Oh come with me, love, I'm seeking
 A spell in the young year's flowers;
 The magical May-dew is weeping
 Its charms o'er the summer bow'rs.

Haste, or the spell will be missing,
 We seek in the May-dew now;
 For soon the warm sun will be kissing
 The bright drops from blossom and bough:
 And the charm is so tender the May-dew sheds
 O'er the wild flowers' delicate dyes,
 That e'en at the touch of the sunbeam, 'tis said,
 The mystical influence flies.
 Oh, come with me, etc.

I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

I see them on their winding way,
 About their ranks the moonbeams play,
 Their lofty deeds, and daring high,
 Blend with the notes of victory;
 And waving arms, and banners bright,
 Are glancing in the mellow light.
 They're lost and gone—the moon is past,
 The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,
 And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
 The march is rising o'er the hill.
 I see them, &c. &c.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
 The clashing horn—they come, they come;
 Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
 In long and glittering files they sweep;
 And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
 Their softened chorus meets the ear.
 Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,
 The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
 With thrilling fife, and pealing drum,
 And clashing horn—they come, they come;
 I see them, &c. &c.

THE IRISH HUSSAR.

In times not very old,
 There lived a baron bold,
 Who kept a lovely daughter under bolt and bar.
 He was naturally mild,
 Till he found his only child
 Had been bother'd and beguiled
 By an Irish hussar.
 His castle wall was steep,
 And the foss both wide and deep,
 And the lady's tower was lofty, as most ladies' towers are:
 But what foss or rampart stout,
 E'er yet held young love out,
 Or even put to rout
 A true Irish hussar?
 On one wild and stormy night,
 In that tower shone a light—
 'Twas Love's own beacon bright, high o'er the elemental war.
 Each sentry sought his box
 Trusting all to wall and locks,
 Little "drameing" what a fox
 Was an Irish hussar.
 To the turret light, so true
 A pebble lightly flew,
 When the wakeful maiden knew that her lover was not far:
 Back o'er the rampart wall
 She flung a silken ball,
 Knowing well that it must fall
 Near her Irish hussar.
 Soon, according to her hope,
 She drew back a stair of rope,
 Which her own fair hands soon fasten'd to her window bar;
 Whilst she heard a voice below
 Whisper, "Wo, good Shamroy, wo,
 Till she comes—then off I go,
 Like an Irish hussar."
 Though the turret rose so high,
 The true lover soon drew nigh,
 When the maiden gave a sigh, to see the ground so far:
 "Now, my love, come down with me!"
 "But," says she, "love, where's your key?"
 "Hanging by my side," cries he,
 Like an Irish hussar.
 This light laugh soothed her fears;
 Soon she dried her maiden tears,
 Knowing well that a faint heart would now her fortune mar.
 Soon beneath that tower they stood,
 Where he found his charger good,
 That would face both fire and blood
 With an Irish hussar.
 "Now, mount, dear girl, with me."
 "O, la! sweet love," cries she,
 "I looked, at least, to see a coach or jaunting car."
 "Up! ma coleen gra," he cried,

"Your sweet self must learn to ride,
If you look to be the bride
Of an Irish hussar."

The maiden made no more ado,
But en croupe full lightly flew—
"And now, good steed, be true in love as you have been in war;
Your soft arms round me throw,
My own girl," he cried, "just so;
Now, one kiss—and off you go—whoo!
Like an Irish hussar."

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

"Sure, Katty, you'd much better tarry,"
One day said my mother to me,
"For you still over young are to marry,
My darling, to that you'll agree."
"Oh! mother, your frown sorely tries me,
Why should I not do as you've done?"
"Sure," said she, "I had none to advise me,
And two heads are better than one."
Then who should I meet but dear Larry,
I told him the worst of my fears;
"It's my mother that won't let me marry,"
Said I, nearly choked by my tears:
"Och! your mother's advice don't be dreading,
Sure, it's just the right thing to be done,
For the best of all reasons for wedding
Is—that two heads are better than one."
To my mother I went the next morning,
I blushed as I showed her the ring,
"So it's all my advice you've been scorning!"
"Sure, mother, it's no such a thing."
"Larry said that you never could scold me,
For but doing what others have done,
And besides we've but proved what you told me,
That two heads are better than one!"

ADIEU! MY NATIVE LAND, ADIEU!

Adieu, my native land adieu,
The vessel spreads her swelling sails;
Perhaps I never more may view
Your fertile fields, your flow'ry dales.
Delusive hope can charm no more,
Far from the faithless maid I roam;
Unfriended seek some foreign shore,
Unpitied leave my native home.
Adieu, my native, &c.

Farewell, dear village, oh, farewell,
Soft on the gale thy murmur dies,
I hear thy solemn evening bell,
Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes.
Though frequently falls the dazzling tear,
I scorn to shrink from fate's decree;
And think not, cruel maid, that e'er
I'd heave another sigh for thee.
Adieu, my native, &c.

In vain through shades of frowning night,
Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore;
Deep sinks the fiery orb of light,
I view thy beacon now no more.
Rise! billows, rise! blow, hollow winds!
Nor night, nor storms, nor death I fear;
Unfriended bear me hence, to find,
The peace which fate denies me here.
Adieu, my native, &c.

WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.

We have lived and loved together,
 Thro' many changing years,
 We have shared each other's gladness,
 And wept each other's tears.
 I have never known a sorrow,
 That was long unsoothed by thee,
 For thy smile can make a summer,
 Where winter else would be.

Like the leaves that fall around us
 In autumn's fading hours,
 Are the traitor smiles that darken,
 When the cloud of sorrow low'rs
 And tho' many such we've known, love,
 Too prone, alas! to range,
 We both can speak of one love,
 Whom time could never change.

We have lived and loved together,
 Thro' many changing years,
 We have shared each other's gladness,
 And wept each other's tears.
 And let us hope the future,
 As the past has been, will be,
 I will share with thee thy sorrows,
 And thou thy joys with me.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

When twilight dew's are falling soft
 Upon the rosy lea, love,
 I watch the star, whose beam so oft
 Has lighted me to thee, love.
 And thou, too, on that orb so dear,
 Ah, dost thou gaze at even;
 And think, tho' lost forever here,
 Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.

There's not a garden-walk I tread,
 There's not a flower I see, love,
 But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
 Some joy I've lost with thee, love.
 And still I wish that hour was near,
 When friends and foes forgiven,
 The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here
 May turn to smiles in heaven.

LARRY M'HALE.

O! Larry M'Hale he had little to fear,
 And never could want when the crops didn't fall,
 He'd a house and demense, and eight hundred a year,
 And a heart for to spend it, had Larry M'Hale!

The soul of a party, the life of a feast,
 An illigant song he could sing, I'll be bail;
 He would ride with the rector, and drink with the priest,
 O! the broth of a boy was old Larry M'Hale.

It's little he cared for the judge or recorder,
 His house was as big and as strong as a jail;
 With a cruel four-pounder, he kept all in great order,
 He'd murder the country, would Larry M'Hale.

He'd a blunderbuss, too; of horse pistols a pair;
 But his favorite weapon was always a flail;
 I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,
 For he handled it neatly, did Larry M'Hale.
 His ancestors were kings, before Moses was born,
 His mother descended from great Grana Ualle;
 He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenchs to scorn.
 They were mushrooms compared to old Larry M'Hale.
 He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,
 With cousins and uncles enough for a tail;
 And, though loaded with debt, O! the devil a thinner
 Could law, or the sheriff, make Larry M'Hale.
 With a larder supplied, and a cellar well stored,
 None lived half so well, from Fair-Head to Kinsale,
 As he plously said, "I've a plentiful board,
 And the Lord he is good to old Larry M'Hale."
 So fill up your glass, and a high bumper give him;
 It's little we'd care for the tithes or repale;
 For ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,
 If we only had plenty, like Larry M'Hale.

THE BANSHEE.

The day was declining,
 The dark night drew near,
 And the old Lord grew sadder,
 And paler with fear.
 Come, listen, my daughter,
 Come nearer—oh! near,
 It's the wind or the water
 That sighs in my ear.
 Not the wind nor the water
 Now stirr'd the night air,
 But a warning far sadder—
 The banshee was there.
 Now rising, now swelling,
 On the night wind it bore
 One cadence, still telling,
 I want thee, Rossmore!
 And then fast came his breath,
 And more fix'd grew his eye,
 And the shadow of death
 Told his hour was nigh.
 Ere the dawn of that morning
 The struggle was o'er,
 For when thrice came the warning—
 A corpse was Rossmore!

IT'S LITTLE FOR GLORY I CARE.

It's little for glory I care;
 Sure, ambition is only a fable;
 I'd as soon be myself as Lord Mayor,
 With lashings of drink on the table.
 I like to lie down in the sun,
 And dreme when my faytures is seorching,
 That when I'm too ould for more fun,
 Why, I'll marry a wife with a fortune.
 And, in winter, with bacon and eggs,
 And a place at the turf-fire basking,
 Sip my punch, as I roasted my legs,
 Oh! the devil a more I'd be asking.
 For I haven't a janius for work—
 It was never the gift of the Bradys—
 But I'd make a most illgant Turk,
 For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies.

NOW CAN'T YOU BE AISY.

Oh! what stories I'll tell when my sojering's o'er,
 And the gallant Fourteenth is disbanded;
 Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no more,
 When safely in Ireland I'm landed.
 With the blood that I spilt—the Frenchmen I kilt,
 I'll drive all the girls half crazy;
 And some 'cute one will cry, with a wink of her eye,
 "Mr. Free, now—why can't you be aisy?"
 I'll tell how we routed the squadrons in fight,
 And destroyed them all at "Talavera,"
 And then I'll just add how we finished the night,
 In learning to dance the "Bolero;"
 How by the moonshine we drank raal wine,
 And rose next day fresh as a daisy;
 Then some one will cry, with a look mighty sly,
 "Arrah, Mickey—now can't you be aisy?"
 I'll tell how the nights with Sir Arthur we spent,
 Around a big fire in the air, too,
 Or may be enjoying ourselves in a tent,
 Exactly like Donnybrook fair, too;
 How he'd call out to me, "Pass the wine, Mr. Free,
 For you're a man never is lazy!"
 Then some one will cry, with a wink of her eye,
 "Arrah, Mickey, dear—can't you be aisy?"
 I'll tell, too, the longs years in fighting we passed,
 Till Mounseer asked Bony to lead him;
 And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at last,
 Begged of one Mickey Free to succeed him.
 But, "acushla," says I, "the truth is, I'm shy!
 There's a lady in Ballynacrazy!
 And I swore on the book—" she gave me a look,
 And cried, "Mickey—now can't you be aisy?"

I DREAMED THAT OLD IRELAND WAS FREE.

One night as I slumbered in sweet, peaceful rest,
 Tired out from a long day of toil,
 My thoughts, like a bird, over the ocean's white crest,
 Wandered back to my own native soil;
 But a great change had come since the time when a boy,
 I played 'round my old mother's knee,
 And my heart seemed to leap in my bosom with joy,
 For I dreamed that old Ireland was free.

CHORUS.—The days of her freedom at last had a word,
 The time that we all long to see;
 For which our great ancestors nobly had strove—
 I dreamed that old Ireland was free.

I thought the chains that had bound her were broke,
 And the dear little Isle of my birth
 At last from her slumbers of years had awoke,
 And again was a power on earth;
 The green flag of Erin was proudly unfurled
 Over the emerald Isle of the sea,
 And loudly announced to the wondering world,
 At last dear old Ireland was free.

The days of her freedom, etc.

I awoke and found that 'twas only a dream,
 A dream that had fled with the night,
 For when through the window the morning sunbeam
 Shone in my visions took flight;
 I sank on my knees by my bedside to pray,
 That the time may not far distant be
 When my vision shall come in the broad light of day,
 And will welcome old Ireland free.

The days of her freedom, etc.

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

Oh! leave the gay and festive scenes,
 The halls of dazzling light,
 And rove with me through forests green,
 Beneath the silent night;
 Then as we watch the ling'ring rays,
 That shine through every star,
 I'll sing a song of happier days,
 And strike the light guitar.
 I'll sing, &c.

I'll tell you how the maiden wept,
 When her true knight was slain,
 And how her broken spirit slept,
 And never woke again;
 I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
 And left his lord afar,
 But if my tale should make thee sigh,
 I'll strike the light guitar.
 But if my tale, &c.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

Shades of ev'ning close not o'er us,
 Leave our lonely bark awhile,
 Morn, alas! will not restore us,
 Yonder dim and distant isle;
 Still my fancy can discover,
 Sunny spots where friends may dwell,
 Darker shadows round us hover,
 Isle of beauty, fare thee well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces,
 Smile around the taper's light;
 Who will fill our vacant places?
 Who will sing our songs to-night?
 Through the mists that float above us
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell;
 Like a voice from those who love us,
 Breathing fondly, fare thee well.

When the waves are round me breaking,
 As I pace the deck alone,
 And my eye in vain is seeking,
 Some green leaf to rest upon;
 What would I not give to wander,
 Where my old companions dwell,
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
 Isle of beauty, fare thee well!

THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

How sweet at close of silent eve
 The harp's responsive sound;
 How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
 And deeds by virtue crown'd!
 How sweet to sit beneath a tree
 In some delightful grove;
 But, oh! more soft, more sweet to me,
 The voice of her I love.

Whene'er she joins the village train
 To hail the new-born day,
 Mellifluous notes compose each strain
 Which zephyrs waft away.
 The frowns of fate I'll calmly bear,
 In humble sphere to move;
 Content and bless'd whene'er I hear
 The voice of her I love.

MY HEART'S IN OLD IRELAND.

My bark on the billow dash'd gloriously on,
 And glad were the notes of the sailor-boy's song;
 Yet sad was my bosom and bursting with woe,
 For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,

Oh! my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

More dear than the flowers that Italy yields,
 Are the red-breasted daisies that spangle thy fields,
 The shamrock, the hawthorn, the white blossom sloe,
 For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

Oh! my heart's, etc.

The shores they look lovely, yet cheerless and vain
 Bloom the lilies of France, and the olives of Spain;
 When I think of the fields where the wild daisies grow,
 Then my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,

Oh! my heart's, etc.

The lilies and roses abandon the plains,
 Though the summer's gone by, still the shamrock remains,
 Like a friend in misfortune it blossoms o'er the snow;
 For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,

Oh! my heart's, etc.

I sigh and I vow, if e'er I get home,
 No more from my dear native cottage I'll roam;
 The harp shall resound, and the goblet shall flow,
 For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,

Oh! my heart's, etc.

LIMERICK IS BEAUTIFUL.

Limerick is beautiful,
 As everybody knows,
 The river Shannon, full of fish,
 Through that city flows;
 But 'tis not the river or the fish,
 That weighs upon my mind,
 Nor with the town of Limerick
 I've any fault to find.

Ochone, ochone.

The girl I love is beautiful,
 And soft-eyed as the fawn,
 She lives in Garryowen,
 And is called the Colleen Bawn.
 And proudly as that river flows
 Through that famed city,
 As proudly and without a word
 That colleen goes by me.

Ochone, ochone.

If I was made the Emperor
 Of Russia to command,
 Or Julius Caesar, or the
 Lord Lieutenant of the land,
 I'd give my plate and golden store,
 I'd give up my army,
 The horses, the rifles, and the foot,
 And the Royal Artillery.

Ochone, ochone.

I'd give the crown from off my head,
 My people on their knees,
 I'd give the fleet of sailing ships
 Upon the briny seas;
 A beggar I would go to bed,
 And happy rise at dawn,—
 If by my side for my sweet bride
 I had found my Colleen Bawn.

Ochone, ochone.

MOLLY CAREW.

Och hone! and what will I do?
 Sure my love is all crost
 Like a bud in the frost;
 And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
 For 'tis dhrames and not sleep that comes into my head;
 And 'tis all about you,
 My sweet Molly Carew—
 And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame!
 You're complater than Nature
 In every feature;
 The snow can't compare
 With your forehead so fair,
 And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
 Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky,
 And by this and by that,
 For the matter o' that,
 You're more distant by far than that same!
 Och hone! welrasthu!
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
 Of your forehead and eyes,
 When your nose it defies
 Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme,
 Though there's one Burke, he says, that would call it snub lime:
 And then for your cheek!
 Troth, 'twould take him a week
 Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather.
 Then your lips, oh, machree!
 In their beautiful glow,
 They a pattern might be
 For the cherries to grow.
 'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
 For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago;
 But at this time o' day,
 'Pon my conscience, I'll say,
 Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
 Och hone! welrasthu!
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
 You taze all ways
 That a woman can plaze,
 For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
 As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me.
 Though the piper I bate,
 For fear the old chate
 Wouldn't play you your favorite tune;
 And when you're at mass,
 My devotion you crass,
 For 'tis thinking of you
 I am, Molly Carew,
 While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep
 That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep.
 Oh, lave off that bonnet,
 Oh else I'll lave on it
 The loss of my wandherin' sowl.
 Och, hone! welrasthu!
 Och hone! like an owl,
 Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
 For there's girls by the score
 That loves me—and more,
 And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
 My wedding all marchin' in pride down the street,
 Troth, you'd open your eyes,
 And you'd die with surprise

To think 'twasn't you was come to it!
 And faith, Katty Naile,
 And her cow, I go ball,
 Would jump, if I'd say,
 "Kitty Naile, name the day."
 And though you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
 While she's short and dark like a cold winter's day,
 Yet if you don't repent
 Before Easter, when Lent
 Is over, I'll marry for spite!
 Och hone! weirasthu!
 And when I die for you,
 My ghost will haunt you every night!

ACUSHLA GAL MACHREE.

The long, long wished-for hour has come,
 But come, ashore, in vain,
 And left thee but the walling hum
 Of sorrow and of pain;
 My light of life, my only love,
 Thy portion sure must be
 Man's scorn below, God's wrath above—
 Acushla gal machree.

'Twas told of thee the world around,
 Was hoped for thee by all,
 That with one gallant sunward bound
 Thou'd burst long ages' thrall;
 Thy fate was tried, alas! and those
 Who periled all for thee
 Were cursed and branded as thy foes,
 Acushla gal machree.

What fate is thine, unhappy isle,
 That e'en the trusted few
 Should pay thee back with fraud and guile
 When most they should be true?
 'Twas not thy strength or courage failed
 Nor those whose souls were free;
 By moral force wert thou betrayed,
 Acushla gal machree.

O, ERIN, MY COUNTRY!

O, Erin, my country! though strangers may roam
 The hills and the valleys I once called my own,
 Thy lakes and thy mountains no longer I see,
 Yet warmly as ever my heart beats for thee.
 O cushlamachree,
 My heart beats for thee;
 Erin! Erin! my heart beats for thee.

Though years have rolled over since last time we met,
 Yet lived I a thousand I could not forget
 The true hearts that loved me, the bright eyes that shone
 Like stars in the heavens, of days that are gone.
 O cushlamachree, etc.

Dear home of my youth, I may see thee no more;
 Yet memory treasures the bright days of yore,
 And my heart's latest wish, the last sigh of my breast,
 Shall be given to thee, dearest land of the west.
 O cushlamachree, etc.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still looked back
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
 So loath we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us,
 So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
 To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanished years
 We talk, with joyous seeming—
 With smiles that might as well be tears,
 So faint, so sad their beaming;
 While memory brings us back again
 Each early tie that twined us,
 Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
 To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
 Some isle or vale enchanting—
 Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
 And naught but love is wanting;
 We think how great had been our bliss,
 If heaven had but assigned us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us!

As travelers oft look back at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave,
 Still faint behind them glowing—
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consigned us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us.

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY, DEAREST.

A place in thy memory, dearest,
 Is all that I claim,
 To pause and look back when thou hearest
 The sound of my name.
 Another may woo thee, nearer,
 Another may win and wear;
 I care not though he be dearer,
 If I am remembered there.

Remember me—not as a lover
 Whose hope was cross'd—
 Whose bosom can never recover
 The light it hath lost.
 As the young bride remembers the mother
 She loves, though she never may see,
 As a sister remembers a brother,
 Oh, dearest! remember me.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
 Couldst thou smile on me;
 I would be the fondest and nearest
 That ever loved thee!
 But a cloud on my pathway is glooming,
 That never-must burst upon thine;
 And Heaven, that made thee all blooming,
 Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me, then—Oh, remember
 My calm, light-love;
 Though bleak as the blasts of November
 My love may prove.

That life will, though lonely, be sweet,
 If its brightest enjoyment should be
 A smile and kind look when we meet,
 And a place in thy memory.

ARRANMORE.

Oh! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
 How oft I dream of thee;
 And of those days when by thy shore
 I wandered young and free.
 Full many a path I've tried since then
 Through pleasure's flow'ry maze,
 But ne'er could find the bliss again
 I felt in those sweet days.
 How blithe upon thy breezy cliff
 At sunny morn I've stood,
 With heart as bounding as the skiffs
 That danced along thy flood;
 Or when the western wave grew bright
 With daylight's parting wing,
 Have sought that Eden in its light,
 Which dreaming poets sing.
 That Eden where th' immortal brave
 Dwell in a land serene,
 Whose bowers beyond the shining wave
 At sunset oft are seen;
 Ah, dream too full of saddening truth!
 Those mansions o'er the main
 Are like the hopes I built in youth,
 As sunny and as vain.

AM I NOT FONDLY?

Thou, thou reign'st in this bosom,
 There, there, hast thou thy throne;
 Thou, thou knowest that I love thee—
 Am I not fondly thine own?
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own?
 Then, then, e'en as I love thee,
 Say, say, wilt thou love me?
 Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love,
 Say, wilt thou cherish for me?
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, say, wilt thou cherish for me?
 Speak, speak, love, I implore thee,
 Say, say, hope shall be thine,
 Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
 Say, but that thou wilt be mine!
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but thou wilt be mine!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,
 Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.
 It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear;
 No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close,
 As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turned when he rose.

O'Donnell Aboo.

Tempo di Marcia.

Prond-ly the note of the trumpet is sound-ing. Loud-ly the warcries a :

Nº 16.

rise on the gale Fleet-ly the steed by Lough Swil-ly is bound-ing To

join the thick squadrons in Saim-er's green vale. On ev-'ry mountain-eer

Strangers to flight and fear. Rush to the standard of daunt-less Red Hugh.

Boonaught and gal-low-glass Throng from each mountain pass, On, for old E-rio, O'-

Don-nell A-boo

O'DONNELL ABOO—Concluded.

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing,
 With many a chieftain and warrior-clan!
 A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing,
 'Neath the borders brave from the banks of the Bann.
 Many a heart shall quail
 Under its coat of mail;
 Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,
 When on his ear shall ring,
 Borne on the breeze's wing,
 Tyrconnell's dread war cry—O'Donnell Aboo!

A SWEET IRISH GIRL.

If they talk about ladies, I'll tell them the plan
 Of myself—to be sure, I'm a nate Irishman;
 There is neither sultana nor foreign ma'mselle
 That has charms to please me, or can coax me so well
 As the sweet Irish girl, so charming to see;
 Och! a tight Irish girl is the darling for me.
 And sing alliloo, fire away, frisky she'll be,
 Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me:

For she's pretty,
 She's witty,
 She's hoaxing,
 And coaxing,
 She's smiling,
 Beguiling to see, to see:
 She rattles,
 She prattles,
 She dances,
 And prances,

Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.
 Now, some girls they are little, and some they are tall,
 Och, others are big, sure, and others are small;
 And some that are teasing, are bandy, I tell;
 Still none can please me, or can coax me so well
 As the dear Irish girl, so charming to see;
 Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.

ANGELS' WHISPER.

A baby was sleeping,
 Its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wide, raging sea,
 And the tempest was swelling
 'Round the fisherman's dwelling,
 And she cried, "Dermont, darling, oh! come back to me!"

Her beads while she number'd,
 The baby still slumber'd,
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
 "Oh! bless'd be that warning,
 My child, thy sleep adorning,
 For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

"And while they are keeping
 Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
 Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me—
 And say thou wouldst rather
 They'd watch o'er thy father,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
 Saw Dermont returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
 And closely caressing
 Her child, with a blessing,
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
 On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed!
 For every fond eye he hath awakened a tear in,
 A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade!
 By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
 When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
 By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—
 We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
 Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
 Till vengeance is wreaked on the murderer's head!
 Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
 Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
 Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings showed the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood, few and faint, but fearless still!
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 Forever dimmed, forever crossed—
 Oh, who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honor's lost!
 The last sad hour of freedom's dream
 And valor's task moved slowly by,
 While mute they watched, till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's yet a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh, who would live a slave in this?

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
 While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
 So the cheek may be tinged with a warm, sunny smile,
 Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.
 One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
 For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting;
 Oh, this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
 Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray
 The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain;
 It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky!
 Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear,
 When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the ear;
 And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
 I think of my love! 'tis thy voice, from the kingdom of souls,
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

Come o'er the sea, maiden, with me—
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
 Seasons may roll, but the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.
 Let Fate frown on, so we love and part not;
 'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art not;
 Then come o'er the sea, maiden, with me—
 Come wherever the wild wind blows;
 Seasons may roll, but the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.
 Was not the sea for the free,
 Land for courts and chains alone?
 Here we are slaves, but, on the waves,
 Love and liberty's all our own;
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—
 Then come o'er the sea, maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
 Seasons may roll, but the true soul
 Burns the same where'er it goes.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE SEA!

Beautiful Isle of the Sea
 Smile on the brow of the waters!
 Dear are your memories to me,
 Sweet as the songs of your daughters,
 Over your mountains and vales,
 Down by each murmuring river,
 Cheer'd by the flow'r-loving gales,
 Oh! could I wander for ever!
 Land of the True and the Old,
 Home ever dear unto me—
 Fountain of pleasure untold,
 Beautiful Isle of the Sea!
 Fountain of pleasure untold,
 Beautiful, beautiful Isle of the Sea!
 Oft, on your shell-girdled shore,
 Ev'ning has found me reclining,
 Visions of youth dreaming o'er,
 Down where the light-house was shining,
 Far from the gladness you gave,
 Far from all joys worth possessing,
 Still, o'er the lone, weary wave,
 Comes to the wand'rer your blessing!
 Land of the True and the Old,
 Home ever dear unto me—
 Fountain of pleasure untold,
 Beautiful Isle of the Sea!
 Fountain of pleasure untold,
 Beautiful, beautiful Isle of the Sea!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

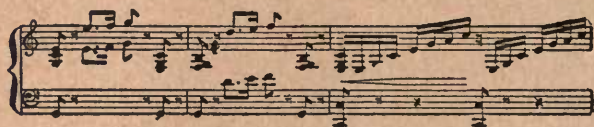
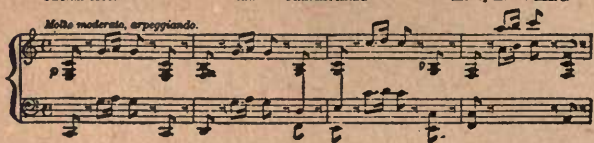
Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer;
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here,
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.
 Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart—
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!
 Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
 And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there, too!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR. — "GRAMACHREE."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

Molto moderato, arpeggiando.

1. The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls The soul of me - die
 2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra

mf

 The third system of music is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The melody is arpeggiated, with the right hand playing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

shed. Now hangs as mute on - Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were
 swell; The chord a - lone that breaks at night, its tale of ru - in

 The fourth system of music is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The melody is arpeggiated, with the right hand playing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

shed. So sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is
 tells. Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes; The oo - ly throb she

 The fifth system of music is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The melody is arpeggiated, with the right hand playing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

oe'r. And hearts, that once beat high for praise. Now feel that pulse no
gives Is when some heart, in - dig nant, breaks. To show that still she

dim.

more.
lives!

p D.S.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is oe'r,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more !

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

'Tis The Shamrock.

'Tis the sham rock the sham - rock the sham - rock im - mor - tal and
green On, Ireland's hills by her murmuring rills the sham - rock can be seen

'Tis the shamrock, the shamrock, the shamrock im-
mortal and green,
On Ireland's hills, by her murmuring rills,
The shamrock can be seen.

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
 Skylark never warbles o'er,
 Where the cliff hangs high and steep
 Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
 "Here, at least," he calmly said,
 "Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
 Ah! the good Saint little knew
 What that wily sex can do.
 'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew—
 Eyes of most unholy blue!
 She had loved him well and long,
 Wished him hers, nor thought it wrong
 Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
 Still he heard her light foot nigh;
 East or west, where'er he turned,
 Still her eyes before him burned.
 On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
 Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
 Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
 Woman's smile can haunt him there.
 But nor earth nor heaven is free
 From her power, if fond she be:
 Even now, while calm he sleeps,
 Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.
 Fearless she had tracked his feet
 To this rocky, wild retreat;
 And, when morning met his view,
 Her mild glances met it too.
 Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts;
 Sternly from his bed he starts,
 And, with rude, repulsive shock,
 Hurls her from the beetling rock!
 Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
 Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave;
 Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late)
 Felt her love, and mourned her fate
 When he said: "Heaven rest her soul,"
 Round the lake light music stole;
 And her ghost was seen to glide,
 Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

COME BACK TO ERIN.

Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
 Come back, aroon, to the land of thy birth,
 Come with the shamrocks and spring-time, mavourneen,
 And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
 Sure, when we lent you to beautiful England,
 Little we thought of the lone winter days,
 Little we thought of the hush of the star shine
 Over the mountains, the bluffs and the braes!

CHORUS.—Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
 Come back again to the land of thy birth,
 Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
 And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

Over the green sea, mavourneen, mavourneen,
 Long shone the white sail that bore thee away,
 Riding the white waves, that fair summer mornin',
 Just like a mayflower afloat on the bay.
 Oh! but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
 Like a gray curtain the rain falling down,
 Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the ocean,
 Far, far away where my colleen had flown.
 Come back to Erin, etc.

Oh! may the angels, oh, wakin' and sleepin',
 Watch o'er my bird in the land far away!
 And it's my prayer will consign to their keepin'
 Care o' my jewel by night and by day.
 When by the fireside I watch the bright embers,
 Then all my heart flies to England and thee,
 Cravin' to know if my darlin' remembers,
 Or if her thoughts may be crossin' to me.
 Come back to Erin, etc.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee;
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long;
 When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
 That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers—
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
 I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

BEAUTIFUL ERIN.

Beautiful Erin! I leave thy shore,
 For a home far over the sea;
 But where Niagara's waters roar,
 This heart still will beat for thee.
 In fancy I'll roam the mountain side,
 Where the homes of my fathers stand;
 And I'll sing amid the dark woods wide,
 The songs of my own green land,
 I'll sing, I'll sing the songs of my own green land,
 I'll sing, I'll sing the songs of my own green land.

Breaking the bough with weary toll,
 In that land where plenty flows,
 I'll sigh for my own dear verdant soil,
 Where my native shamrock grows.
 Oh! beautiful Erin, then fare thee well,
 Dear home of my childhood's hours!
 No more 'mid thy fond bright scenes I dwell,
 Farewell to thy fields and flowers,
 Farewell! farewell! farewell to thy fields and flowers,
 Farewell! farewell! loved Erin, oh, fare thee well.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
 Herald of to-morrow's strife;
 By that sun, whose light is bringing
 Chains or freedom, death or life—
 Oh, remember, life can be
 No charm for him who lives not free!
 Like the day-star in the wave,
 Sinks a hero in his grave,
 Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.
 Happy is he o'er whose decline
 The smiles of home may soothing shine,
 And light him down the steep of years—
 But oh, how blest they sink to rest,
 Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
 When his heart that field remembers,
 Where we tamed his tyrant might!
 Never let him bind again
 A chain like that we broke from then.
 Hark! the horn of combat calls—
 Ere the golden evening falls,
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round!
 Many a heart that now beats high,
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,
 Nor waken even at victory's sound—
 But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,
 O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
 To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
 This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
 To be withered and stained by the dust of the schools.
 Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
 But, while they are filled from the same bright bowl
 The fool that would quarrel for difference of hue
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.
 Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
 From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No—perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove,
 When my dream of life from morn till night
 Was love, still love.
 New hopes may bloom and days may come
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream,
 Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream,
 Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past,
 Tho' he win the wise, who frowned before,
 To smile at last;
 He'll never meet a joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul felt flame,
 And at every close she blushed to hear
 The one loved name.
 Oh, that fairy form is ne'er forgot,
 Which first love traced,
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste.
 'Twas odor, fled as soon as shed,
 'Twas morning's winged dream,
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream;
 Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHIN AMOE.

The beam on the streamlet was playing,
 The dewdrop still hung on the thorn,
 When a blooming young couple were straying,
 To taste the mild fragrance of morn.
 He sighed as he breathed forth his ditty,
 And she felt her breast softly to glow:
 "O, look on your lover with pity,
 Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe."
 "Whilst green is yon bank's mossy pillow,
 Or evening shall weep the soft tear,
 Or the streamlet shall steal 'neath the willow,
 So long shall thy image be dear.
 O, fly to these arms for protection,
 If pierced by the arrow of woe,
 Then smile on my tender affection,
 Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe."
 She sighed as his ditty was ended,
 Her heart was too full to reply;
 Oh, joy and compassion were blended
 To light the mild beam of her eye.
 He kissed her soft hand: "What above thee
 Could Heaven, in its bounty, bestow?"
 He kissed her soft cheek: "Oh, I love thee,
 Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe."

DUBLIN BAY.

He sail'd away in a gallant bark,
 Roy Neill and his fair young bride,
 He had ventur'd all in that bounding ark
 That danced o'er the silver tide.
 But his heart was young and his spirit light,
 And he dashed the tear away,
 As he watched the shore recede from sight,
 Of his own sweet Dublin Bay.
 Three days they sail'd, and a storm arose,
 And the lightning swept the deep,
 And the thunder-crash broke the short repose,
 Of the weary sea-boy's sleep.
 Roy Neill, he clasped his weeping bride,
 And he kissed her tears away,
 "Oh, love, 'twas a fatal hour," she cried,
 "When we left sweet Dublin Bay."
 On the crowded deck of the doomed ship,
 Some stood in their mute despair,
 And some, more calm, with a holy lip,
 Sought the God of the storm in prayer.
 "She has struck on the rock!" the seamen cried,
 In the breath of their wild dismay,
 And the ship went down and the fair young bride
 That sailed from Dublin Bay.

DRINK TO HER.

Drink to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh, woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone;
 By other fingers played,
 It yields not half the tone!
 Then here's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They asked her, "Which might pass?"
 She answered, "He who could"
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 'twould not do;
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through,
 So here's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth and grandeur shine,
 Is like the gloomy gnome
 That dwells in the dark gold-mine.
 But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home's above,
 Though women keep it here.
 Then drink to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

ERIN, O ERIN!

Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
 And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,
 Is the heart that sorrows have frowned on in vain,
 Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
 Erin, O Erin, thus bright through the tears
 Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.
 The nations have fallen, and thou still art young;
 Thy sun is but rising, when others' is set;
 And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
 The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
 Erin, O Erin, though long in the shade,
 Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade!
 Unchilled by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
 The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
 Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
 And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
 Thus Erin, O Erin, thy winter is past,
 And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last!

EVER OF THEE.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming;
 Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer;
 Thou wert the star that, mildly beaming,
 Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear.
 Still in my heart thy form I cherish;
 Ev'ry kind thought like a bird flies to thee.
 Ah, never, till life and memory perish,
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me—
 Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.
 Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
 Wandering afar, my soul's joy, to dwell—
 Ah, then I felt I loved thee only,
 All seemed to fade before affection's spell.
 Years have not chill'd the love I cherish,
 True as the stars hath my heart been to thee,
 Ah, never till life and memory perish,
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me.
 Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Saddening through pleasure's beam,
 Thy suns with doubtful gleam
 Weep while they rise.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
 Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
 And form, in Heaven's sight,
 One arch of peace!

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME.

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcomed it, too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
 His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain;
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
 Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you;
 And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
 And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"
 Let Fate do her worst—there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that Joy used to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—
 You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

KATTY, AVOURNEEN.

'Twas a cowl'd winter's night and the tempest was snarlin',
 The snow, like a sheet, cover'd cabin and sty,
 When Barney flew over the hills to his darlin',
 And tapp'd at the window where Katty did lie.
 "Arrah! jewel," says he, "are you sleeping or waking,
 It's a bitter cowl'd night, and my coat it is thin,
 The storm it is brewin', the frost it is bakin',
 Oh! Katty, avourneen, you must let me in."
 "Ah! then, Barney," says Kate, and she spoke through the window,
 "How could you be taking us out of our beds,
 To come at this time; it's a shame and a sin, too,
 It's whiskey, not love, has got into your head.
 If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd be tindher,
 Consider the time, an' there's nobody in,
 What has a poor girl but her name to defend her?
 No, Barney, avourneen, I won't let you in!"
 "A cuishla," says he, "it's my heart is a fountain,
 That weeps for the wrong I might lay at your door;
 Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain,
 And Barney 'ld die to presarve it as pure.
 I'll go to my home, tho' the winter winds face me,
 I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within,
 And the words of my Katty will comfort and bless me.
 'No, Barney, avourneen, I won't let you in!'"

ERIN, MAVOURNEEN.

When the pure sense of honor shall cease to inspire thee
 And kind hospitality leaves thy gay shore;
 When the nations that know thee, no longer admire thee,
 Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.
 When the trumpet of fame shall cease to proclaim thee,
 Of warriors the nurse, in the ages of yore,
 When the muse and the record of genius disclaim thee,
 Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.
 When thy brave sons no longer are generous and witty
 And cease to be loved by the fair they adore,
 When thy daughters no longer are virtuous and pretty,
 Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

ERIN IS MY HOME.

Oh, I have roamed in many lands,
 And many friends I've met,
 Not one fair scene or kindly smile
 Can this fond heart forget.
 But I'll confess that I'm content,
 No more I wish to roam;
 Oh, steer my bark for Erin's Isle,
 For Erin is my home.
 If England were my place of birth,
 I'd love her tranquil shore,
 And if Columbia were my home,
 Her freedom I'd adore;
 Tho' pleasant days in both I've passed,
 I dream of days to come;
 Oh, steer my bark to Erin's Isle,
 For Erin is my home.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
 But while fame elates thee,
 Oh! still remember me.
 When the praise thou meetest,
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Other arms may press thee
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee,
 Sweeter far may be;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 When, at eve, thou rovest
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning—
 Oh! thus remember me.
 Oft, as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them—
 Oh! then remember me.
 When, around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth, blazing,
 Oh! still remember me.

Then should music, stealing,
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee—
 Oh! then remember me.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining—
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.
 And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.
 Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night—
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.
 Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
 And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

I SAW THY FORM.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
 Nor thought that pale decay
 Would steal before the steps of time,
 And waste its bloom away, Mary!
 Yet still thy features wore that light
 Which fleets not with the breath;
 And life ne'er looked more truly bright
 Than in thy smile of death, Mary!
 As streams that run o'er golden mines,
 Yet humbly, calmly glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
 Within their gentle tide! Mary,
 So, veiled beneath the simplest guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone,
 And that which charmed all other eyes
 Seemed worthless in thine own, Mary!

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

Joys that pass away like this,
 Alas! are purchased dear,
 If every beam of bliss
 Is followed by a tear.
 Fare thee well—oh, fare thee well!
 Soon, too soon, thou hast broke the spell.
 Oh, I ne'er can love again
 The girl whose faithless art
 Could break so dear a chain,
 And with it break my heart!
 Once, when truth was in those eyes,
 How beautiful they shone!
 But now that lustre flies,
 For truth, alas! is gone.
 Fare thee well—oh, fare thee well!
 How I've loved my hate shall tell.
 Oh, how lorn, how lost would prove
 Thy wretched victim's fate,
 If, when deceived in love,
 He could not fly to hate.

I'M DREAMING OF THEE, NORAH.

I'm dreaming of thee, Norah, I'm dreaming still of thee,
 Thy spirit haunts me ever, like fairy melody;
 When in loneliness I wander, or in halls of mirth and glee,
 Ah! my heart to thine is turning, I'm dreaming still of thee.

I'm dreaming of thee, Norah,
 I'm dreaming still of thee.

I'm dreaming of thee, dearest, I dream of thee alone,
 I think how well I love thee, and feel we shall be one;
 For I know there is no other e'er can be so dear to me,
 Ah! whene'er I dream of angels, I'm dreaming still of thee.

I'm dreaming of thee, Norah,
 I'm dreaming still of thee.

IRISH MARY.

Far away from Erin's strand,
 And valleys wide and sounding waters,
 Still she is, in every land.

One of Erin's real daughters;
 Oh! to meet her here is like

A dream of home and natal mountains,
 On our hearts their verses strike—

We hear the gushing of their fountains!

Yes! our Irish Mary, dear!

Our own, our real Irish Mary!

A flower of home, fresh blooming come,

Art thou to us our Irish Mary!

Round about us here we see

Bright eyes like hers, and sunny faces

Charming all!—if all were free

Of foreign airs, of borrowed graces.

Mary's eye it flashes truth!

And Mary's spirit, Mary's nature,

"Irish Lady," fresh in youth,

Have beam'd o'er every look and feature!

Yes! our Irish Mary, dear!

When La Tournure doth make us weary,

We have you, to turn unto,

For native grace, our Irish Mary.

Sighs of home!—her Erin's songs

O'er all their songs we love to listen;

Tears of home!—her Erin's wrongs

Subdue our kindred eyes to glisten!

Oh! should woe to gloom consign

The clear fireside of love and honor,

You will see a holier sign

Of Irish Mary bright upon her!

Yes! our Irish Mary, dear!

Will light that home, though e'en so dreary,

Shining still o'er clouds of ill,

Sweet star of life, our Irish Mary!

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

From life without freedom, oh, who would not fly?

For one day of freedom, oh, who would not die?

Hark, hark! 'tis the trumpet, the call of the brave,

The death-song of tyrants and dirge of the slave.

Our country lies bleeding—oh, fly to her aid!

One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

In Death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—

The dead fear no tyrants; the grave has no chains;

On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed

For virtue and mankind, are heroes indeed!

And oh, even if Freedom from this world be driven,

Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven!

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

I've a secret to tell thee, but hush! not here—
 Oh, not where the world its vigil keeps;
 I'll seek to whisper it in thine ear,
 On some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps;
 Where Summer's wave unmutm'ring dies,
 Nor Fay can hear the fountain's gush;
 Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,
 The Rose saith, chidingly, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,
 When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
 Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
 Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip;
 Like him, the boy who, born among
 The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,
 Sits ever thus—his only song,
 To earth and heaven, "Hush, all, hush!"

KATE O'SHANE.

The cold winds of Autumn wail mournfully here,
 The leaves round me falling are faded and sere;
 But chill though the breeze be, and threat'ning the storm,
 My heart, full of fondness, beats kindly and warm.
 Oh! Dennis, dear, come back to me,
 I count the hours away from thee,
 Return and never part again
 From thine own darling—Kate O'Shane.

'Twas here we last parted, 'twas here we first met,
 And ne'er has he caused me one tear of regret;
 The seasons may alter, their change I defy,
 My heart's one glad summer when Dennis is by.
 Oh! Dennis, dear, etc.

KITTY TYRRELL.

You're looking as fresh as the morn, darling,
 You're looking as bright as the day;
 But while on your charms I'm dillating,
 You're stealing my poor heart away.
 But keep it and welcome, mavourneen,
 Its loss I'm not going to mourn;
 Yet one heart's enough for a body,
 So pray give me yours in return.
 Mavourneen, mavourneen,
 O! pray give me yours in return.

I've built me a neat little cot, darling,
 I've pigs and potatoes in store;
 I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,
 And may be, a pound or two mere.
 It's all very well to have riches,
 But I'm such a covetous elf,
 I can't help still sighing for something,
 And, darling, that something's yourself.
 Mavourneen, mavourneen,
 And that something, you know, is yourself.

You're smiling, and that's a good sign, darling,
 Say "Yes," and you'll never repent,
 Or, if you would rather be silent,
 Your silence I'll take for consent.
 That good-natured dimple's a tell-tale,
 Now, all that I have is your own;
 This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell,
 Next week you'll be Mistress Malone.
 Mavourneen, mavourneen,
 You'll be my own Mistress Malone.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
 That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
 'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,
 'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded,
 'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
 When all lighter griefs have faded.
 Thus his memory, like some holy light,
 Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them;
 For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright
 When we think how he lived but to love them.
 And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
 Where buried saints are lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom
 From the image he left there in dying!

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Kathleen, mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
 The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
 The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
 Kathleen, mavourneen, what, slumb'ring still?
 Ah! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
 Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
 It may be for years, and it may be forever,
 Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
 It may be for years, and it may be forever,
 Then why art thou silent, Kathleen, mavourneen?
 Kathleen, mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
 The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light,
 Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers,
 Arise, in thy beauty, thou star of my night,
 Mavourneen, mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
 To think that from Erin and thee I must part,
 It may be for years, and it may be forever,
 Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
 It may be for years, and it may be forever,
 Then why art thou silent, Kathleen, mavourneen?

KATE O'BRIEN.

Perhaps you don't know there's a sweet little stream,
 Far down in a dell, where a poet might dream;
 A nate little cabin stands close to the tide,
 And, oeh, such a jewel is shining inside.
 I don't mean a jewel that money can buy,
 But a warm-hearted creature with love in her eye;
 You'll not find a beauty so beauteous as she,
 From Ballinacrasay to Donaghadee.
 Her name is O'Brien, they christened her Kate;
 There's many a beauty has shared the same fate;
 But never a one, to my thinking, I've seen
 So lovely, so trim, as my bright-eyed colleen.
 Her face is a picture for limners to paint;
 Her figure might serve for a heart winning saint;
 Oh, you'll not find a beauty so beauteous as she,
 From Ballinacrasay to Donaghadee.
 Her hair, it is smooth as the raven's own back,
 But the bonniest bird has not tresses so black;
 And they curl round a neck that might rival the snow,
 With the grace of a swan on the waters below.
 Her mouth—oh, what music I've heard from that same!
 Her breath—it might put the sweet roses to shame;
 Oh, you'll not find a beauty so beauteous as she,
 From Ballinacrasay to Donaghadee.

LOVE THEE, DEAREST, LOVE THEE!

Love thee, dearest, love thee?
 Yes, by yonder star I swear,
 Which, through tears, above,
 Shines so sadly fair,
 Though too oft dim with tears like him,
 Like him my truth will shine;
 And love thee, dearest, love thee?
 Yes—till death I'm thine!

Leave thee, dearest, leave thee?
 No—that star is not more true;
 When my vows deceive thee,
 He will wander, too.
 A cloud of night may veil his light,
 And death shall darken mine;
 But leave thee, dearest, leave thee?
 No—till death I'm thine!

NORA CREINA.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Nora's lid, that seldom rises;
 Few its looks, but every one,
 Like unexpected light, surprises.
 Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
 Beauty lies in many eyes,
 But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But also close the nymph hath laced it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mold
 Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.
 Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
 Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
 Nature's dress is loveliness—
 The dress you wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
 But when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're designed
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
 Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
 In safe slumber love reposes—
 Bed of peace! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
 Wit, though bright, hath no such light
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

IRISH EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side,
 On a bright May morning long ago,
 When first you were my bride;
 The corn was springing fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high,
 And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
 And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day as bright as then;
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again!
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand
 And your breath warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep list'ning for the words
 You never more may speak.
 'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near—
 The church where we were wed, Mary,
 I see the spire from here;
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest,
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.
 I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends,
 But, O! they love them better far,
 The few our Father sends;
 And you were all I had, Mary,
 My blessing and my pride;
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.
 I'm bidding you a long farewell,
 My Mary, kind and true,
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm going to.
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there;
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair!

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

Pain and sorrow shall vanish before us—
 Youth may wither, but feeling will last,
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
 Love's light summer cloud sweetly shall cast.
 Oh, if to love thee more, each hour I number o'er;
 If this a passion be worthy of thee,
 Then be happy, for thus I adore thee—
 Charms may wither, but feeling will last.
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
 Love's light summer cloud sweetly shall cast,
 Rest, dear bosom! no sorrow shall pain thee,
 Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;
 Beam, bright eyelid! no weeping shall stain thee,
 Tears of rapture alone thou shalt feel,
 Oh, if there be a charm in love to banish harm;
 If pleasure's truest spell be to love well,
 Then be happy, for thus I adore thee—
 Charms may wither, but feeling will last,
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
 Love's light summer cloud sweetly shall cast.

DUET.

LOVE, MY MARY, DWELLS WITH THEE.

HE.—Love, my Mary, dwells with thee,
 On thy cheek his bed I see.
 SHE.—No, that cheek is pale with care—
 Love can find no roses there.
 BOTH.—'Tis not on the bed of rose,
 Love can find the best repose;
 In my heart his home thou'lt see—
 There he lives, and lives for thee.

HE.—Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
 While he makes that eye his home.
 SHE.—No, the eye with sorrow dim,
 Ne'er can be a home for him.
 BOTH.—Yet 'tis not in beaming eyes,
 Love forever warmest lies;
 In my heart his home thou'lt see—
 There he lives, and lives for thee!

KATIE O'RYAN.

On the banks of the Shannon, in darling old Ireland,
 Dwells a fair damsel, she's soon to be mine,
 She's a darling young creature and lovely in feature,
 I ne'er can forget her! dear Katie O'Ryan.
 She's as fair as the dawn of the morning while beaming,
 Her eyes soft, her lips like the ruby red wine,
 Oh! she's the dear little shamrock, I'm constantly dreaming
 Of my own darling Katie, dear Katie O'Ryan.

CHORUS.—She's the dear little shamrock, I'm constantly dreaming
 Of my own darling Katie, dear Katie O'Ryan.

I now have rovd far to a land call'd America,
 A home, Katie dear, for the honest and true,
 My heart saddens tho' when I think that I am
 So far away from old Ireland, and Katie, from you.
 The winter is on, but I heed not its cold, dear,
 The spring will bring flow'rs and joy to my heart.
 Oh! for it's nearing the time when I'll bring my love out here,
 Then in this free country our new lives we'll start.
 She's the dear, etc.

The fields here are green as they are in old Ireland,
 And all have their freedom to do what is right;
 Ah! Katie, I've seen pretty girls by the thousand,
 And I'm thinking of none but you, darling, to-night.
 When the bright summer comes, I will hasten, sure, back again,
 Take your soft tender hands gently in mine. Oh!
 I'll never more leave you, but thro' life we'll wander;
 Till death it will part me and Katie O'Ryan.
 She's the dear, etc.

A LONG FAREWELL I SEND TO THEE.

A long farewell I send to thee,
 Fair Maig of corn and fruit and tree,
 Of state and gift and gath'ring grand,
 Of song, romance and chieftain bland.
 Uch och ón! dark fortune's rigour,
 Wealth, title, bribe of glorious figure,
 Feast, gift, all gone, and gone my vigour,
 Since thus I wander lonely.

Farewell to her to whom 'tis due,
 The fair skin, gentle, mild-lipp'd true,
 For whom exil'd o'er the hills I go,
 My heart's dear love, whate'er my woe.
 Uch och ón! dark fortune's rigour—
 Wealth, title, bribe of glorious figure,
 Feast, gift, all gone, and gone my vigour,
 Since thus I wander lonely.

Forc'd by the priests my love to flee,
 Fair Maig thro' life I ne'er shall see;
 And must my beauteous bird forego,
 And all the sex that wrought me woe.
 Uch och ón! my grief, my ruin!
 'Twas drinking deep and beauty wooing
 That caus'd thro' life my whole undoing
 And left me thus wand'ring lonely.

MOLLY, ASTHORE.

As down by Banna's banks I strayed, one evening in May,
The little birds in blithest notes made vocal every spray;
They sung their little notes of love, they sung them o'er and o'er—
Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

The daisy pled and all the sweets the dawn of Nature yields,
The primrose pale, the violet blue, lay scattered o'er the fields,
Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore,
Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewalling my sad fate,
That doomed me thus a slave to love, and cruel Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its core?
Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

You said you loved me, Molly, dear—ah! why did I believe?
Yet who could think such tender words were meant but to deceive,
That love was all I asked on oath—nay! heaven could give no more.
Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
Or lowed for me the numerous herds that yon green pasture fill,
With her I love I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store,
Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

Two turtle-doves above my head, sat courting on a bough,
I envied them their happiness to see them bill and coo,
Such fondness once for me was shown, but now, alas! 'tis o'er,
Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er shall mourn,
While life remains in Stephen's heart 'twill beat for thee alone,
Though thou art false, may heaven on thee its choicest blessings pour,
Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

NORA O'NEAL.

Oh! I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
And I sigh for one glance of your eye;
For sure, there's a charm, love, about you,
Whenever I know you are nigh,
Like the beam of the star when 'tis smiling,
Is the glance which your eye can't conceal,
And your voice is so sweet and beguiling
That I love you, sweet Nora O'Neal.

CHORUS.—Oh! don't think that ever I'll doubt you,
My love I will never conceal,
Oh! I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal!

Oh! the nightingale sings in the wild-wood,
As if every note that he knew
Was learned from your sweet voice in childhood,
To remind me, sweet Nora, of you.
But I think, love, so often about you,
And you don't know how happy I feel,
But I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal!

Oh! don't think, etc.

Oh! why should I weep tears of sorrow,
Oh! why let hope lose its place?
Won't I meet you, my darling, to-morrow,
And smile on your beautiful face?
Will you meet me? O! say you will meet me
With a kiss at the foot of the lane,
And I'll promise whenever you greet me
That I'll never be lonely again.

Oh! don't think, etc.

MY EMMET'S NO MORE.

Despair in her wild eye, a daughter of Erin
 Appear'd on the cliffs of the bleak rocky shore;
 Loose in the wind flow'd her dark streaming ringlets
 And heedless she gaz'd on the dread surge's roar.
 Loud rang her harp in wild tones of despairing;
 The time pass'd away with the present comparing,
 And in soul-thrilling strains deeper sorrow declaring,
 She sang Erin's woes and her Emmet no more.

O, Erin, my country, your glory's departed;
 For tyrants and traitors have stabbed thy heart's core;
 Thy daughters have laved in the streams of affliction,
 Thy patriots have fled, or lie stretched in their gore,
 Ruthless ruffians now prowl thro' thy hamlets forsaken,
 From pale hungry orphans their last morsel have taken;
 The screams of thy females no pity awaken;
 Alas! my poor country, your Emmet's no more.

Brave was his spirit, yet mild as the Brahmin,
 His heart bled in anguish the wrongs of the poor;
 To relieve their hard sufferings he brav'd every danger,
 The vengeance of tyrants undauntedly bore.
 E'en before him the proud titled villains in power
 Were seen, though in ermine, in terror to cower;
 But alas! he is gone, he has fallen, a young flower,
 They have murder'd my Emmet, my Emmet's no more.

MOLLIE DARLING.

Won't you tell me, Mollie darling,
 That you love none else but me?
 For I love you, Mollie darling,
 You are all the world to me.
 Oh! tell me, darling, that you love me,
 Put your little hand in mine,
 Take my heart, sweet Mollie darling,
 Say that you will give me thine.

CHORUS.—Mollie, fairest, sweetest, dearest,

Look up, darling, tell me this:
 Do you love me, Mollie darling?
 Let your answer be a kiss.
 Stars are smiling, Mollie darling,
 Through the mystic veil of night;
 They seem laughing, Mollie darling,
 While fair Luna hides her light;
 Oh! no one listens but the flowers,
 While they hang their heads in shame,
 They are modest, Mollie darling,
 When they hear me call your name.

Mollie, fairest, etc.

I must leave you, Mollie darling,
 Though the parting gives me pain;
 When the stars shine, Mollie darling,
 I will meet you here again.
 Oh! good-night, Mollie, good-bye, loved one,
 Happy may you ever be!
 When you're dreaming, Mollie darling,
 Don't forget to dream of me.

Mollie, fairest, etc.

NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

As beauteous as Flora is charming young Norah,
 The joy of my heart and the pride of Kildare,
 I ne'er will deceive her, for sadly 'twould grieve her,
 To find that I sighed for another less fair.

CHORUS.—Her heart with truth teeming, her eye with smiles beaming,

What mortal could injure a blossom so fair?
 Oh, Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare.
 Where'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er forget thee, love,
 Though beauties may smile and try to ensnare,
 Yet nothing shall ever my heart from thine sever,
 Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the Pride of Kildare.

MOLLY BAWN.

O Molly Bawn, why leave me pining
 Or lonely waiting here for you—
 While the stars above are brightly shining,
 Because they have nothing else to do.
 The flowers late were open keeping,
 To try a rival blush with you,
 But their mother, Nature, kept them sleeping,
 With their rosy faces wash'd in dew.
 The pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
 And the pretty stars were made to shine;
 The pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
 And may be you were made for mine.
 The wicked watch-dog here is snarling—
 He takes me for a thief, d'ye see?
 For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling,
 And then transported I should be.

NORAH McSHANE.

I've left Ballymornach a long way behind me,
 To better my fortune I've crossed the big sea;
 But I'm sadly alone, not a creature to mind me,
 And faith, I'm as wretched as wretched can be;
 I think of the buttermilk, fresh as the daisy,
 The beautiful hills and the emerald plain,
 And, ah! don't I oftentimes think myself crazy
 About that black-eyed rogue, sweet Norah McShane.
 I sigh for the turf-pile, so cheerfully burning,
 When barefoot I trudged it from toiling afar,
 When I toss'd in the light the thirteen I'd been earning,
 And whistled the anthem of "Erin go bragh."
 In truth, I believe that I'm half broken-hearted,
 To my country and love I must get back again,
 For I've never been happy at all since I parted
 From sweet Ballymornach and Norah McShane.
 Oh! there's something so sweet in the cot I was born in,
 Though the walls are but mud and the roof is but thatch;
 How familiar the grunt of the pigs in the mornin',
 What music in lifting the rusty old latch!
 'Tis true I'd no money, but then I'd no sorrow,
 My pockets were light, but my head had no pain;
 And if I but live till the sun shine to-morrow,
 I'll be off to ould Ireland and Norah McShane.

SWEET LAND OF SONG.

Sweet land of song! thy harp doth hang
 Upon the willows now,
 While famine's blight and fever's pang
 Stamp misery on thy brow;
 Yet take thy harp, and raise thy voice,
 Though faint and low it be,
 And let thy sinking heart rejoice
 In friends still left to thee!
 Look out—look out—across the sea
 That girds the emerald shore,
 A ship of war is bound for thee,
 But with no warlike store;

Her thunder sleeps—'tis Mercy's breath
 That wafts her o'er the sea;
 She goes not forth to deal out death,
 But bears new life to thee!
 Thy wasted hand can scarcely strike
 The chords of grateful praise;
 Thy plaintive tone is now unlike
 The voice of former days;
 Yet, even in sorrow, tuneful still,
 Let Erin's voice proclaim
 In bardic praise, on every hill,
 Columbia's glorious name!

OH, BLAME NOT THE BARD!

Oh, blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
 Where pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at fame;
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burned with a holler flame:
 The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
 And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
 Might have poured the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country!—her pride has gone by,
 And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
 Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires,
 And the torch that would light them through dignity's way
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
 He should try to forget what he never can heal:
 Oh, give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
 That instant his heart at her shrine would lay down;
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
 Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
 Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

OH, BANQUET NOT.

Oh, banquet not in those shining bowers
 Where Youth resorts, but come to me:
 For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
 More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
 And there we shall have our feasts of tears,
 And many a cup in silence pour;
 Our guests, the shades of former years—
 Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more!

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
 Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
 We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
 To friends long lost, the changed, the dead,
 Or, while some blighted laurel waves
 Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
 We'll drink to those neglected graves
 Where Valor sleeps, unnamed, forgot!

OH, DOUBT ME NOT.

Oh, doubt me not!—the season
 Is o'er when folly made me rove;
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.
 Although this heart was early blown,
 And fairest hands disturbed the tree,
 They only shook some blossoms down—
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er when folly made me rove;
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.
 And though my lute no longer
 May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
 Yet trust me all the stronger
 I feel the bliss I do not tell.
 The bee through many a garden roves
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er;
 But, when he finds the flower he loves,
 He settles there, and hums no more.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er when folly kept me free;
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

ARISE FROM THY SLUMBERS.

Arise from thy slumbers, oh, fairest of maids!
 With me wilt thou wander to Truigha's green shades,
 Where sorrel and bright rowan berries abound,
 And nuts in rich clusters the branches have crowned.
 A bed of fresh ivy to rest thee I'll bring,
 The blackbirds and thrushes around us shall sing;
 And there with unceasing attachment I'll prove,
 How soothing the cares of affection and love.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

One bumper at parting!—though many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest, of any
 Remains to be crowned by us yet.
 The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
 Is always so slow to come forth,
 That seldom, alas! till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth.
 But come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure—
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.
 As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit awhile
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
 Ah, never doth Time travel faster
 Than when his way lies among flowers!
 But come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure—
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.
 We saw how the sun looked in sinking,
 The waters beneath him how bright;
 And now let our farewell of drinking
 Resemble that farewell of light:
 You saw how he finished, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—

So fill up, let's shine at our parting
 In full liquid glory, like him!
 And oh, may our life's happy measure,
 Of moments like this be made up!
 'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure—
 It dies 'midst the tears of the cup.

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

Oh! where's the slave so lowly,
 Condemn'd to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst his bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly?
 What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
 Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing at once may spring
 To the throne of Him who made it?
 Farewell, Erin, farewell all
 Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
 Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
 Than that, whose braid is plucked to shade
 The brow with victory glowing.
 We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried are by our side
 And the foe we hate before us.
 Farewell, Erin, farewell all
 Who live to weep our fall!

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
 And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now,
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
 No—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
 Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.
 But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile—
 May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
 Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
 Or the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.
 But they who have loved me the fondest, the purest,
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
 And the heart that has slumbered in friendship securest
 Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
 But send round the bowl: while a relic of truth
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
 And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME!

Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
 Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.
 But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
 And the tear that we shed, though it secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

OH, SOON RETURN.

Our white sail caught the evening ray,
 The wave beneath us seemed to burn,
 When all my weeping love could say
 Was—"Oh, soon return!"
 Through many a clime our ship was driven,
 O'er many a billow rudely thrown,
 Now chilled beneath a northern heaven,
 Now sunned by summer's zone.
 Yet still where'er our course we lay,
 When evening bid the west wave burn,
 I thought I heard her faintly say—
 "Oh, soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found
 Its thoughts a moment turned from thee,
 'Twas then the combat raged around,
 And brave men looked to me.
 But, though 'mid battle's wild alarm,
 Love's gentle power might not appear
 He gave to Glory's brow the charm,
 That made even danger dear.
 And when the vict'ry's calm came o'er
 The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
 I heard that farewell voice once more—
 "Oh, soon return!"

OH, HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own,
 In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
 Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
 And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers,
 Where the sun loves to pause with so fond a delay,
 That the night only draws a thin veil o'er the day;
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give!

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
 We should love as they loved in the first golden time,
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
 With affection as free from decline as the bowers,
 And with hope like the bee, living always on flowers,
 Our life should resemble a long day of light,
 And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

St. Senanus.

"Oh, haste and leave this sacred isle,
 Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
 For on thy deck, though dark it be,
 A female form I see;
 And I have sworn this sainted sod
 Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

The Lady.

"O Father! send not hence my bark,
 Through wintry winds and billows dark
 I come with humble heart to share
 Thy morn and evening prayer:
 Nor mine the feet, O holy Saint,
 The brightness of thy sod to talnt."

The lady's prayer Sesanus spurned;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark returned:
 But legends hint that had the maid
 Till morning's light delayed,
 And given the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

OH, YES—SO WELL, SO TENDERLY!

Oh, yes—so well, so tenderly,
 Thou'rt loved, adored by me;
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
 Are worthless without thee!
 Though brimmed with blisses pure and rare,
 Life's cup before me lay,
 Unless thy love were mingled there,
 I'd spurn the draught away.
 Without thy smile, how joylessly
 All Glory's meeds I see!
 And even the wreath of Victory
 Must owe its bloom to thee.
 Those world for which the conq'r'or sighs,
 For me have now no charms;
 My only world those radiant eyes,
 My only throne those circling arms!

OH, REMEMBER THE TIME!

Oh, remember the time in La Mancha's shades,
 When our moments so blissfully flew;
 When you called me the flower of Castilian maids,
 And I blushed to be called so by you;
 When I taught you to warble the gay Seguadille,
 And to dance to the light castanet:
 Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
 The delight of those moments forget!
 They tell me you lovers from Erin's green isle
 Every hour a new passion can feel;
 And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
 You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
 But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
 Or they never could think you would rove;
 For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
 That is fondest and truest in love.

PRETTY MAID MILKING HER COW.

It being on a fine summer's morning,
 As birds sweetly tuned on each bough,
 I heard a fair mald sing most charming
 As she sat milking her cow.
 Her voice was enchanting—melodious,
 Which left me scarce able to go;
 My heart it was soothed in solace,
 By the pretty maid milking her cow.
 With courtesy I did salute her:
 "Good-morrow, most amiable mald;
 I am your captive slave for the future."
 "Kind sir, do not banter," she said.
 "I am not such a precious rare jewel,
 That I should enamor you so;
 I am but a plain country girl,"
 Said this pretty maid milking her cow.
 "The Indies afford no such jewel,
 So precious and transparent clear,
 Oh! do not refuse to be my jewel,
 But consent and love me, my dear;
 Take pity and grant my desire,
 And leave me no longer in woe;
 Oh! love me, or else I'll expire,
 Sweet Colleen dhas cruthin amoe."
 "I don't understand what you mean, sir;
 I never was a slave yet to love;
 These emotlons I cannot experience,
 So, I pray, these affections remove;

To marry, I can assure you,
 That state I will not undergo,
 So, young man, I pray you will excuse me,"
 Said this pretty maid milking her cow.
 "Had I the wealth of great Omar,
 Or all on the African shore;
 Or had I great Devonshire's treasure,
 Or had I ten thousand times more,
 Or had I the lamp of Aladdin,
 And had I his genius, also—
 I'd rather live poor on a mountain,
 With colleen dhas cruthin amoe."
 "I beg you, withdraw, and don't tease me,
 I cannot consent unto thee;
 I prefer to live single and airy,
 Till more of the world I see;
 New cares they would me embarrass—
 Beside, sir, my fortune is low:
 Until I get rich I'll not marry,"
 Said the colleen dhas cruthin amoe.
 "A young maid is like a ship sailing,
 She don't know how long she may steer,
 For in every blast she is in danger,
 So consent, and love me, my dear.
 For riches I care not a farthing;
 Your affections I want, and no more;
 In wedlock I wish to bind you,
 Sweet colleen dhas cruthin amoe!"

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIAN THE BRAVE.

Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
 Though the days of the hero are o'er;
 Though lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
 He returns to Kinkora no more.
 That star of the field, which so often hath poured
 Its beam on the battle, is set;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword
 To light us to victory yet.
 Mononia! when Nature embellished the tint
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of slavery there?
 No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains!
 Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
 In the day of distress by our side;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
 They stirred not, but conquered and died.
 The sun which now blesses our arms with his light
 Saw them fall upon Osory's plain,
 Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain.

OCH! NORAH DEAR.

Och! Norah dear! I'm waiting here,
 I'm waiting still for you, love;
 And, while you sleep, the flow'rets weep,
 All shrined in tears of dew, love.
 The silv'ry moon, its bright rays soon
 Behind the hills will fade, love;
 But better there her beauties bear,
 For thou her beams would shade, love.
 Och! Norah dear, etc.

Och! Norah dear! I'm waiting here,
 The stars look cold and blue, love;
 Their twinkling rays have come to gaze
 To see how bright are you, love.
 The breeze that brings such balmy things
 From all that bright and fair, love,
 It sighs to sip from thy sweet lip
 The perfume that lies there, love.

PASTHEEN FION.

Oh, my fair Pastheen is my heart's delight;
 Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright;
 Like the apple blossom her bosom white,
 And her neck like the swan's on a March morn bright!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
 Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
 And, oh! I would go through snow and sleet
 If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet!

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen!
 Her cheeks are as red as the rose's sheen,
 But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
 Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen!

Then, Oro, come, etc.

Were I in the town, where's mirth and glee,
 Or twixt two barrels of barley bree,
 With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
 'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly!

Then, Oro, come, etc.

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
 Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
 Thinking to see you, love once again;
 But whistle and call were all in vain!

Then, Oro, come, etc.

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe;
 From all the girls in the world's I'll go;
 But from you, sweetheart, oh, never! oh, no!
 Till I lie in the coffin stretched, cold and low!

Then, Oro, come, etc.

RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn:
 He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
 "Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye:
 "With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about,
 Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
 "Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
 You've thrated my heart for this many a day:
 And 'tis plazed that I am; and why not, to be sure?
 For it's all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.
 "Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike:
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
 "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
 "Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go:
 Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
 "O!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
 For dhramas always go by contraries, my dear.
 "Oh! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die.
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie;
 And 'tis plazed that I am; and why not to be sure?
 Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,
 And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,
 And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
 So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
 And he look'd in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
 And he kiss'd her sweet lips—Don't you think he was right?
 "Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more;
 That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 And lovers are round her sighing;
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.
 She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he loved awaking;
 Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.
 He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwined him;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.
 Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
 When they promise a glorious morrow;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
 From her own loved island of sorrow.

OFF IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Off in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears, of childhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus in the stilly night, etc.

When I remember all
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in winter weather,
 I feel like one, who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
 And all hut me departed.
 Thus in the stilly night, etc.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection and recollection,
 I often think of the Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
 On this I ponder where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee!
 With thy bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee!
 I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Toiling sublime, in cathedral shrine,
 While at a glib rate, brass tongues would vibrate,
 But all their music spoke naught to thine!

For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy beifry knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee!

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's mole" in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican:
 With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
 But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Filings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly!
 Oh! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee!

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kioske,
 In Saint Sophia, the Turcoman gets,
 And loud in air calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee!
 With thy bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee!

THE RECONCILIATION.

An old man knelt at the altar,
 His enemy's hand to take,
 And at first his weak voice did falter,
 And his feeble limbs did shake;
 For his only brave boy, his glory,
 Had been stretch'd at the old man's feet,
 A corpse, all so haggard and gory,
 By the hand which he now must greet.

And soon the old man stopp'd speaking,
 And rage which had not gone by,
 From under his brows came breaking
 Up into his enemy's eye—
 And now his limbs were not shaking,
 But his clinch'd hands his bosom cross'd,
 And he looked a fierce wish to be taking
 Revenge for the boy he lost.

But the old man he glanced around him,
 And thought of the place he was in,
 And thought of the promise that bound him,
 And thought that revenge was sin—
 And then, crying tears, like a woman,
 "Your hand!" he cried, "ay, that hand,
 And I do forgive you, foeman,
 For the sake of our bleeding land!"

MARY AILEEN.

Lying by the little grave, Mary Aileen,
 One sweet word is all I crave, Mary Aileen!
 Wilt thou hear me in my woe?
 Wilt thou answer soft and low?
 Canst thou speak a little? No, Mary Aileen!

CHORUS.—Mary Aileen! Mary Aileen!

Canst thou speak a little? No, Mary Aileen!

Midst the flowers now I'm speaking, Mary Aileen;
 Canst thou hear my voice below, Mary Aileen?
 Here till morning will I lie—
 Here to-night I fain would die,
 And to thee be ever nigh, Mary Aileen.

Chorus.

Every night upon thy grave, Mary Aileen,
 Shall my tears to sweet flowers lave, Mary Aileen!
 I will whisper—"Art thou mine?"
 Thou wilt answer—"Ever thine!"
 Death but makes our love divine, Mary Aileen!

Chorus.

SAVOURNEEN DEELISH.

Ah! the moment was sad when my love and I parted—
 Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!
 As I kissed off her tears I was nigh broken-hearted—
 Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder—
 Damp was her hand, no marble was colder;
 I felt that again I should never behold her.

Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

When the word of command put our men into motion,
 Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!
 I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
 Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
 Pleased with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
 My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder.

Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love—
 Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,
 Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

Peace was proclaimed—escaped from the slaughter,
 Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her;
 But sorrow, alas! to the cold grave had brought her.

Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

Oh! sweet is the smile of the beautiful morn,
 As it peeps through the curtain of night,
 And the voice of the nightingale singing his tune,
 While the stars seem to smile with delight.
 Old nature now lingers in silent repose,
 And the sweet breath of summer is calm,
 While I sit and wonder if Shamus e'er knows
 How sad and unhappy I am!

CHORUS.—Oh! Shamus O'Brien, why don't you come home,
 You don't know how happy I'll be;

I've but one darling wish, and that is that you'd come
 And forever be happy with me!

I'll smile when you smile, and I'll weep when you weep,
 I'll give you a kiss for a kiss,

And all the fond vows that I've made you, I'll keep—
 What more can I promise than this?

Does the sea have such bright and such beautiful charms
 That your heart will not leave it for me?

Oh! why did I let you go out of my arms,
 Like a bird that was caged and is free!

Oh! Shamus O'Brien, etc.

Oh! Shamus O'Brien, I'm loving you yet,
 And my heart is still trusting and kind;

It was you who first took it, and can you forget
 That love for another you'd find?

No! no! if you break it with sorrow and pain,
 I'll then have a duty to do;

If you'll bring it to me, I'll mend it again,
 And trust it, dear Shamus, to you.

Oh! Shamus O'Brien, etc.

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

Sublime was the warning which Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when the Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain!

Oh! Liberty! let not this spirit have rest
Till it moves like a breeze o'er the waves of the west.
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,

While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with their rights,
Give to country its charm and to home its delights;

If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain;
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same.
And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death

Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,

For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resigned
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sighed for in vain,

Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light
May be felt in Erin, as calm and as bright;

And forgive even Albion while she draws,
Like a truant, her sword in the long-sighted cause

Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause, oh! it cannot but thrive

While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive

Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain:

Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!

The finger of glory shall point where they lie;

While far from the footsteps of coward or slave,

The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave,

Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

MY GRAVE.

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?

Shall they dig a grave for me

Under the green-wood tree?

Or on the wild heath,

Where the wilder breath

Of the storm doth blow?

O, no! O, no!

Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,

Or under the shade of cathedral domes?

Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;

Yet not there,—nor in Greece, though I love it more,

In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?

Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?

Shall they fling my corpse in the battle-mound,

Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?

Just as they fall, they are buried so,—

O, no! O, no!

No! On an Irish green hillside,

On an opening lawn,—but not too wide!

For I love the drip of the wetted trees;

I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze

To freshen the turf. Put no tombstone there,

But green sods decked with daisies fair,

Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew

The matted grass-roots may trickle through.

Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,—

"He served his country, and loved his kind."

On! 'Twere merry unto the grave to go,

If one were sure to be buried so.

SWEET KITTY NEIL.

Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from your wheel,
 Your neat little foot will be weary of spinning;
 Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree,
 Half the parish is there and the dance is beginning.
 The sun has gone down, but the full harvest moon
 Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
 While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
 Each little bird sings in the green shaded valley,
 Each little bird sings in the green shaded valley.
 With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up, the while
 Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
 'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
 So she could not choose but go off to the dancing.
 And now on the green the glad troops are seen,
 Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing,
 And Pat, without fail, led out sweet Kitty Neil,
 Somehow when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing,
 Somehow when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
 And I will tell you your fortune truly
 As ever was told, by the new moon's light,
 To a young maiden, shining as newly.
 But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
 Lest haply the stars should deceive me:
 Such secrets between you and me and the sky
 Should never go farther, believe me.
 If at that hour the heavens be not dim,
 My science shall call up before you
 A male apparition—the image of him
 Whose destiny it is to adore you.
 And if to that phantom you will be kind,
 So fondly around you he'll hover,
 You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
 'Twixt him and a true, living lover!
 Down at your feet in the pale moonlight
 He'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion—
 An ardor, of which such an innocent sprite
 You'd scarcely believe had a notion!
 What other thoughts and events may arise,
 As in Destiny's book I've not seen them,
 Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
 To settle, ere morning, between them.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way,
 Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
 The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burned,
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal, was turned:
 Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
 And blest even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.
 Thy rival was honored, whilst thou wert wronged and scorned;
 Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorned;
 She wooed me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves;
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
 Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be
 Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.
 They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had looked less pale!
 They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains.
 Oh, foul is the slander—no chain could that soul subdue—
 Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth, too!

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

Take back the virgin page,
 White and unwritten still;
 Some hand, more calm and sage,
 The leaf must fill.
 Thoughts come as pure as light,
 Pure as even you require;
 But oh, each word I write
 Love turns to fire!

Yet let me keep the book;
 Oft shall my heart renew,
 When on its leaves I look,
 Dear thoughts of you.
 Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
 Like you, too bright and fair
 To let wild Passion write
 One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
 Far, far away I roam,
 Should calmer thoughts arise
 Toward you and home—
 Fancy may trace some line
 Worthy those eyes to meet;
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
 Pure, calm and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
 Seamen their records keep,
 Led by some hidden star
 Through the cold deep;
 So may the words I write
 Tell through what storms I stray—
 You still the unseen light,
 Guiding my way.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
 A youth, whose moments had calmly flown,
 Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
 He was haunted and watched by a Mountain Sprite.

As once, by moonlight, he wandered o'er
 The golden sands of that island shore,
 A footprint sparkled before his sight—
 'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
 As bending over the stream he lay,
 There peeped down o'er him two eyes of light,
 And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite!

He turned, but lo! like a startled bird,
 That spirit fled!—and the youth but heard
 Sweet music, such as marks the flight
 Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,
 The boy, bewildered, his pencil took,
 And, guided only by memory's light,
 Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

"O thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
 A voice, low whispering by his side,
 "Now turn and see!"—here the youth's delight
 Sealed the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite!

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
 Then rapt, he murmured, "there's none like thee,
 And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light
 In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!"

THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

My Connor his cheeks are as ruddy as morning,
The brightest of pearls but mimic his teeth,
While nature with ringlets his mild brow adorning,
His hair Cupid's bowstrings, and roses his breath.

CHORUS.—Smiling, beguiling, cheering, endearing,

Together oft over the mountain we've strayed,
By each other delighted, and fondly united,
I've listened all day to my dear Irish boy.

No roebuck more swift can flee o'er the mountain,
No veteran bolder 'midst danger or scars;
He's slightly, he's lightly, he's as clear as the fountain,
His eyes twinkle love, but he's gone to the wars.

Smiling, etc.

The soft tuning lark its notes change to mourning,
The dull screaming owl doth invade my night sleep;
While lonely I walk in the shades of the evening,

If my Connor return not, I'll ne'er cease to weep.

Smiling, etc.

The war is all over, and he is not returning;
I fear that some envious plot has been laid,
Or some cruel goddess has him captivated,
And left me to mourn, a dear Irish maid.

Smiling, etc.

THE BARD'S LEGACY.

When in death I shall calm recline,
Oh, bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it lingered here;
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call;
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh, let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song!

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest;
But when some warm, devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

STRIKE THE GAY HARP.

Strike the gay harp!—see, the moon is on high;
And, as true to her beam as the tides of the ocean,
Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye,
Obey the mute call, and heave into motion.
Then sound, notes—the gayest, the lightest,
That ever took wing, when heaven looked brightest!
Again! again!

Oh, could such heart-stirring music be heard
In that City of Statues described by romancers,
So wakening its spell, even stone would be stirred,
And statues themselves all start into dancers!

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
 And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us—
 While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
 And, list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us?
 Again, that strain!—to hear it thus sounding
 Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding—

Again!

Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay,
 Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,
 Thus dance, like the Hours, to the music of May,
 And mingle sweet song and sunshine together!

THE SONG OF WAR.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till not one hateful link remains
 Of slavery's ling'ring chains—
 Till not one tyrant treads our plains,
 Nor traitor lip pollutes our fountains!
 No, never till that glorious day,
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, O Peace, thy welcome lay
 Resounding through her sunny mountains!

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till Victory's self shall smiling say,
 "Your cloud of foes hath passed away,
 And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,
 To gild your vines and light your fountains!"
 Oh, never till that glorious day,
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, O Peace, thy welcome lay
 Resounding through her sunny mountains!

THE HARP OF TARA.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.
 No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells:
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes—
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart, indignant, breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 "Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder,
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

The valley lay smiling before me,
 Where lately I left her behind;
 Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me
 That saddened the joy of my mind.
 I looked for the lamp which, she told me,
 Should shine, when her pilgrim returned;
 But, though darkness began to infold me,
 No lamp from the battlements burned.
 I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
 As if the loved tenant lay dead;—
 Ah, would it were death, and death only!
 But no, the young false one had fled.
 And there hung the lute that could soften
 My very worst pains into bliss;
 While the hand that had waked it so often
 Now throbbed to a proud rival's kiss.
 There was a time, falsest of women!
 When Breffni's good sword would have sought
 That man, through a million of foemen,
 Who dared but to wrong thee in thought!
 While now—oh, degenerate daughter
 Of Erlin, how fallen is thy fame!
 And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
 Our country shall bleed for thy shame.
 Already the curse is upon her,
 And strangers her valleys profane;
 They come to divide—to dishonor,
 And tyrants they long will remain.
 But onward! the green banner rearing,
 Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
 On our side is Virtue and Erlin,
 On theirs the Saxon and Guilt!

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love;
 The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love;
 How sweet to rove through Morna's grove,
 When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
 Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear;
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear:
 And the best of all ways to lengthen our days,
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
 Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star, more glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
 Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear;
 Or, in watching the flight of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

Though the last glimpse of Erlin with sorrow I see,
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.
 To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
 I will fly with my Coulln, and think the rough wind
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.
 And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies in woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorned the lore she brought me;
 My only books were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me!
 Her smile, when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the Sprite whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me,
 But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray was turned away,
 Oh, winds could not outrun me!
 And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise for brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No—vain, alas! the endeavor
 From bonds so sweet to sever:—
 Poor Wisdom's chance against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever!

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED.

This life is all chequered with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep—
 Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can be dried;
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy and heads ever wise,
 Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
 And the light, brilliant Folly, that flashes and dies.
 When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Through fields full of light, with heart full of play,
 Light rambl'd the boy, over meadow and mount,
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
 Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
 The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
 But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
 These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
 One bright drop or two that has fallen on the leaves,
 From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer, left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes—to give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle the gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie withered, and fond ones are flown,
 Oh, who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
 Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
 And who often, at eve, through the bright waters roved,
 To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.
 But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
 And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
 Till Heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
 And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.
 Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled the same—
 While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light frame;
 And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
 Was changed to bright chords, uttering melody's spell.
 Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
 To mingle Love's language with Sorrow's sad tone;
 Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
 To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

THE YOUNG ROSE.

The young rose which I gave thee, so dewy and bright,
 Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
 Who oft by the moonlight o'er her blushes hath hung,
 And thrilled every leaf with the wild lay he sung.
 Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life be
 Prolonged by the breath she will borrow from thee;
 For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
 She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

TO LADIES' EYES.

To ladies' eyes a round, boy,
 We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
 Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose;
 For thick as stars that lighten
 Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,
 The countless eyes that brighten
 This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all, so drink them all!
 Some looks there are so holy,
 They seem but given, they seem but given,
 As shining beacons, solely,
 To light to heaven, to light to heaven.
 While some—oh, ne'er believe them—
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
 Would lead us (God forgive them!)
 The other way, the other way.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all, so drink them all!
 In some, as in a mirror,
 Love seems portrayed, Love seems portrayed.
 But shun the flattering error—
 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade;
 Himself has fixed his dwelling
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
 And lips—but this is telling—
 So here they go, so here they go!
 Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all, so drink them all!

'TIS GONE, AND FOREVER.

'Tis gone, and forever, the light we saw breaking,
 Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
 When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
 Looked upward, and blest the pure ray, ere it fled.
 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
 But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
 That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
 And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee!
 For high was thy hope, when those glories were dawning
 Around thee through all the gross clouds of the world,
 When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
 At once like a sunburst her banner unfurled!
 Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!—
 Then—then—had one hymn of deliverance blended
 The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
 The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!
 But shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing!
 And shame on the light race unworthy its good,
 Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
 The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood!
 Then vanished forever that fair, sunny vision,
 Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
 Shall long be remembered, pure, bright, and elysian
 As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee!

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
 And that when we're far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near!
 The heart, like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
 It can twine in itself, and make closely its own.
 Then oh, what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something still that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near!
 'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
 They are both of them bright, but they're changeable, too,
 And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
 It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue.
 Then oh, what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something still that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near!

THE WIDOW'S MESSAGE.

"Remember, Dennis, all I bade you say;
 Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord,
 But of our troubles, since he went away,
 You'll mind, avick, and never say a word;
 Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share,
 The finest summer isn't always fair.
 "Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May:
 She died, poor thing; but that you needn't mind;
 Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay:
 But tell him God to us was ever kind,
 And when the fever spread the country o'er,
 His mercy kept the 'sickness' from our door.

"Be sure you tell him how the neighbors came
 And cut the corn and stored it in the barn;
 'Twould be as well to mention them by name—
 Pat Murphy, Ned M'Cabe, and James M'Carn,
 And big Tim Daly from behind the hill;
 But say, agra—Oh, say I missed him still.

"They came with ready hands our toil to share—
 'Twas then I missed him most—my own right hand;
 I felt, although kind hearts were round me there,
 The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
 Strong hand! brave heart! oh, severed far from me
 By many a weary league of shore and sea.

"And tell him she was with us—he'll know who:
 Mayourneen, hasn't she the winsome eyes,
 The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue,
 I ever saw except in summer skies.
 And such black hair! it is the blackest hair
 That ever rippled over neck so fair.

"Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,
 And moped, poor dog, 'twas well he didn't die,
 Crouched by the roadside how he watched the way,
 And sniffed the travelers as they passed him by—
 Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 'twas all the same,
 He listened for the foot that never came.

"Tell him the house is lonesome-like and cold,
 The fire itself seems robbed of half its light;
 But, maybe, 'tis my eyes are growing old,
 And things look dim before my failing sight.
 For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
 The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

"Give him my blessing, morning, noon, and night,
 Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
 That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
 And firmly stand, as his brave father stood,
 True to his name, his country, and his God,
 Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad."

THE MEN OF TIPPERARY.

Let Britain boast her British hosts,
 About them all right little care we;
 Not British seas, nor British coasts,
 Can match The Man of Tipperary.

Tall is his form, his heart is warm
 His spirit light as any fairy;
 His wrath is fearful as the storm
 That sweeps The Hills of Tipperary.

Let woe or want oppress his friends,
 Though State and Fate proclaim despair, he,
 Against them all "the Pass" defends,
 And rights The Wrongs of Tipperary.

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,
 Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary,
 You'd swear they knew no other mood
 Than mirth and Love in Tipperary.

Soft is his girl's sunny eye,
 Her mien is mild, her step is airy,
 Her heart is fond, her soul is high;
 Oh! she's The Pride of Tipperary.

You're free to share his scanty meal;
 His plighted word he'll never vary.
 In vain they tried with gold and steel
 To shake The Faith of Tipperary.

Send him to fight for native land—
 His is no courage cold and weary;
 The troops live not on earth to stand
 The headlong Charge of Tipperary.
 Let Britain brag her motley rag;
 We'll lift The Green more proud and airy;—
 Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
 And head The Men of Tipperary.
 Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
 About them all right little care we;
 Give us to guard our native coasts
 The Matchless Men of Tipperary.

I'M VERY HAPPY WHERE I AM.

I'm very happy where I am,
 Far across the say,
 I'm very happy far from home,
 In North Amerikay.
 It's only in the night, when Pat
 Is sleeping by my side,
 I lie awake, and no one knows
 The big tears that I've cried;
 For a little voice, still calls me back
 To my far, far counthrie,
 And nobody can hear it spake,
 Oh! nobody but me.
 There is a little spot of ground
 Behind the chapel wall,
 It's nothing but a tiny mound,
 Without a stone at all;
 It rises like my heart just now,
 It makes a dawning hill;
 It's from below the voice comes out,
 I cannot kape it still.
 Oh! little voice; ye call me back
 To my far, far counthrie,
 And nobody can hear ye spake,
 Oh! nobody but me.

THE CLADDAGH BOATMAN.

I am a Claddagh boatman bold,
 And humble is my calling,
 From morn to night, from dark to light,
 In Galway Bay I'm trawling;
 I care not for the great man's frown,
 I ask not for his pity;
 My wants are few, my heart is true,
 I sing a boatman's ditty.
 I have a fair and gentle wife,
 Her name is Elly Holway;
 With many a wile, and joke, and smile,
 I won the pride of Galway;
 For twenty years, 'mid hopes and fears,
 With her I've faithful tarried;
 Her heart to-night is young and light,
 As when we first were married.
 I have a son, a gallant boy,
 Unstained by spot or speckle;
 He pulls and hauls and mends the trawls,
 And minds the other tackle;
 His mother says, the boy like me,
 Loves truth and hates all blarney—
 The neighbors swear, in Galway Bay
 There's not the like of Barney.

Thank God, I have another child,
 Like Elly, lithe and slender;
 She clasps my knee, and kisses me
 With love so true and tender.
 Though oft will rage the howling blast
 Upon the angry water,
 I ne'er complain of wind or rain,
 For I think of my little daughter.
 When Sunday brings the hours of rest,
 That sweet reward of labors,
 We cross the fields to early Mass
 And walk home with our neighbors.
 Oh! would the rest of Erin's sons
 Were but like us united;
 To swear I'm loth, but by my oath,
 Her name should not be slighted.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
 Who blushes at the name?
 When cowards mock the patriots' fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame?
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slights his country thus;
 But a true man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.
 We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave,
 Some sleep in Ireland, too;
 All—all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died;
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.
 Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made,
 But, though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.
 The dust of some is Irish earth;
 Among their own the rest;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast;
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.
 They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
 They fell and passed away:
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.
 Then here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs, your fate
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

DERMOT ASTHORE.

O, Dermot Asthore, between waking and sleeping,
 I heard thy dear voice and wept to its lay,
 Every pulse of my heart the sweet measure was keeping,
 Till Killarney's wild echoes had borne it away.

O, tell me, my love, is this my last meeting?
 Shall we wander no more in Killarney's green bowers,
 To watch the bright sun o'er the dim hills retreating,
 And the wild stag at rest in his bed of spring flowers?

O, Dermot Asthore, how this fond heart would flutter,
 When I met thee by night in the shady borean,
 And heard thine own voice in a soft whisper utter
 Those words of endearment—"Mavourneen Colleen."

I know we must part, but O, say not forever,
 That it may be for years adds enough to my pain;
 But I'll cling to the hope, that though now we must sever,
 In some blessed hour I shall meet thee again.

MARY ASTORE.

Cold blows the winter wind,
 Mary Astore!

Colder those hearts unkind,
 Mary Astore!

They that have power to save
 Thus send us forth to brave
 Death on the stormy wave,
 Mary Astore!

Pale is thy cheek to see,
 Mary Astore!

Come hide thy tears on me,
 Mary Astore!

Though scant thy cov'ring be,
 These arms shall shelter thee—
 Oh! thou art dear to me,
 Mary Astore!

Altar nor priest have we,
 Mary Astore!

Yet on this stormy sea,
 Mary Astore!

We can our vespers say,
 We can for Ireland pray
 God wipe our tears away,
 Mary Astore!

LIVE IN MY HEART.

Vourneen, when your days were bright,
 Never an eye did I care to lift to you,
 But, now, in your fortune's blight,
 False ones are flying in sunshine that knew you.
 But still on one welcome true rely,
 Tho' the crops may fail and the cow go dry,
 And your cabin be burn'd, and all be spent,
 Come live in my heart, and pay no rent,
 Live in my heart, mavourneen.

Vourneen, dry up those tears,
 The sensible people will tell you to wait dear,
 But, ah! in the wasting of love's young years,
 On our innocent hearts we're committing a chate dear;
 For hearts when they're young should make the vow,
 For when they are old they don't know how,—
 So marry at once and you'll not repent,
 When you live in my heart and pay no rent,
 Live in my heart, mavourneen.

THE BLARNEY.

Oh! did you ne'er hear of the Blarney
 That's found near the banks of Killarney?
 Believe it from me,
 No girl's heart is free,
 Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney.
 The Blarney's so great a deceiver,
 That a girl thinks you're there tho' you leave her;
 And she never finds out
 All the tricks you're about,
 Till she's quite gone herself with your Blarney.
 Oh! say, would you find this same Blarney?
 There's a castle not far from Killarney;
 On the top of its wall
 (But take care you don't fall)
 There's a stone that contains all this blarney.
 Like a magnet, its influence such is,
 That attraction it gives all it touches;
 If you kiss it, they say,
 That from that blessed day
 You may kiss whom you please, with your blarney.

YE DARK HAIR'D YOUTHS.

Ye dark-hair'd youths and elders hoary,
 List to the wand'ring harper's song;
 My clairseach weeps my true love's story
 In my true love's native tongue:
 She's bound and bleeding 'neath th' oppressor,
 Few her friends and fierce her foe,
 And brave hearts cold who would redress her,
 Mo chreevin evin alga, O!
 My love had riches once and beauty
 Till want and sorrow paled her cheek;
 And stalwart hearts for honour's duty—
 They're crouching now, like cravens sleek:
 O' Heav'n! that ere this day of rigour
 Saw sons of heroes abject, low—
 And blood and tears thy face disfigure,
 Mo chreevin evin alga, O!
 I'd sing ye more but age is stealing
 Along my pulse and tuneful fires;
 Far bolder woke my chord appealing,
 For craven Sheamus, to your sires.
 Arouse to vengeance, men of brav'ry
 For broken oaths—for altars low—
 For bonds that bind in bitter slav'ry
 Mo chreevin evin alga, O!

THE FAIRY BOY.

A mother came when the stars were paling,
 Wailing round a lonely spring;
 Thus she cried while tears were falling,
 Calling on the fairy King:
 "Why with spells my child caressing,
 Courting him with fairy joy;
 Why destroy a mother's blessing,
 Wherefore steal my baby boy?
 "O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,
 Where his childhood loved to play;
 Where the flowers are freshly springing,
 There I wander day by day.

"There I wander, growing fonder
 Of the child that made my joy;
 On the echoes wildly calling,
 To restore my fairy boy.
 "But in vain my plaintive calling,
 Tears are falling all in vain;
 He now sports with fairy pleasure,
 He's the treasure of their train!
 "Fare thee well, my child, for ever,
 In this world I've lost my joy,
 But in the next we ne'er shall sever,
 There I'll find my angel boy!"

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
 'Twas on a market day,
 A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
 Upon a truss of hay;
 But when that hay was blooming grass,
 And deck'd with flowers of spring,
 No flow'r was there that could compare
 With the blooming girl I sing.
 As she sat in the low-back'd car,
 The man at the turnpike bar
 Never asked for the toll,
 But just rubb'd his old poll,
 And looked after the low-back'd car.
 In battle's wild commotion,
 The proud and mighty Mars,
 With hostile scythes, demands the tithes
 Of death in warlike cars;
 While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
 Has darts in her bright eye,
 That knock men down, in the market town,
 As right and left they fly—
 While she sits in her low-back'd car,
 Than battle more dangerous far—
 For the doctor's art
 Cannot cure the heart
 That is hit from the low-back'd car.
 Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
 Has strings of ducks and geese,
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters
 By far outnumber these;
 While she among her poultry sits,
 Just like a turtle dove,
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,
 Of the blooming god of love.
 While she sits in the low-back'd car,
 The lovers come near and far,
 And envy the chicken
 That Peggy is pickin',
 As she sits in the low-back'd car.
 Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
 With Peggy by my side,
 Than a coach-and-four and goold galore,
 And a lady for my bride;
 For the lady would sit fornenst me,
 On a cushion made with taste,
 While Peggy would sit beside me,
 With my arm around her waist—
 While we drove in the low-back'd car,
 To be married by Father Maher,
 Oh, my heart would beat high,
 At her glance and her sigh,
 Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

MARY OF THE CURLING HAIR.

My Mary of the curling hair,
 The laughing teeth and bashful air,
 Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
 With blushes in the skies.
 Shule! shule! shule! agra,
 Shule go sucur agus shule aroon!
 My love! my pearl!
 My own dear girl!
 My mountain maid, arise!

Wake, linnet of the osier grove!
 Wake, trembling, stainless, virgin dove!
 Wake, nes'ling of the parent's love!
 Let Moran see thine eyes.
 Shule, shule, &c.

I am no stranger, proud and gay,
 To win thee from thy home away,
 And find thee, for a distant day,
 A theme for wasting sighs.
 Shule, shule, &c.

But we were known from infancy:
 Thy father's hearth was home to me;
 No selfish love was mine for thee,
 Unholy and unwise.
 Shule, shule, &c.

And yet (to see what love can do!)
 Though calm my hope has burned, and true,
 My cheek is pale and worn for you,
 And sunken are mine eyes!
 Shule, shule, &c.

But soon my love shall be my bride,
 And happy by our own fire-side,
 My veins shall feel the rosy tide,
 That lingering hope denies.
 Shule, shule, &c.

My Mary of the curling hair,
 The laughing teeth and bashful air,
 Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
 With blushes in the skies.
 Shule, shule, &c.

THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
 Out into the west as the sun went down,
 Each thought on the woman who lov'd him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town.
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn and many to keep
 Tho' the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r,
 And they trim'd the lamps as the sun went down,
 They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the show'r,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep,
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
 For those who will never come back to the town,
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

Prince Charles he is King James's son,
And from a royal line is sprung;
Then up with shout, and out with blade,
And we'll raise once more the white cockade.
Oh! my dear, my fair-hair'd youth,
Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth;
Then up with shout, and out with blade—
We'll raise once more the white cockade.

My young men's hearts are dark with woe;
On my virgins' cheeks the grief-drops flow;
The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,
Since our rightful prince went far away.
He's gone, the stranger holds his throne;
The royal bird far off is flown:
But up with shout, and out with blade
We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.

No more the cuckoo hails the spring,
The woods no more with the stanch-hounds ring;
The song from the glen so sweet before,
Is hush'd since Charles has left our shore.
The Prince is gone: but he soon will come,
With trumpet-sound, and with beat of drum:
Then up with shout, and out with blade—
Huzza for the right and the white cockade.

THE WHISTLING THIEF.

When Pat came o'er the hills, his colleen fair to see,
His whistle, loud and shrill, his signal was to be.

(Shrill whistle.)

"Oh! Mary," the mother cried, "there's some one whistling, sure,"
"Oh! mother, you know it's the wind that's whistling through the door."
(Whistles "Gerryowen.")

"I've lived a long time, Mary, in this wide world, my dear,
But the wind to whistle like that, I never yet did hear."
"But, mother, you know the fiddle hangs just behind the chink,
And the wind upon the string is playing a tune, I think."

(Dog barks.)

"The dog is barking now, and the fiddle can't play that tune."
"But, mother, you know that dogs will bark, when they see the moon;"
"Now how can he see the moon, when you know he's old and blind?"
Blind dogs can't see the moon, nor fiddles be played by the wind."

(Pig grunts.)

"And now there is the pig, onaisy in his mind."
"But, mother, you know they say that pigs can see the wind."
"That's all very well in the day, but then, I may remark,
That pigs, no more than we, can see anything in the dark."
"Now I'm not such a fool as you think; I know very well it is Pat.
Be off, you whistling thief! and get along home out of that!
And you be off to your bed, and don't bother me with your tears,
For though I've lost my eyes, I have not lost my ears."

(Moral.)

Now boys, too near the house don't courting go, d'ye mind,
Unless you're certain sure the old woman's both deaf and blind;
The days when they were young, forget they never can—
They're sure to tell the difference 'twixt a fiddle, a dog, or a man.

THERE'S A SWEET LITTLE SPOT.

There's a sweet little spot, away down by Cape Clear,
Sure, it's Ireland herself, to all Irishmen dear;
Where the white praties blossom like lilligent flowers,
And the wild birds sing sweetly above the round towers;
And the dear little Shamrock that none can withstand,
Is the beautiful Emblem of Old Ireland.

In his hat, good St. Patrick used always to wear,
 The Shamrock, whenever he went to a fair;
 And Nebuchadnezzar, no doubt highly prized
 A bit of the blossom when he went disguised;
 For, the bosom of beauty itself might expand,
 When bedecked by the Shamrock of Old Ireland.

When far, far away, a sweet blossom I've seen,
 I've dreamt of Shillelaghs and Shamrocks so green;
 That grow, like two twins, on the bogs and the hills,
 With a drop in my eye, that with joy my heart fills;
 And I've blessed the dear sod from a far distant strand,
 And the beautiful Shamrock of Old Ireland.

THE TIE IS BROKE, MY IRISH GIRL.

The tie is broke, my Irish girl,
 That bound thee here to me,
 My heart has lost its single pearl,
 And thine at last is free—
 Dead as the earth that wraps thy clay,
 Dead as the stone above thee—
 Cold as this heart, that breaks to say
 It never more can love thee.

I press thee to my aching breast—
 No blush comes o'er thy brow—
 Those gentle arms that once caress'd,
 Fall round me deadly now—
 The smiles of Love no longer part
 Those dead blue lips of thine—
 I lay my hand upon thy heart,
 'Tis cold at last to mine.

Were we beneath our native heaven,
 Within our native land—
 A fairer grave to thee were given
 Than this wild bed of sand.
 But thou wert single in thy faith,
 And single in thy worth:
 And thou shouldst die a lonely death,
 And lie in lonely earth.

Then lay thee down and take thy rest,
 My last—last look is given—
 The earth is smooth above thy breast,
 And mine is yet unruven!
 No mass—no parting rosary—
 My perished love can have;
 But her husband's sighs embalm the corse,
 A husband's tears her grave.

OH, LIMERICK IS BEAUTIFUL.

Oh, Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows;
 And by that city of my heart how proud the Shannon flows!
 It sweeps down by the brave old town as clear in depth and tone
 As when Sarsfield swept the Saxon from the walls of Garryowen.

'Tis not for Limerick that I sigh—tho' I love her in my soul—
 That times will change, and friends will die, and man cannot control;
 No, not for friends long pass'd away, nor days forever flown,
 But that the maiden I adore is sad in Garryowen.

Oh, she I love is beautiful, and world-wide is her fame;
 She dwells down by the flowing tide, and Elre is her name.
 And dearer than my very life her glances are to me—
 The light that cheers my weary soul across life's stormy sea.

'Tis true, she wears no coronet nor gems these latter days;
 She has no fleet upon the deep—no ships within her bays—
 No flocks upon the mountain side—no herds upon the plain—
 No gardens rich with summer bloom—no fields of waving grain.

The fetters of the tyrant are on her limbs—oh, shame!
 That we but whine who should avenge the insult to her fame;
 And crowned with woe, she walks the earth—the sad amid the gay—
 Because she would not sell her love for gems that fade away.

Yet see her in her sorrow, beneath the summer skies;
 What is the diamond's brightness to the lustre of her eyes?
 And what are earthly diadems to the glories that entwine
 Her brow upon whose front the gems of Truth and Virtue shine?

The Saxon lord, by force and fraud, has wooed her heart for years,
 She's pined within his dungeon keeps—she's wept hot, bitter tears;
 But tho' he crucify her soul, and scourge her thro' the land,
 She'll not forsake her old true love to take his bloody hand.

I loved thee in my boyhood, and now, in manhood's noon,
 The vision of my life is still to dry thy tears, aroon!
 I'd sing unto the tomb, and dance beneath the gallows tree,
 To see thee on the hills once more, proud, passionate and free.

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

On Carrigdhoun the heath is brown,
 The clouds are dark o'er Ardnalla,
 And many a stream comes rushing down
 To swell the angry Ownabwee;
 The moaning blast is sweeping fast
 Thro' many a leafless tree,
 And I'm alone, for he is gone,
 My hawk has flown, ochone machree.

The heath was green on Carrigdhoun,
 Bright shone the sun on Ardnalla,
 The dark green trees bent trembling down
 To kiss the slumb'ring Ownabwee;
 That happy day, 'twas but last May,
 'Tis like a dream to me,
 When Doinnall swore, ay, o'er and o'er
 We'd part no more, oh stor machree.

Soft April show'rs and bright May flow'rs
 Will bring the summer back again,
 But will they bring me back the hours
 I spent with my brave Doinnall then?
 'Tis but a chance, for he's gone to France
 To wear the fleur de lis;
 But I'll follow you, ma Doinnall dhu,
 For still I'm true to you, machree.

PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO.

In the Gap of Dunlo
 There's an echo or so;
 And some of them echoes is very surprisin';
 You'll think in this stave
 That I mane to desalve—
 For a ballad's a thing you expect to find lies in.
 But sartin and thrue
 In that hill forinist you
 There's an echo as sure and as safe as the bank too;
 If you clivilly spake,
 "How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?"
 The echo politely says, "Very well, thank you."

One day Teddy Keogh
 With Kate Connor did go
 To hear, from the echo, this wonderful talk, sir;
 But the echo, they say,
 Was contrahairy that day,
 Or perhaps Paddy Blake had gone out for a walk, sir.
 "Now," says Teddy to Kate,
 "'Tis too hard to be bate
 By this deaf and dumb baste of an echo, so lazy;
 But if we both shout
 To each other, no doubt
 We'll make up an echo between us, my daisy!"
 "Now, Kitty," says Teddy,
 "To answer be ready."
 "Oh, very well, thank you," cries out Kitty, then, sir;
 "Would you like to be wed,
 Kitty darlin'?" says Ted.
 "Oh, very well, thank you," says Kitty again, sir;
 "Do you like me?" says Teddy,
 And Kitty, quite ready,
 Cried, "Very well, thank you," with laughter beguiling.
 I think you'll confess
 Teddy could not do less
 Than pay his respects to the lips that were smiling.
 Oh, dear Paddy Blake,
 May you never forsake
 Those hills that return us such echoes endearing;
 And may girls all translate
 Their soft answers like Kate,
 No faithfulness doubting, no treachery fearing.
 And, boys, be you ready,
 Like frolicsome Teddy,
 Be earnest in loving, tho' given to joking
 And thus, when inclined,
 May all true lovers find
 Sweet echoes to answer from hearts they're invoking.

THE GENTLEMAN OF THE ARMY.

I'm Paddywhack, of Ballyback,
 Not long ago turn'd soldier;
 In grand attack, in storm or sack,
 None will than I be bolder;
 With spirits gay I march away,
 I please each fair beholder;
 And now they sing, "He's quite the thing,
 Och! what a jovial soldier!"
 In Londonderry or London merry,
 Och! faith! ye girls, I charm ye;
 And there ye come, at beat of drum,
 To see me in the army.
 Rub a dub dub, and pilli li loo,
 Whack! fal de lal la, and trilli li loo,
 I laugh and sing, God bless the King,
 Since I've been in the army.
 The lots of girls my train unfurls,
 Would form a pleasant party;
 There's Kitty Lynch, a tidy wench,
 And Suke, and Peg M'Carthy;
 Miss Judy Baggs, and Sally Maggs,
 And Martha Scraggs, all storm me,
 And Molly Magee is after me,
 Since I've been in the army!
 The Sallys, and Pollys, the Kittys and Dollys,
 In numbers would alarm ye;
 E'en Mrs. White, who's lost her sight,
 Admires me in the army.
 Rub a dub dub, &c.

The roaring boys, who made a noise,
 And thwack'd me like the devil,
 Are now become before me dumb,
 Or else are very civil.
 There's Murphy Roake, who often broke
 My head, now daresn't harm me;
 But bows and quakes, and off he sneaks,
 Since I've been in the army.
 And if one neglect to pay me respect,
 Och! another tips the blarney;
 With "whisht! my friend, and don't offend
 A gentleman of the army."
 Rub a dub dub, &c.

My arms are bright, my heart is light,
 Good humor seems to warm me:
 I've now become with ev'ry chum
 A favorite in the army.
 If I go on as I've begun,
 My comrades all inform me,
 They soon shall see that I will be
 A general in the army.
 Delightful notion, to get promotion,
 Then, ladies, how I'll charm ye!
 For 'tis my belief, Commander-in-chief
 I shall be in the army.
 Rub a dub dub, and pilli li loo,
 Whack! fal de lal la, and trilli li loo,
 I laugh and sing, God bless the King,
 My country and the army!

O LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

O let me like a soldier fall
 Upon some open plain;
 This breast, expanding for the ball
 To blot out every stain;
 Brave, manly hearts confer my doom,
 That gentler ones may tell
 Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
 I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race
 Which ends its blaze in me,
 To die the last and not disgrace
 Its ancient chivalry;
 Though o'er my clay no banner wave
 Nor trumpet requiem swell;
 Enough, they murmur at my grave
 He like a soldier fell.

MY POOR DOG TRAY.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
 No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
 No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
 And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.
 When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
 She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
 "Oh! remember your Sheelah, when far, far away,
 And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray."
 Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
 And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
 When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away
 I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.
 When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
 And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
 How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
 And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
 Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face,
 But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
 And I play'd a lament for my poor dog Tray.
 Where now shall I go—poor, forsaken, and blind,—
 Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind?
 To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
 I can never return with my poor dog Tray.

TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me
 All alone by myself in this place;
 But I'm sure you will never deceive me,
 O, no, if there's truth in that face.
 Though England's a beautiful city
 Full of illigant boys, O what then,
 You wouldn't forget your poor Terence!
 You'll come back to ould Ireland again.
 Oh, those English deceivers by nature,
 Though maybe you'd think them sincere:
 They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,
 But don't you believe them, my dear
 O, Kathleen, agh! don't be minding
 The flattering speeches they'd make;
 But tell them a poor lad in Ireland
 Is breaking his heart for your sake.
 It's folly to keep you from going,
 Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case;
 For, Kathleen, you know there's no knowing
 When next I shall see your swate face.
 And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
 None the better will I be off then;
 You'll be speaking such beautiful English,
 Sure I won't know my Kathleen again.
 Aye now, where's the need of this hurry!
 Don't fluster me so in this way;
 I forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
 Every word I was maning to say.
 Now just wait a minute, I bid ye;
 Can I talk if you bother me so?—
 Oh, Kathleen, my blessings go wid ye,
 Every inch of the way that you go.

I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL.

Oh! I am not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
 I am not myself at all,
 Nothing carling, nothing knowing, 'tis after you I'm going,
 Faith your shadow 'tis I'm growing, Molly dear, Molly dear,
 And I'm not myself at all.
 Th' other day I went confessin', and I asked the father's blessin',
 "But," says I, "don't give me one entirely,
 For I fretted so last year, but the half o' me is here,
 So give the other half to Molly Brierly;
 Oh! I'm not myself at all."
 Oh! I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
 My appetite's so small,
 I once could pick a goose, but my buttons is no use,
 Faith my tightest coat is loose, Molly dear, Molly dear,
 And I'm not myself at all.
 If thus it is I waste, you'd better, dear, make haste,
 Before your lover's gone away entirely,
 If you don't soon change your mind,
 Not a bit o' me you'll find.
 And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly Brierly?
 Oh! I'm not myself at all.

Oh! my shadow on the wall, Molly dear, Molly dear,
 Isn't like myself at all.
 For I've got so very thin, myself says 'tisn't him,
 But that purty girl so slim, Molly dear, Molly dear,
 And I'm not myself at all.
 If thus I smaller grow, all fretting, dear, for you,
 'Tis you should make up the deficiency,
 So just let Father Taaf,
 Make you my better half,
 And you will not the worse for the addition be;
 Oh! I'm not myself at all.
 I'll be not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
 'Till you my own I call;
 Since a change o'er me there came, sure you might change your name,
 And 'twould just come to the same, Molly dear, Molly dear,
 Oh! 'twould just come to the same;
 For if you and I were one, all confusion would be gone,
 And 'twould simplify the mather entirely,
 And 'twould save us so much bother,
 When we'd both be one another,
 So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly;
 Oh! I'm not myself at all.

MARY OF FERMOY.

Just eighteen years of age I am, my father's only joy,
 He owns a little farm and cot, in a place they call "Fermoy;"
 He gave me all the care he could, since my poor mother died,
 And I became my father's pet, and they say the village pride.
 He often took me on his knee, when I was but a child,
 And kissed me o'er and o'er again, and blessed me as he smiled;
 Of lovers I have got a score, and some in dear Fermoy,
 And one across the ocean wide, his name is Pat Malloy.
 His mother keeps a huckster shop, well known for miles around,
 And search the country through and through, her equal can't be found;
 But alas! the times came very hard, the landlord raised the rent,
 And Pat to live in idleness could no longer be content.
 He came and asked a question, and I answered, "Yes; I will."
 He kissed me many times, as if he'd never get his fill;
 Oh! God will surely bless him, and protect my darling joy,
 Till he comes back to Ireland, and his Mary of Fermoy.
 He left Fermoy for England, and there across the sea,
 For good Columba's happy shores, blest land of liberty;
 Where Erin's sons are not the slaves of landlord or of queen,
 And where they can without offence wear their country's badge of green.
 My Pat has written home to me to other loves decline,
 For he has promised me his heart, and I know that he has mine;
 And now he's coming home again, to visit dear Fermoy,
 Then Father Boyce will change my name, to Mistress Pat Malloy.

UP FOR THE GREEN!

'Tis the green—O, the green is the color of the true,
 And we'll back it 'gainst the orange and we'll raise it o'er the blue:
 For the color of our Fatherland alone should here be seen—
 'Tis the color of the martyred dead—our own immortal green.
 Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
 O, 'tis down to the dust, and a shame to be seen;
 But we've hands—O, we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween,
 To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green!
 They may say they have power, 'tis vain to oppose—
 'Tis better to obey and live, than surely die as foes;
 But we scorn all their threats, boys, whatever they may mean;
 For we trust in God above us, and we dearly love the green.
 So we'll up for the green, and we'll up for the green!
 O, to die is far better than be cursed as we have been;
 And we've hearts—O, we've hearts, boys, full true enough, I ween,
 To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green!

They may swear as they often did, our wretchedness to cure;
 But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure;
 No, we won't—no, we won't, Bull, for now nor evermore!
 For we've hopes on the ocean, and we've trust on the shore.

Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green!

Shout it back to the Sasanach, "We'll never sell the green!"

For our Tone is coming back, and with men enough, I ween,
 To rescue, and avenge us, and our own immortal green.

O, remember the days when their reign we did disturb,
 At Limerick and Thules, Blackwater and Benburb;

And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,

When we met him on the battle field of France, at Fontenoy.

Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green!

O' 'tis still in the dust, and a shame to be seen;

But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween,
 To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green!

FAREWELL TO KATHLEEN.

Sleep on, my beloved one,

My Kathleen sleep on,

And dream of the bright days

And hopes that are gone,

Until in thy slumber

Thou still seem'st to hear,

The words which a loved one

Once breathed in thine ear,

Farewell, farewell! my Kathleen dear,

Farewell, farewell! my Kathleen dear.

May that dream of enchantment

Be oft in my sleep

When high lash the billows,

When loud roars the deep;

Where my bark bears me swiftly

Far, far from my home,

May the bliss of that moment

To soothe thee oft come!

Farewell, farewell! my Kathleen dear,

Farewell, farewell! my Kathleen dear.

THE GREEN LINNET.

Curiosity bore a young native of Erin,

To view the gay banks of the Rhine,

When an empress he saw, and the robe she was wearing

All over with diamonds did shine;

A goddess in splendor was never yet seen,

To equal this fair one so mild and serene,

In soft murmur she says, "My sweet linnet so green,

Are you gone—will I never see you more?

The cold, lofty Alps, you freely went over,

Which nature had placed in your way,

That Marengo, Salomey, around you did hover,

And Paris did rejoice the next day.

It grieves me the hardships you did undergo,

Over mountains you traveled all covered with snow,

The balance of power your courage laid low,

Are you gone—will I never see you more?

The crowned heads of Europe when you were in splendor,

Fain would they have you submit,

But the goddess of Freedom soon bid them surrender,

And lowered the standard to your wit;

Old Frederick's colors in France you did bring,

Yet his offspring found shelter under your wing,

That year in Virginia you sweetly did sing,

Are you gone—will I never see you more?

That numbers of men are eager to slay you,

Their malice you viewed with a smile,
Their gold through all Europe they sowed to betray you,

And they joined the Mamelukes on the Nile,
Like ravens for blood their vile passions did burn,
The orphans they slew, and caused the widows to mourn,
They say my linnet's gone and ne'er will return,

Is he gone—will I never see him more?

When the trumpet of war the grand blast was sounding,

You marched to the north with good will,
To relieve the poor slaves in their vile sack clothing,

You used your exertion and skill.
You spread out the wings of your envied train,
While tyrants great Cæsar's old nest set in flames,
Their own subjects they caused to eat herbs on the plains,
Are you gone—will I never see you more?

In great Waterloo, where numbers laid sprawling,

In every field, high or low,
Fame on her trumpets through Frenchmen was calling,

Fresh laurels to place on her brow.
Usurpers did tremble to hear the loud call,
The third old Babe's new buildings did fall
The Spaniards their fleet in the harbor did call,

Are you gone—will I never see you more?

I'll roam through the deserts of wild Abyssinia,

And yet find no cure for my pain,
Will I go and inquire in the Isle of St. Helena?

No, we will whisper in vain.
Tell me, you critics, now tell me in time,
The nation I will range my sweet linnet to find,
Was he slain at Waterloo, or Elba on the Rhine?

If he was, I will never see him more.

MY GRA GAL MACHREE.

O, blooming and fair

Was the young nymph who stole

The love of my heart

And the peace of my soul;

Two eyes, like the stars,

Shining bright o'er the sea,

And a heart warm with love

Has my Gra Gal Machree.

The long, curling hair

On her white bosom hung,

And heart-stealing music

Fell sweet from her tongue,

And the blush on her cheek

Told of something to me,

When first I beheld her,

My Gra Gal Machree.

That her dear heart was mine

Sure that rising blush told,

And they say that my love

Will soon change and grow cold;

But their words are all false,

For I'll love only thee,

Till death cools this heart,

My Gra Gal Machree.

O, blooming and fair

Was the young nymph who stole

The love of my heart

And the peace of my soul;

Two eyes, like the stars,

Shining bright o'er the sea,

And a heart warm with love

Has my Gra Gal Machree.

WOODS OF GREEN ERIN.

Oh! woods of green Erin! sweet, sweet was the breeze,
 That rustled long since thro' your wide spreading trees,
 And sweet was the flow of your waters to hear,—
 And precious the cabin, the home of my dear:
 For then, thro' your groves, by your waters I walk'd,
 And with Norah, of love and of happiness talk'd,
 While calm as the moonlight, that silver'd your charms,
 My child, softly sleeping, lay press'd in her arms,
 My child, softly sleeping, lay press'd in her arms.
 But now that I visit thee Erin, again,
 Though years have passed o'er me, they've pass'd me in vain;
 Thy woods and thy lakes, and thy mountains no more,
 Can renew such fond thrills, as they kindled before.
 Still green are thy mountains, still green are thy groves,
 Still tranquil the water, my sad spirit loves;
 But dark is my home, and wild, wild its trees wave,
 And the dew now falls coldly on Norah's lone grave,
 And the dew now falls coldly on Norah's lone grave.

DUBLIN LASSES.

Cupid to fulfil a duty,
 Lately from Idalia passes;
 Hovering o'er the isle of beauty,
 Gave the palm to Dublin lasses.
 O, the dear delighting lasses,
 Who compare with Dublin lasses,
 Wit and beauty both combine,
 And sweetly shine in Dublin lasses.
 Venus with a view to tease him,
 Sent him next to Mount Parnassus,
 De'il a damsel there could please him,
 Like our charming Dublin lasses.
 O, the dear, delighting, etc.
 Love is theirs, best boon of nature,
 Tendered by the kindred graces,
 Each endearing glance and feature
 Blinds the heart to Dublin lasses.
 O, the dear, delighting, etc.
 Music may have charms for many,
 Others stifle care o'er glasses,
 My delight and boast is Fanny,
 Fairest of the Dublin lasses.
 O, the dear, delighting, etc.
 Sigh who will for golden treasure,
 Mine's a gem that gold surpasses,
 Fanny's smiles give wealth and pleasure,
 Gifts reserved for the Dublin lasses.
 O, the dear, delighting, etc.

ILL OMENS.

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone.

For the youth whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in
 Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon;
 And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass which a woman ne'er misses
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
 A butterfly, fresh from the night flower's kisses,
 Flew over her mirror and shaded her view.

Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
 She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise—
 “Ah! such,” said the girl, “is the pride of our faces,
 “For which the soul's innocence too often dies.”

While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
 She cull'd some, and kissed off it's night-fallen dew,
 And a rose further on looked so tempting and glowing
 That, in spite of her haste, she must gather it too;

But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
 Her zone fell in two and the heart's-ease was lost.
 “Ah! this means,” said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning),
 “That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost.”

SHUILE AGRA.

As I roved through my new garden bowers
 To gaze upon fast-fading flowers,
 And think upon the happiest hours
 That fled in summer's bloom,
 Shuille, shulle, shuille agra,
 Time can only ease my woe,
 Since the lad of my heart from me did go,
 Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

'Tis often I sat on my true love's knee,
 And many a fond story he told me;
 He told me things that ne'er would be,
 Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuille, shulle, etc.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
 When flax is spun I'll sell my wheel,
 To buy my love a sword and shleid,
 Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuille, shulle, etc.

I'll dye my petticoat, I'll dye it red,
 And round the world I'll beg my bread,
 That all my friends would wish me dead,
 Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuille, shulle, etc.

I wish I was on Brandon Hill,
 'Tis there I'll sit and cry my fill,
 That every tear would turn a mill,
 Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuille, shulle, etc.

No more am I that blooming maid
 That used to rove the valley shade;
 My youth and bloom are all decayed,
 Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuille, shulle, etc.

WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.

O, smile as thou wert wont to smile, before the weight of care
 Had crushed thy heart, and for a while left only sorrow there;
 Some thoughts perchance 'twere best to quell, some impulse to forget,
 O'er which should mem'ry cease to dwell, we may be happy yet.

O, never name departed days, nor vows you whispered then,
 Round which too sad a feeling plays to trust their tones again;
 Regard their shadows round thee cast as if we ne'er had met,
 And thus unmindful of the past, we may be happy yet.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

AIR.— "THE OLD HEAD OF DENNIS."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by J. L. HATTON

Andante molto espressivo.

1. There is not in the wide world a
 2. Yet it was not that na-ture had
 3. 'T was that friends, the be-loved of my
 4. Sweet vale of A-vo-cal how

val-ley so sweet, As that vale in whose bo-som the bright wa-ters meet; Oh! the
 shed o'er the scene, Her por-est of crys-tal and bright-est of green; 'T was
 bo-som were near, Who made ev-'ry dear scene of en-chantment more dear, And who
 calm could I rest in thy bo-som of shade with the friends I love best; Where the

last rays of feel-ing and life must de-part, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall
 not her soft mag-ic of stream-let or hill, Oh! no— it was something more
 felt how the best charms of na-ture im-prove When we see them re-flect-ed from
 storms that we feel in this cold world would cease, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be

fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart.
 ex-qui-site still, Oh! no— it was something more ex-qui-site still.
 looks that we love, When we see them re-flect-ed from looks that wa-lava,
 mix-gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be mix-gled in peace.

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the County of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

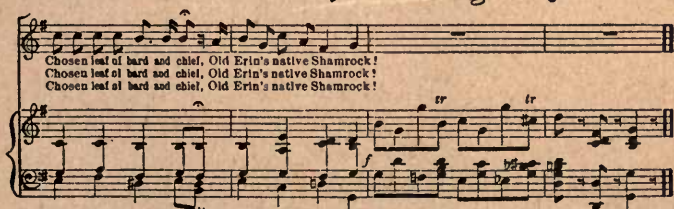
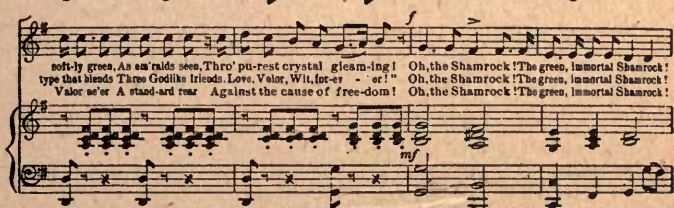
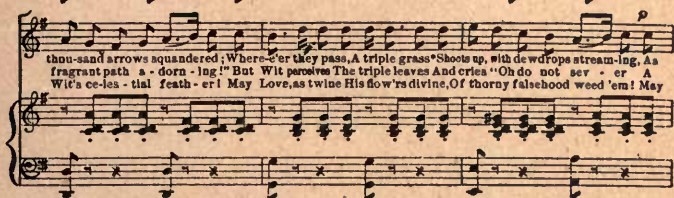
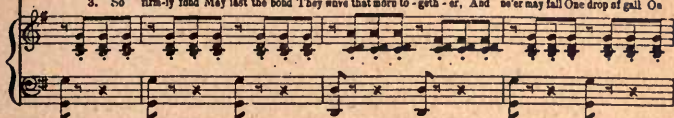
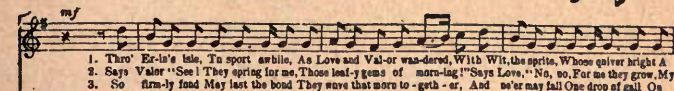
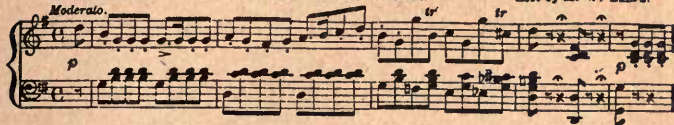
THROUGH ERIN'S ISLE.

OH! THE SHAMROCK.

THOMAS MOORS.

AIR.—"ALLEY CROKER."

ARR. by M. W. BALFE.

Moderato.

* Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefol, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon a ptope, and a trefol, or three-colored grass, in her hand.

NED OF THE HILL.

Dark is the evening, and silent the hour,
 Who is the minstrel by yonder lone tower?
 His harp all so tenderly touching with skill;
 O, who should it be, but Ned of the Hill?
 Who sings, "Lady love, come to me now,
 Come and live merrily under the bough,
 And I'll pillow thy head
 Where the fairies tread,
 If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the Hill!"

Ned of the Hill has no castle nor hall,
 Nor spearmen nor bowmen to come at his call;
 But one little archer, of exquisite skill,
 Has shot a bright shaft for Ned of the Hill,
 Who sings, "Lady love, come to me now,
 Come and live merrily under the bough,
 And I'll pillow thy head
 Where the fairies tread,
 If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the Hill!"

'Tis hard to escape from that fair lady's bower,
 For high is the window, and guarded the tower;
 "But there's always a way where there is a will,"
 So Ellen is off with Ned of the Hill!
 Who sings, "Lady love, thou art mine now!
 We will live merrily under the bough,
 And I'll pillow thy head
 Where the fairies tread,
 For Ellen is wed to Ned of the Hill!"

THE TOWN OF PASSAGE.

The town of Passage
 Is both large and spacious,
 And situated
 Upon the say;
 'Tis nate and dacent,
 And quite adjacent,
 To come from Cork
 On a summer's day.
 There you may slip in,
 To take a dippin'
 Forenent the shippin'
 That at anchor ride;
 Or in a wherry
 Cross o'er the ferry
 To Carrigaloe
 On the other side.

Mud cabins swarm in
 This place so charmin'
 With sailors' garments
 Hung out to dry;
 And each abode is
 Snug and commodious,
 With pigs melodious,
 In their straw-built sty
 'Tis there the turf is,
 And lots of murphies,
 Dead sprats and herrings,
 And oyster shells;
 Nor any lack, O!
 Of good tobacco,
 Though what is smuggled
 By far excels.

There are ships from Cadlz,
 And from Barbadoes,
 But the leading trade is
 In whiskey punch;

And you may go in
 Where one Molly Bowen
 Keeps a nate hotel
 For a quiet lunch.
 But land or deck on,
 You may safely reckon,
 Whatsoever country
 You come hither from,
 On an invitation
 To a jollification
 With a parish priest,
 That's called "Father Tom."
 Of ships there's one fixed
 For lodging convicts,
 A floating "stone jug,"
 Of amazing bulk:
 The hake and salmon,
 Playing at bagammon,
 Swim for divarsion
 All round this hulk;
 There "Saxon" jailors
 Keep brave repairers,
 Who soon with sailors
 Must anchor weigh
 From th' em'rald island,
 Ne'er to see dry land
 Until they spy land
 In sweet Bot'ny Bay.

GRA GAL MACHREE.

My Darling, I swear I will love you forever;
 O, look in my face, love, and dry those sad eyes;
 Though to-morrow we part, yet this bosom shall never
 Forget the dear home where my soul's treasure lies.
 The bee loves the flowers, the small birds the bowers;
 Fair meadows look gay when the sunlight they see,
 But ah, more sincerely my heart prizes dearly,
 The bloom on thy cheek, my sweet Gra Gal Machree.
 Long years I may wander o'er earth and wide ocean,
 From the friends of my youth doomed an exile to roam;
 Long years, yet the thoughts of this bosom shall never
 Forget the dear friends of my own dearest home.
 By night or by day, love, dejected or gay, love,
 Never from thee, love, my thoughts they can stray,
 Till the exile, returning with hopes brightly burning,
 Claims the vows of his bethrothed Gra Gal Machree.

CHEER! BOYS, CHEER!

Cheer! boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow;
 Courage! true hearts shall bear us on our way,
 Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow;
 Let us forget the darkness of to-day;
 So farewell, Erin, much as we may love thee,
 We'll dry the tears that we've shed before;
 Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune,
 So farewell, Erin, forevermore.
 Cheer! boys, cheer! for Erin, dearest Erin;
 Cheer! boys, cheer! the willing strong right hand;
 Cheer! boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labor;
 Cheer! boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.
 Cheer! boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,
 To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast,
 The world shall follow in the track we're going,
 The star of empire glitters in the West.
 Here we had toll, and little to reward it,
 But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,

And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
 And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.
 Cheer! boys, cheer! for Erin, dearest Erin;
 Cheer! boys, cheer! united heart and hand;
 Cheer! boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labor;
 Cheer! boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

OLD IRELAND I ADORE.

Oh! Erin's Isle, my heart's delight,
 I long to see thee free—
 Where'er I am by day or night,
 This heart beats warm for thee.
 I'm grieved to see thee so oppressed,
 But what can I do more—
 Oh! gramachree, I weep for thee,
 Old Ireland I adore.
 Your scenes surpasses all on earth,
 They are so rich and rare,
 Your sons are of the noblest birth,
 None with them can compare;
 Oppressed and starved, they are
 Compelled to wander from your shore.
 Oh, gramachree, I weep for thee.
 Old Ireland I adore.
 Oh, hard must be the tyrant's heart,
 To link you to his chains,
 And yet your sons have took his part
 On many well-fought plains;
 And yet you're bound there as a slave,
 While we our loss deplore.
 Oh, gramachree, I weep for thee,
 Old Ireland I adore.
 I'd like to know what you have done,
 That still you can't be free;
 But this I know, you had a son,
 That struggled hard for thee;
 O'Connell was that hero's name,
 He was known from shore to shore;
 Oh, gramachree, he'd have set thee free;
 But, alas! he is no more.
 If we were free, as once we were,
 How happy might we be!
 No foreign landlord then would dare
 To lord it over thee.
 We'd have our homes, and bread to eat
 As once we had before.
 Oh, gramachree, may we live to see
 Old Ireland free once more.

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

Through lofty Scotia's mountains,
 Where savage grandeur reigns,
 Though bright be England's fountains,
 And fertile be her plains;
 When 'mid their charms I wander,
 Of thee I think the while,
 And seem of thee the fonder,
 My own green Isle!
 While many who have left thee,
 Seem to forget thy name,
 Distance hath not bereft me
 Of its endearing claim.
 Afar from thee sojourning,
 Whether I sigh or smile,
 I call thee still "Mavourneen,"
 My own green Isle!

Fair as the glittering waters,
 Thy emerald banks that lave,
 To me thy graceful daughters;
 Thy generous sons are brave.
 O there are hearts within thee,
 That know not shame nor guile,
 And such proud homage win thee,
 My own green Isle!

For their dear sakes I love thee,
 Mavourneen, though unseen;
 Bright be the sky above thee,
 Thy shamrock ever green!
 May evil ne'er distress thee,
 Nor darken, nor defile,
 But Heaven forever bless thee
 My own green Isle.

THE COLLEEN BAWN.

Och! Patrick darlin', would you lave me
 To sail across the big salt sea?
 I never thought you'd thus decave me;
 It's not the truth you're tellin' me!
 Though Dublin is a mighty city,
 It's there I should be quite forlorn,
 For, poor and friendless, who would pity—
 Left lonely there—your Colleen Bawn?

You tell me that your friends are leaving
 The dear green isle, to cross the main,
 But don't you think they'll soon be grieving
 For dear ould Ireland once again?
 Can they forget each far-famed river?
 Each hill a thousand songs adorn?
 Can you depart from them forever—
 Could you forget your Colleen Bawn?

Sure, Patrick, me you've been beguiling,
 It's not my heart you mane to break,
 Tho' fortune may not now be smiling,
 Your Colleen Bawn you'll not forsake;
 I'll go with you across the sea, dear,
 If brighter days for us won't dawn;
 No matter where our home may be, dear,
 I still will be your Colleen Bawn.

O'BLARNEY.

Oh! have you not heard of O'Blarney,
 Who came all the way from Killarney,
 If you fear a black eye,
 Take warning and fly,
 For a broth of a boy is O'Blarney.
 When the potteen, that's whisky, is steaming,
 'Tis nought but of fighting he's dreaming,
 And, och, I can tell
 Where mischief does dwell—
 The shillelah of Paddy O'Blarney.
 Then should you e'er meet this O'Blarney,
 Who rode all on foot from Killarney,
 Beware of his smile,
 Mind your eye all the while,
 A shillelah has Paddy O'Blarney!
 Though he looks so bewitchingly simple
 Och, faith! but he'd soon crack your pimple,
 And should he inhale
 A drop of the rale,
 Then fatal's the blow of O'Blarney!

KATE OF GARNAVILLA.

Have you been at Garnavilla?
 Have you seen at Garnavilla
 Beauty's train trip o'er the plain
 With lovely Kate of Garnavilla?
 O, she's pure as virgin snows,
 Ere they light on woodland hill-O;
 Sweet as dewdrop on wild rose,
 Is lovely Kate of Garnavilla!
 Philomel, I've listened oft
 To thy lay, nigh weeping willow;
 O, the strain's more sweet, more soft,
 That flows from Kate of Garnavilla.
 Have you been, etc.

As a noble ship I've seen
 Sailing o'er the swelling billow,
 So I've marked the graceful mlen
 Of lovely Kate of Garnavilla.
 Have you been, etc.

If poets' prayers can banish cares,
 No cares shall come to Garnavilla;
 Joy's bright rays shall gild her days,
 And dove-like peace perch on her pillow,
 Charming maid of Garnavilla!
 Lovely maid of Garnavilla!
 Beauty, grace, and virtue wait
 On lovely Kate of Garnavilla!

KATY, DARLING.

The flowers are blooming, Katy darling,
 And the birds are singing on each tree,
 Never mind your mother's cruel snarling,
 My love, you know I'm waiting for thee;
 The sun is sweetly shining,
 With his face so clear and bright,
 Haste to your lover, Katy, darling,
 Ere the morning will change into night.

Katy, Katy,
 The flowers are blooming, etc.
 Meet me in the valley, Katy, darling,
 When the moon is shining o'er the sea,
 O, meet me near the stream, Katy, darling,
 And tales of love I'll tell to thee;
 When the twinkling stars are peeping,
 Sure these eyes shine far more bright,
 O, meet me in the valley, Katy, darling,
 And our vows of love we'll pledge to-night.
 Faith, I'm smiling at your fears, Katy, darling,
 Then you say you never can be mine—
 I've sworn by heaven, Katy, darling,
 That this heart, love, alone was thine!
 The sun is sweetly shining,
 With his face so clear and bright,
 O, come to your lover, Katy, darling,
 Ere the morning change into night.

OH! BAY OF DUBLIN.

Oh! Bay of Dublin; my heart you're troublin',
 Your beauty haunts me like a fevered dream,
 Like frozen fountains that the sun sets bubbling,
 My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name;
 And never till this life pulse ceases,
 My earliest thought you'll cease to be;
 Oh! there's no one here knows how fair that place is,
 And no one cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wicklow mountains! the sunlight sleeping
 On your green banks is a picture rare,
 You crowd around me, like young girls peeping,
 And puzzling me to say which is most fair;
 As tho' you'd see your own sweet faces,
 Reflected in that smooth and silver sea,
 Oh! my blessin' on those lovely places,
 Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.
 How often when at work I'm sitting,
 And musing sadly on the days of yore,
 I think I see my Katy knitting,
 And the children playing round the cabin door;
 I think I see the neighbor's faces
 All gather'd round, their long-lost friend to see:
 Oh! tho' no one knows how fair that place is,
 Heaven knows how dear my poor home was to me.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Farewell Erin, I now must leave you,
 And cross the stormy main—
 Where cruel strife may end my life,
 And I'll ne'er see you again.
 It will break my heart from you to part,
 Acushla, Asthore, Machree;
 For I must go full of grief and woe,
 To the shores of America.

CHORUS.—So now farewell, I can no longer dwell
 At home Acushla, Machree;
 For I must go, full of grief and woe,
 To the shores of America.

On Irish soil my parents dwelt,
 Since the time of Brian Boru;
 They paid their rent and lived content
 Convenient to Killaloo—
 Until the landlord cruel, sent us ashule,
 My poor old mother and me;
 They banished us from home far away to roam
 To the wilds of America.

So now farewell, &c.

No more at the churchyard, Asthore, Machree,
 On my father's grave can I kneel;
 The tyrants know but little of the woe
 That the poor man has to feel.
 When I look around on the little spot of ground
 Where the cabin used to be;
 I may curse the laws which has given me cause,
 To depart to America.

So now farewell, &c.

Where are the neighbors, kind and true,
 That once were our country's pride?
 No more they are seen at the fair on the green,
 Or the dance by the green hill side;
 It is the stranger's cow that is grazing now,
 Where the people used to be;
 With notice they were served and turned out to starve,
 Or banished to America.

So now farewell, &c.

O Erin, Machree, must your children be
 Exiled all over the earth—
 Will they think no more of you Asthore,
 The land that gave them birth—
 Must the Irish yield to the beast of the field?
 O no, Asthore, Machree,
 They are going away in ships, with vengeance on their lips,
 To return from America.

So now farewell, &c.

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

Full often when our fathers saw the Red above the Green,
They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike, and scian,
And over many a noble town, and many a field of dead,
They proudly set the Irish Green above the English Red.

But in the end, throughout the land, the shameful sight was seen—
The English Red in triumph high above the Irish Green;
But well they died in breach and field, who, as their spirits fled,
Still saw the Green maintain its place above the English Red.

And they who saw, in after times, the Red above the Green,
Were withered as the grass that dies beneath the forest screen;
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking hearts were fed,
That, in some day to come, the Green should flutter o'er the Red.

Sure it was for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe Tone sunk serene—
Because they could not bear to leave the Red above the Green;
And 'twas for this that Owen fought, and Sarsfield nobly bled—
Because their eyes were hot to see the Green above the Red.

So, when the strife began again, our darling Irish Green
Was down upon the earth, while high the English Red was seen;
Yet still we hold our fearless course, for something in us said,
"Before the strife is o'er you'll see the Green above the Red."

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive to glean,
That we may pull the English Red below the Irish Green,
And leave our sons sweet Liberty, and smiling plenty spread
Above the land once dark with blood—the Green above the Red!

MY BOAT IS ON THE SHORE.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee.
Here's a sigh for those that love,
And a smile for those who hate,
And whatever sky's above,
Here's a heart for every fate.
Though the ocean roars around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.
Wer't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp upon the brink,
Ere my sinking spirits fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.
In this water as this wine,
The libations I would pour
Should be peace to thee and thine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

MAUREEN.

The cottage is here, as of old I remember,
The pathway is worn as it ever hath been;
On the turf-piled hearth there still lives a bright ember;
But,—where is Maureen?

The same pleasant prospect still shineth before me,—
The river—the mountain—the valley of green,
And heaven itself (a bright blessing!) is o'er me!
But,—where is Maureen?

Lost! Lost!—Like a dream that hath come and departed;
(Ah, why are the loved and lost ever seen?)
She hath fallen,—hath flown, with a lover false-hearted;
So, mourn for Maureen!

And she, who so loved her, is slain (the poor mother),
 Struck dead in a day, by a shadow unseen!
 And the home we now loved, is the home of another,
 And—lost—is Maureen!
 Sweet Shannon! a moment by thee let me ponder;
 A moment look back at the things that have been;
 Then, away to the world where the ruined ones wander,
 To seek for Maureen!
 Pale peasant, perhaps, 'neath the frown of high heaven,
 She roams the dark desert of sorrow unseen,
 Unpittied,—unknown; but I—I shall know even
 The ghost of Maureen!

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

Och, love is the soul of a nate Irishman,
 He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green,
 His heart is good-humour'd—'tis honest and sound,
 No malice or hatred is there to be found,
 He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
 For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.
 Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair?
 An Irishman all in his glory is there,
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green:
 His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
 A neat Barcelona tied round his white neck:
 He goes to a tent and he spends half a crown,
 He meets with a friend—and for love knocks him down
 With a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.
 At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
 His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows
 From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green,
 He meets with his Shelleh, who, blushing a smile,
 Cries, "Get ye gone, Pat," yet consents all the while—
 To the priest then they go—and, nine months after that,
 A fine baby cries out "How d'ye do, father Pat,
 With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green."
 Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
 Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
 Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green.
 May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
 Drub the foe who dares plant on our confines a cannon:
 United and happy, at loyalty's shrine,
 May the rose, leek, and thistle long flourish and twine
 Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

NORAH DARLING.

Norah darling, don't believe them,
 Never heed their flattering wiles,
 Trust a heart that loves thee dearly,
 Lives but in thy sunny smiles—
 I must leave thee, Norah darling,
 But I leave my heart with thee;
 Keep it, for 'tis true and faithful
 As a loving heart can be.
 When the stars are round me glist'ning,
 And the moon shines bright above,
 Perhaps, my Norah, thou'lt be list'ning
 To another tale of love.
 Perhaps they'll tell thee I'll forget thee,
 Teach thy gentle heart to fear;
 Oh, my Norah, never doubt me—
 Don't believe them, Norah dear.

They must love thee, Norah darling
 When they look into those eyes,
 Oh, thou'lt never let them rob me
 Of the heart I dearly prize.
 Thou wilt not forget me, Norah,
 When their tales of love you hear,
 Never heed their treacherous whispers,
 Don't believe them, Norah dear.

ERIN OF THE STREAMS.

You ask me then to sing;
 Come your wine and goblets bring,
 I've a toast that shall light up your eyes—
 It is my country's name,
 With her proud and holy fame—
 Here's to Erin of the Streams—then arise!—then arise!
 Here's to Erin of the Streams—then arise!
 When last our proud flag rose,
 To strike ruin on our foes,
 Midst the ranks of that foe did it fall.
 Next time our hands unfold
 This dear flag of green and gold,
 O'er a nation shall it wave—lov'd by all!—lov'd by all!
 O'er a nation shall it wave—loved by all.
 — Then fill your goblets high,
 And drink your bumpers dry,
 Sure souls like our own shall be free!
 Of love let others sing,
 Among us this toast shall ring—
 Here's to Erin of the Streams—drink with me—drink with me!
 Here's to Erin of the Streams—drink with me—drink with me!

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

March to the battle field,
 The foe is now before us;
 Each heart is freedom's shield,
 And heaven is smiling o'er us.
 The woes and pains,
 The galling chains,
 That keep our spirits under,
 In proud disdain,
 We've broken again,
 And tore each link asunder.
 March to the, &c.
 Who, for his country brave,
 Would fly from her invader?
 Who, his base life to save,
 Would, traitor-like, degrade her?
 Our hallow'd cause,
 Our home and laws,
 'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
 We'll gain a crown
 Of bright renown,
 Or die—our rights maintaining!
 March to the, &c.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
 And sunbeams melt along the silent sea:
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.
 And as I watch the line of light that plays
 Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.
 As love's young dream!

THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
 Tho' rude the soil and chill the air,
 Then well may Erin's sons adore
 Their isle which nature formed so fair.
 What flood reflects a show so sweet,
 As Shannon's great or pastoral band,
 Or who a friend or foe can meet,
 So gen'rous as an Irishman?
 Tho' his hand be rash, his heart is warm
 And principle is still his guide,
 None more regrets a deed of harm,
 None more forgives with nobler pride;
 He may be duped, but won't be dared;
 But fit to practice and to plan,
 He ably earns his poor reward,
 And spends it like an Irishman.
 If poor in weal, he'll for you pay,
 And guide you where you safe may be;
 If you're his comrade, whilst you stay
 His cottage holds a jubilee;
 His inmost soul he will unlock,
 And if he may your merits scan,
 Your confidence he scorns to mock,
 For faithful is an Irishman.
 By honor bound in woe or weal,
 Whate'er she bids he dares to do,
 Try him with gold, it won't prevail,
 But e'en in fire you'll find him true;
 He seeks not safety—let his post
 Be where there's aught in danger's van;
 Or, if the field of fame be lost
 It won't be by an Irishman.
 Erin's lov'd land, from age to age,
 Be thou more great, more fam'd and free,
 May peace be yours, or should you wage
 Defensive wars, cheap victory,
 May plenty flow in every field,
 And gentle breezes sweetly fan,
 May cheerful smiles serenely glide,
 In the breast of every Irishman.

MA AILLEEN ASTHORE.

When waking with the rosy day,
 From golden dreams of thee,
 I watch the orient sunbeams play,
 Along the purple sea;
 O then I could not choose but weep,
 As thou wert mine no more,
 Ah, grammachree, ma cholleenouge,
 Ma Ailleen Asthore!
 When twilight brings the weeping hours
 That sadden all the grove,
 And angels leave their starry bowers
 To watch o'er faithful love,
 Thy parting words, to me so sweet,
 I breathe them o'er and o'er,
 Ah, grammachree, ma cholleenouge,
 Ma Ailleen Asthore!
 But soon they'll lay me in the grave,
 Where broken hearts should be;
 And when, beyond the distant wave,
 Thou dream'st of meeting me,
 My sorrows all will be forgot,
 And all the love I bore,
 Ah, grammachree, ma cholleenouge,
 Ma Ailleen Asthore!

IRISH MOLLY O.

Oh! who is that poor foreigner that lately came to town,
And like a ghost that cannot rest still wanders up and down?
A poor unhappy Scottish youth;—if more you wish to know,
His heart is breaking all for love of Irish Molly O!
She's modest, mild and beautiful, the fairest I have known—
The primrose of Ireland—all blooming here alone—
The primrose of Ireland—for wheresoe'er I go
The only one entices me is Irish Molly O!

When Molly's father heard of it, a solemn oath he swore,
That if she'd wed a foreigner he'd never see her more,
He sent for young MacDonald and he plainly told him so—
"I'll never give to such as you my Irish Molly O!"
She's modest, &c.

MacDonald heard the heavy news,—and grievously did say—
"Farewell my lovely Molly—since I'm banished far away,
A poor forlorn pilgrim I must wander to and fro,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!"
She's modest, &c.

"There is a rose in Ireland—I thought it would be mine;
But now that she is lost to me, I must for ever pine,
Till death shall come to comfort me, for to the grave I'll go;
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!"
She's modest, &c.

"And now that I am dying—this one request I crave,
To place a marble tombstone above my humble grave,
And on the stone these simple words I'd have engraven so—
MacDonald lost his life for love of Irish Molly O!"
She's modest, &c.

MY DEAR LITTLE IRISH COLLEEN.

When wild flowers wake from their slumbers,
And shake the bright dew from each breast;
And Robin pours forth his sweet numbers,
To mate tucked away in her nest;
What form noiseless trips o'er the clover,
With step and with grace of a queen,
The neighbors all know her and love her,
My dear little Irish Colleen.

REFRAIN.—My dear Irish Colleen,
She's my life and my Queen;
As she steps o'er the green
She enriches its sheen;
Her voice is as sweet as a thrush's,
And in innocence peeps thro' her blushes,
As homeward she sweeps through the rushes,
My dear little Irish Colleen.

She hums an old song in her hurry
A linnet takes up the refrain;
The whole feathered tribe in a flurry
Bid welcome again and again;
With cheeks like the morning as rosy
And dimples and laughter between,
And lips that might anger a posy,
Responds the dear Irish Colleen.—Cho.

Each land in its maidens takes pleasure
And each deems its own most supreme;
But oh, how the Celt's heart doth treasure
His darling of youth's virgin dream.
Again when night flees 'fore the morrow,
She trips lightly down the horeen,
And blackbird and thrush music borrow,
Once more from an Irish Colleen.—Cho.

KATE OF KILKENNY.

Since I've wandered away from that beautiful land,
 The dearest on earth still to me,
 In my dreams I go back like the waves to its strand,
 Where a cabin stands facing the sea.
 For a Colleen dwells there,
 In that cabin of turf,
 And she waits for her exile's return,
 And her sighs often blend with the sigh of the surf,
 Though still brightly the rush light may burn.

CHORUS.—She's a fair Irish flower with love for her dower,
 The sun in her eyes and its gold in her hair,
 She is sweeter than any, is Kate of Kilkenny,
 No girl in all Ireland with her can compare.

When the night with her stars spreads a veil o'er the deep,
 The man in the moon I would be,
 Sure I'd beam on her face, till she'd wake from her sleep,
 Then I'd know she was looking at me.
 I would crown her dear head,
 With a halo as bright,
 As the saints of her own native land,
 She's the saint of my soul on her shrine there to-night,
 In that cabin of turf on the sand.

BY THE BANKS OF THE SHANNON.

Where the shamrocks grow green on the banks of the Shannon,
 And bend to the breezes that over them sigh;
 How often I've wandered with sweet Nellie Bannon,
 And whispered of love in the bright days gone by.
 It was there we first met, there in sorrow we parted,
 When I left her to roam o'er the wide rolling sea;
 But I know that the Colleen I love is true-hearted,
 And waits by the banks of the Shannon for me.

REFRAIN.—

Oh, how my dear Nellie Bannon I long to see,
 There by the banks of the Shannon she waits for me;
 Fondly I yearn to return to my Irish home,
 Afar from the Shannon and sweet Nellie Bannon, no more to roam.
 Her heart is as pure as the stars that are burning
 Above the green valley that cradles her rest;
 Where fondly she waits for her lover's returning,
 And longs to repose once again on his breast,
 Tho' I've wandered thro' scenes wealth environs with splendor,
 Where on pinions of pleasure the bright moments flee;
 Still I long to return to the love true and tender,
 That waits by the banks of the Shannon for me.

ROBERT EMMET.

They tell us to breathe not the patriot's name,
 They say let it rest in the gloom;
 But can we forget all the glory and fame
 Of him who sleeps cold in the tomb?
 Forget him! oh, never, while one of our race
 On the soil of Ireland remains;
 His epitaph brightly in jewels we'll trace
 When Erin her freedom regains.
 In ages to come will his name still be blest,
 Who loved his dear country so well,
 And forever deep, deep in each patriot's breast
 Will his fame and his memory dwell.
 He parted with all and he joined in the strife,
 With freedom's bright banner in hand;
 He left his heart's love, and he gave his young life
 To raise up our down-trodden land.

He died for his land on the high gallows tree,
 With the dark tyrant's cord 'round him cast;
 He died as all should who would work to be free,
 Defiant and true to the last.

Oh, heaven! I pray, ere I rest in the grave,
 I may see by the Liffey's gray tide
 The green flag of Ireland triumphantly wave
 O'er the spot where our brave hero died.

EXILE'S LAMENT.

Beneath a far-off Australian sky an Irish exile lay,
 The sand from out his glass of life was ebbing fast away;
 The friends that stood around his bed his eyes could scarcely see,
 His thoughts which soon would be at rest were far across the sea.
 In spirit once again he stood upon his native sod,
 Where as a child and as a man his foot had lightly trod;
 In fancy he could feel upon his brow the mountain air,
 And from his lips there issued forth the exile's prayer:

CHORUS.—

Lay me on the hillside, with my face toward the west,
 Toward that sacred island, the land that I love best;
 Let a bunch of shamrocks green be planted o'er my grave,
 My dying prayer is: God bless the island of the brave.

Eviction foul and cruel sent him far across the foam,
 From that sweet spot which Irishmen, where'er they may be, call home;
 The land whose hails have felt the tread of princes and of kings,
 Whose harp once wooed the world is now a mass of broken strings.
 They were forced to leave the land which gave their fathers birth,
 As strangers and as outcasts to wander o'er the earth;
 The time came back to him again when he was but a child,
 With mem'ries of sweet rambles thro' her wood and valleys wild.
 Each eye was wet with briny tears, his words had touched the heart,
 For they were exiles, too, and time had failed to heal their smart;
 In every clime beneath the sky the Irish race is seen,
 Yet still their every thought is fixed upon that isle of green.
 He calls his friends around him, for the end is drawing near,
 And from his pale and haggard cheek they wiped away a tear;
 Another victim of misrule has felt the hand of death,
 God bless you, Ireland, were the words which filled his dying breath.

WHEN THOU ART NIGH.

When thou art nigh it seems a new creation round;
 The sun bath fairer beams, the lute a softer sound,
 Tho' thee alone I see and hear alone thy sigh;
 'Tis light, 'tis song to me, 'tis all when thou art nigh.

When thou art nigh no thought of grief comes o'er my heart;
 I only think—could aught but joy be where thou art?
 Life seems a waste of breath when far from thee I sigh;
 And death—aye, even death, were sweet if thou wert nigh.

THE VOW OF TIPPERARY.

From Carrick streets to Shannon shore
 From Slievenamon to Ballindeary
 From Longford-pass to Galtymore—
 Come, hear The Vow of Tipperary.

"Too long we fought for Britain's cause,
 And of our blood were never chary;
 She paid us back with tyrant's laws,
 And thinned The Homes of Tipperary.

"But never more we'll win such thanks:
 We swear by God, and Virgin Mary,
 Never to 'list in British ranks;"
 And that's The Vow of Tipperary.

THREE LEAVES OF SHAMROCK.

When leaving dear old Ireland in the merry month of June,
The birds were sweetly singing, and all nature seemed in tune,
An Irish girl accosted me, with a sad tear in her eye,
And, as she spoke these words to me, bitterly did cry;
Kind sir, I ask a favor, oh, grant it to me, please.
'Tis not much that I ask of you, but 'twill set my heart at ease.
Take these to my brother Ned, who's far across the sea,
And don't forget to tell him, sir, that they were sent by me.

CHORUS.—

Three leaves of shamrock, the Irishman's shamrock,
From his own darling sister, her blessing, too, she gave;
Take them to my brother, for I have no one other,
And these are the shamrocks from his dear old mother's grave.

Tell him since he went away how bitter was our lot,
The landlord came one winter day and turned us from our cot;
Our troubles were so many, and our friends so very few,
And, brother, dear, our mother used to often sigh for you.
Oh, darling son, come back! she often used to say;
Alas! one day she sickened, and soon was laid away.
Her grave I've water'd with my tears, that's where the flowers grew,
And, brother, dear, they're all I've got, and them I'll send to you.

A HANDFUL OF EARTH.

I must leave this dear old place where my childhood days were spent,
And the cottage, hidden 'mong the purple hills,
I must say good-by to all that have made my life content,
How the thoughts with bitter tears my eyes it fills;
But before I go away, to return again no more,
Ere I wander in that land beyond the wave,
In the memory I'll take of the golden days of yore
Just a handful of earth from mother's grave.

CHORUS.—

Just a handful of earth from the land of my birth,
For mem'ry's sweet sake I will save,
From the lowly green mound, in the grim churchyard ground,
Just a handful of earth from mother's grave.

When I've crossed the deep blue sea and look back on Erin's shore,
As it slowly fades beyond the distance fair,
Tho' my thoughts and heart be sad, it will comfort me the more
That I bear this token of her love and care;
And, when troubles shall assail in the pathway of my life,
I will struggle on in silence and be brave,
For 'twill guide me safely through ev'ry worldly care and strife,
Just this handful of earth from mother's grave.

IN DUBLIN'S SWEET CITY.

In Dublin's sweet city, that city so fair,
Och! who is the creature that has not been there,
Just to see all the gems of our emerald Isle,
Its Bay, and its Mountains, its turrets and domes,
And oh! more than all its true warm-hearted homes,
Where the sunshine of life is her daughter's sweet smile,
You may traverse the Globe 'mongst the rich, and the poor,
May enter the cottage, or fine gilded door,
But wherever you wander, wherever you rove,
'Tis in Ireland alone that you'll find Irish love,
And their sprigs of Shillelagh, and Shamrock so green.

There is no harm in speaking of Donnybrook fair,
For the tune that I'm singing they say was sung there,
In praise of ould Ireland the gem of the sea.
'Tis a country so perfect in every respect,
That to leave out a virtue might seem like neglect,
Tho' to mention them all, is perhaps not for me.

Her sons are so gallant, so noble, so true,
 So fond of their country, their patriots not few,
 That the harp of the minstrel is never unstrung,
 But strikes in bold chords to the air that is sung
 Of the sprigs of shillelagh and shamrock so green.

THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

The pale moon was rising above the green mountain,
 The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,
 When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain
 That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee.
 She was lovely and fair as the rose in the summer,
 Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me,
 Oh, no, 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawning,
 That made me love Mary, the rose of Tralee.
 The cool shades of ev'ning their mantle was spreading,
 And Mary, all smiling and list'ning to me,
 The moon thro' the valley her pale rays was shedding,
 When I won the heart of the rose of Tralee.
 Though lovely and fair, &c.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF KILDARE.

Beautiful girl of Kildare, I'm dreaming, sweet one, of thee,
 Far o'er the sea we must part, it makes me sad, oh, it breaks my heart;
 But be of good cheer, I will see thee again,
 Where naught will disturb our hearts, cause us pain;
 Then we'll be happy and free from all care,
 My beauty, my beautiful girl of Kildare.
 Beautiful girl of Kildare, oh, she is so sweet to me,
 Her eyes are deep blue and her hair it is loving and flowing so free,
 Oh, say, must we part in this wide world of pain?
 Not long, for we'll soon see each other again;
 Then we'll be happy and free from all care,
 My beauty, my beautiful girl of Kildare.

AN IRISH FAIR DAY.

My mem'ry steals back to the land of my birth
 No matter where I may roam,
 And I think of the merry old times we would have
 On a Fair day at home;
 When the lads and the lasses would tip off their glasses,
 They'd smile and look pretty as the blossoms in May,
 They'd sing and they'd dance to the sweet Irish music
 You only could hear on an Irish Fair day.

CHORUS.—

An Irish Fair day, an Irish Fair day,
 Oh, give me an Irish Fair day;
 When the lads and the lasses would tip off their glasses,
 And smile and be happy on an Irish Fair day.
 How often I've tripped o'er the meadows so green,
 My darling colleen by my side,
 And made the bright roses appear on her cheeks,
 When I called her my beautiful bride.
 With lips like the cherry, her laugh was so merry,
 Her foot was as light as fairies at play,
 How the old people watched us keep time to the pipers
 In dancing the jigs on an Irish Fair day.
 Oh, I love to remember those merry old days,
 The days that shall come back no more,
 When our hearts were as light as the birds in the air
 That sang upon Erin's green shore;
 With dancing and singing we kept the place ringing,
 We'd kiss the fair lasses or fight in a fray,
 But we parted as brother, there was no bad feeling
 To mar the good times of an Irish Fair day.

THE BARD OF ARMAGH.

Oh, listen to the lay of a poor Irish harper,
 And scorn not the strains of his old withered hands,
 But remember those fingers they once could move sharper
 In raising the merry strains of his dear native land;
 It was long before the shamrock, dear isle, lovely emblem,
 Was crushed in its beauty by the Saxon's lion paw,
 And all the pretty colleens around me would gather,
 Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.

How I love to muse on the days of my boyhood,
 Though four score and three years have flew by them,
 It's King's sweet reflection that every young joy,
 For the merry-hearted boys make the best of old men.
 At a fair or a wake I could twist my shillelah,
 And trip through a dance with my brogues tied with straw,
 There all the pretty maidens around me would gather,
 Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.

In truth I have wandered this wide world over,
 Yet Ireland's my home and a dwelling for me,
 And, oh, let the turf that my old bones shall cover
 Be cut from the land that is trod by the free;
 And when Sergeant Death in his cold arms doth embrace,
 And lulls me to sleep with old Erin-go-bragh!
 By the side of my Kathleen, my dear pride, oh, place me,
 Then forget Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.

GARDEN WHERE THE PRATIES GROW.

Have you ever been in love, boys, did you ever feel the pain?
 I'd rather be in jail, I would, than be in love again;
 Though the girl I love is beautiful, I'd have you all to know
 That I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

CHORUS.—

She was just the sort of creature that nature did intend
 To walk about this wide world without a Grecian bend;
 Nor did she wear a chignon I'd have you all to know
 That I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

She was singing an old Irish song called Gra gal, Machree.
 Oh, says I, what a wife she'd make for an Irish boy like me;
 I was on important business, but I did not like to go
 To leave the girl or the garden where the praties grow.

Say I: My lovely fair maid, I hope you'll pardon me;
 But she wasn't like the city girls that'd say you're making free!
 She answered right modestly, and curtsied very low,
 Saying: You're welcomed to the garden where the praties grow.

Says I: My lovely darling, I'm tired of single life,
 And, if you have no objection, I'll make you my dear wife.
 Says she: I'll ask my parents, and to-morrow I'll let you know,
 If you meet me in the garden where the praties grow.

Now her parents they consented, we're blessed with children three,
 Two girls like their mammy, and a boy the image of me;
 I'll train up the children in the way they should go,
 But I'll ne'er forget the garden where the praties grow.

BONNY IRISH BOY.

His name I love to mention, in Ireland he was born,
 I loved him very dearly, but alas! from me he's gone;
 He's gone to America, he promised to send for me,
 But the face of my bonny Irish boy I can no longer see.

It was in Londonderry, that city of note and fame,
 Where first my bonny Irish lad a-courting to me came,
 He told me pleasant stories, and said his bride I'd be,
 But the face of my bonny Irish boy I can no longer see.

I engaged my passage for New York, and, on arriving there,
To seek and find my Irish boy I quickly did prepare;
I searched New York and Providence, and Boston, all in vain,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy was nowhere to be seen.

I went to Philadelphia, and from there to Baltimore,
I searched the state of Maryland, I searched it o'er and o'er,
I prayed that I might find him, wherever he might be,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy I could no longer see.

One night as I lay in my bed, I dreamt I was his bride,
And sitting on the Blue Bell Hill, and he sat by my side,
A-gathering primroses, like the happy days of yore,
I awoke quite broken hearted in the city of Baltimore.

Early then next morning a knock came to my door,
I heard his voice, I knew it was the lad I did adore;
I hurried up to let him in, I never felt such joy
As when I fell into the arms of my darling Irish boy.

Now that we are married, he never shall go to sea,
He knows I love him dearly, and I'm sure that he loves me;
My first sweet son is called for him, my heart's delight and joy,
He's the picture of his father, he's a darling Irish boy.

Farewell to Londonderry, I ne'er shall see you more.
Ah, many a pleasant night we spent around the sweet Lone Moor;
Our pockets were light, our hearts were good, we longed to be free,
And talked about a happy home and the land of liberty.

COLLEEN DHAS MACHREE.

The shadows fall, and low the sun is sinking,
His last rays tinge with gold the waters blue,
And of you, Kate, alanna, I am thinking,
Tho' waves divide us, still I know you're true;
I'll not forget we parted, love, in sadness,
In tears I left you at your cabin door,
But now your letter fills my heart with gladness,
In ecstasy I read it o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.—Tho' distant far, and waves between us divide,
By night and day I'll ever think of thee;
I will be true, whatever may betide,
My own sweet darling, colleen dhas machree.
Tho' years may pass before I'll be returning
To clasp you to my breast, love, as of old,
Yet I will come to thee with hopes high burning,
And claim my treasure, better far than gold.
And when my bark is proudly homeward dashing,
Oh, let your eyes my brilliant beacon be;
There keep the love-light brightly flashing,
My own sweet darling, colleen dhas machree.

ERIN'S GREEN SHORE.

One evening, so late, as I rambled
On the banks of a clear purling stream,
I sat myself down on a bed of primroses,
And so gently fell into a dream.
I dreamt I beheld a fair female,
Her equal I ne'er saw before,
As she sighed for the wrongs of her country,
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

I quickly addressed this fair female,
"My jewel, come tell me your name,
For here in this country, I know, you're a stranger,
Or I would not have asked you the same."
She resembled the Goddess of Liberty,
And of Freedom the mantle she wore,
As she sighed for the wrongs of her country,
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

"I know you're a true son of Granue,
 And my secrets to you I'll unfold;
 For here in the midst of all dangers,
 Not knowing my friends from my foes.
 I'm the daughter of Daniel O'Connell,
 And from England I lately came o'er,
 I've come to awaken my brethren
 That slumber on Erin's green shore."
 Her eyes were like two sparkling diamonds
 Or the stars of a cold frosty night;
 Her cheeks were two blooming roses,
 And her teeth of the Ivory so white.
 She resembled the Goddess of Freedom,
 And green was the mantle she wore,
 Bound 'round with the shamrock and roses
 That grew along Erin's green shore.
 In transports of joy I awoke,
 And found I had been in a dream;
 For this beautiful damsel had fled me,
 And I longed to slumber again.
 May the heavens above be her guardlan,
 For I know I shall see her no more;
 May the sunbeams of glory shine o'er her,
 As she strays along Erin's green shore.

NORINE MAURINE.

Ah, Norine Maurine, I'm out in the gloaming,
 Down where the nightingale's singing its lay,
 Under the willows I'm waiting thy coming,
 Ere yet the gray twilight has shaded the day;
 The sun kissed the Occident long ere I started,
 And sank into rest 'neath the amethyst sea,
 You remember the promise you made when we parted,
 Norine Maurine, I'm waiting for thee.

CHORUS.—

Norine Maurine, the bright sun in its splendor
 Shall fall to efface heaven's teardrops, the dew,
 And the mother will cease her first born to remember
 Ere I, darling Norine, prove faithless to thee.

Now don't forget, darling, the promise you made me,
 Down in the orchard last evening so late,
 While over our heads pansied pln frs were hanging,
 And katydids chirruping down by the gate;
 You promised to meet me to-night in the gloaming,
 And, down where the daisies bespangle the sea,
 Norine, Maurine, mavourneen, I'm waiting thy coming,
 Here in the twilight I am waiting for thee.

I'M LEAVING OLD IRELAND.

I'm leaving old Ireland, the land of my heart,
 Oh, bless me, dear mother! before I depart;
 I know you will miss me, I fear you will grieve,
 When darkly between us the wide waters heave.
 But Heav'n will watch o'er you and kindly befriend,
 And still your poor Kathleen, from danger defend.
 I'm leaving old Ireland, the land of my heart,
 Oh, bless me, dear mother! before I depart.

When far among strangers, I wander alone,
 My thoughts will be straying, to days that are gone;
 Asleep or awaking, I'll think of you still,
 And our turf-covered cabin, beside the green hill,
 The hour will be joyous and welcome to me,
 When after long absence, my dear home I see.
 I'm leaving old Ireland, the land of my heart, etc.

NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

In the papers have you read, have you noticed what they said?
 No Irish people need apply to earn their daily bread;
 But I'll plainly show to you what our Irishmen can do,
 In honesty I'll show you what they really ought to do.
 On this you may rely, you will find out by-and-by
 That the sons of Erin's sunny isle are welcome to apply.

On the plains of Waterloo, where bullets like hailstones flew,
 There was the Duke of Wellington, bad luck to him what did he do?
 He bade poor Bonaparte, though he wore an Irish heart,
 He won his wreath of laurels, though the Irish won their part,
 Faugh-a-ballagh! they did cry, We will conquer or we'll die!
 Proud England, mind your Irishmen, you'll need them by-and-by.

Just note the Irish girl as she is skipping to the well,
 With blossoms blooming on her cheek, like roses in the dell;
 She is so bright and fair, with her jet black eyes and hair,
 Show me your English lady who a brighter name can bear!
 Then rise them as you should, for 'tis fit we all do good:
 Oh, never crush an Irishman, but raise him as you should.

OH, LEAVE NOT YOUR KATHLEEN.

Oh, leave not your Kathleen to cross the dark sea,
 For she will be lonely, she cares but for thee:
 The scenes that were bright will fade from her view,
 Oh, say you'll not leave me for scenes that are new;
 Oh, why do you leave the land of your birth,
 The sweet land of shamrock, the home of your youth?
 'Tis an emerald that glistens in the bright sunlight's gleam
 When away you'll forget her and your darling, Kathleen.

Oh, leave not your Kathleen, your Colleen Bawn,
 She'll be broken-hearted when from her you're gone;
 Her eyes will grow dim, the smile lose its beam,
 The blush on her fair cheek will lose its soft gleam
 Oh, stay by her side and pass the sweet hours,
 Together we'll wander in Killarney's green howers;
 Oh, think not from Erin there's a far brighter scene,
 And leave not her shores and your darling, Kathleen.
 Oh, have you forgotten your own Colleen Bawn,
 And the days when we strolled on the beach and the lawn?
 'Twas then you first told me of love's winning powers,
 When beside the still stream we plucked the wild flowers.
 And now you would leave me to wander afar,
 And forget your Kathleen and Erin-go-bragh;
 No kind heart will cheer her if now we must sever,
 When you part from your Kathleen we're parted forever.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
 But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
 Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.
 "Lady! dost thou not fear to stray
 So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
 Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
 As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"
 "Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
 No son of Erin will offer me harm;
 For though they love woman and golden store,
 Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more."
 On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her 'round the green isle;
 And blest forever is she who relied
 Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

THE FENIAN'S ESCAPE.

Now, boys, if you will listen to the story I'll relate,
I'll tell you of the noble men who from the foe escaped;
Though bound with Saxon fetters in the dark Australian jail,
They struck a blow for freedom, and for Yankee land set sail,
On the 17th of April last the Stars and Stripes did fly
On board the bark "Catalpa," waving proudly to the sky;
She showed the green above the red, as she did calmly lay
Prepared to take the Fenian boys in safety o'er the sea.

When Breslin and brave Desmond brought the prisoners to the shore
They gave one shout for freedom—soon to bless them evermore—
And manned by gallant hearts, they pulled toward the Yankee flag,
For well they knew, from its proud folds no tyrant could them drag.
They have nearly reached in safety the "Catalpa," taut and trim,
When fast approaching them they saw a vision dark and dim;
It was the steamer "Georgette," and on her deck there stood
One hundred hired assassins, to shed each patriot's blood.

The steamer reached the bounding bark and fired across her bow,
Then in loud voice commanded that the vessel should heave to;
But noble Captain Anthony, in thunder tones did cry:
You dare not fire a shot at that bright flag that floats on high;
My ship is sailing peacefully beneath that flag of stars,
It's manned by Irish hearts of oak, and manly Yankee tars;
And that dear emblem at the fore, so plain now to be seen,
'Tis the banner I'll protect, old Ireland's flag of green.

The Britisher he sailed away—from the Stars and Stripes he ran—
He knew his chance was slim to fight the boys of Uncle Sam;
So Hogan, Wilson, Harrington, with Darragh off did go,
With Hassett and bold Cranston, soon to whip the Saxon foe.
Here's luck to that noble captain, who well these men did free,
He dared the English man-of-war to fight him on the sea;
And here's to that dear emblem which in triumph shall be seen,
The flag for which those patriots fought, dear Ireland's flag of green.

THY HARP, BELOVED ERIN.

Thy harp, beloved Erin, sounds over the deep,
Like the murmuring sigh of an infant asleep—
My own native Ireland—my dear native Ireland,
Oh, Erin-go-bragh.

The gales that blow o'er thee, lovely Ireland, are dear
As a mother's caress, or a penitent's tear,
Oh, the heart homes of Ireland—the dear, dear homes Ireland,
Oh, Erin-go-bragh.

The dove ne'er returned whom the ark saw depart,
For he built an abode in Hibernia's heart,
Olive branch'd Ireland, olive branch'd Ireland,
Oh, Erin-go-bragh.

THE OLD RACE.

Hurra for the brave old Irish race
That fire or sword could not efface,
That lives and thrives and grows apace
However its foes assail it—
That point by point, and day by day
Wins back its rights, and works its way!
And bursts its bonds—Hurra! Hurra!
With a hundred cheers we'll hail it!

What did those foes to the old race do?
They wreck'd their country through and through,
They robb'd and stripp'd, they hacked and slew,
They hang'd and burn'd, and drown'd them,
But vainly spent were storm and shock
On that deathless seed, that living rock—
The Isle is filled with the brave old stock,
And they've worth and wealth around them!

When fire and sword had done their parts,
 Then tried those foes their baser arts,
 By dark degrees to change the hearts
 That never would yield or falter;
 But now, as in the days of old,
 The Irish heart is native gold,
 Cast in the glorious heaven-made mould,
 No power on earth can alter!

And if good work is yet undone,
 If rights remain yet to be won,
 As sure as the rising of the sun,
 'Twill be the same proud story,
 Till ends the strife in Liberty,
 Till stands the race redeemed and free,
 And all the Isle from sea to sea
 Is one bright field of glory!

EMMETT'S FAREWELL TO HIS LOVE.

Farewell, love, farewell, love, I now must leave you,
 The pale moon is shining her last beam on me;
 In truth, I do declare I never deceived you,
 For it's next to my heart is dear Erin and thee.
 Draw near to my bosom, my first and fond true love,
 And cherish the heart that beats only for thee;
 And let my cold grave with green laurels be strewn, love,
 For I'll die for my country, dear Erin, and thee.
 Oh, never again in the moonlight we'll roam, love,
 When the birds are at rest and the stars they do shine;
 Oh, never again shall I kiss thy sweet lips, love,
 Or wander by streamlets with thy hands pressed in mine.
 Oh, should a mother's love make all others forsake me,
 Oh, give me a promise before that I die,
 That you'll come to my grave when all others forsake me,
 And there with the soft winds breathe sigh then for sigh.
 My hour is approaching, let me take one fond look, love,
 And watch thy pure beauty till my soul does depart;
 Let thy ringlets fall on my face and brow, love,
 Draw near till I press thee to my fond and true heart.
 Farewell, love, farewell, love, the words are now spoken,
 The pale moon is shining her last beams on me;
 Farewell, love, farewell, love, I hear the death token,
 Never more in this world your Emmet you'll see.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

Let us lift the green flag high
 Underneath this foreign sky,
 Unroll the verdant volume to the wind,
 As we hasten to the fight
 Let us drink a last good night
 To the beauty which we leave, boys, behind, behind, behind;
 To the beauty which we leave, boys, behind.
 Plant it high upon the breach,
 And within the flag-staff's reach;
 We'll offer it the tribute of our gore.
 Yes! on that altar high,
 'Spite of tyrants we can die,
 And our spirits to the saints above may soar, soar, soar;
 And our spirits to the saints above may soar.
 Liberty is gone,
 Now 'tis glory leads us on,
 And spangles gloomy slavery's night;
 If freedom's shattered bark
 Has not foundered i' the dark,
 Her wreck must see this beacon bright, bright, bright;
 Her wreck will see this beacon bright.

Yes; glory's shining light
 Must irradiate the night,
 And renew the flaming splendor of the day!
 And freedom's sinking crew
 Shall recover hope anew,
 And hail the blazing splendor of this ray, ray, ray,
 And hail the blazing splendor of this ray.

The green flag on the air,
 Sons of Erin and despair,
 To the breach in serried column quick advance.
 On the summit we may fail:
 Hand in hand, my comrades all,
 Let us drink a last adieu to merry France, France, France;
 Let us drink a last adieu to merry France.

To Erin, comrades, too,
 And her sunny skies of blue,
 A goblet commingled with tears!
 With the fleur-de-lis divine,
 The green shamrock shall entwine;
 But the Ancient see the Sun-burst rears; rears, rears;
 The Ancient see the Sun-burst rears.

THE SHAN VAN VOGH.

Oh! the French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh;
 The French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh;
 Oh! the French are in the Bay,
 They'll be here without delay,
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.
 Oh! the French are in the Bay,
 They'll be here by break of day
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.

And where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh;
 Where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh:
 On the Curragh of Kildare,
 The boys they will be there,
 With their pikes in good repair,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.
 To the Curragh of Kildare
 The boys they will repair,
 And Lord Edward will be there,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.

Then what will the yeomen do?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh;
 What will the yeomen do?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh:
 What should the yeomen do,
 But throw off the red and blue,
 And swear that they'll be true
 To the Shan Van Vogh?

What should, &c.

And what color will they wear?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh;
 What color will they wear?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh;
 What color should be seen
 Where our fathers' homes have been,
 But their own immortal Green?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.

What color, &c.

And will Ireland then be free?

Says the Shan Van Vogh;

Will Ireland then be free?

Says the Shan Van Vogh.

Yes! Ireland shall be free,

From the centre to the sea;

Then hurrah for Liberty!

Says the Shan Van Vogh,

Yes! Ireland, &c.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

O, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?

The Shamrock is forbid by laws, to grow on Irish ground;

No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, his color last be seen,

For there's a bloody law agin the wearing of the green.

O, I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,

And he says, "How is Ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"

"She's the most distressed country that ever I have seen,

For they are hanging men and women for the wearing of green."

And since the color we must wear, is England's cruel red,

Ould Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed:

Then take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,

It will take root, and flourish still, tho' under foot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,

And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure does not show,

Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen,

But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to the wearing of the green.

But if at last her colors should be torn from Ireland's heart;

Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old soil will part;

I've heard whispers of a country that lies far beyond the sea,

Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.

O! Erin, must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?

Must we ask a mother's blessing in a strange but happy land?

Where the cruel cross of England's thraldom is never to be seen,

But where, thank God, we'll live and die, still wearing of the green.

THE DEATH OF SARSFIELD.

Sarsfield has sailed from Limerick Town,

He held it long for country and crown;

And ere he yielded, the Saxon swore

To spoil our homes and our shrines no more.

Sarsfield and all his chivalry

Are fighting for France in the Low Countries—

At his fiery charge the Saxons reel,

They learned at Limerick to dread the steel.

Sarsfield is dying on Landen's plain;

His corselet hath met the ball in vain—

As his life-blood gushes into his hand,

He says, "Oh! that this was for fatherland!"

Sarsfield is dead, yet no tears shed we—

For he died in the arms of Victory.

And his dying words shall edge the brand,

When we chase the foe from our native land!

THE IRISH HURRAH.

Have you hearkened the eagle scream over the sea?

Have you hearkened the breaker beat under your lee?

A something between the wild waves, in their play,

And the kingly bird's scream, is the Irish Hurrah.

How it rings on the rampart when Saxons assail—

How it leaps on the level, and crosses the vale,

Till the talk of the cataract faints on its way,

And the echo's voice cracks with the Irish Hurrah.

How it sweeps o'er the mountain when hounds are on scent,
 How it presses the billows when rigging is rent,
 Till the enemy's broadside sinks low in dismay,
 As our boarders go in with the Irish Hurrah.
 Oh! there's hope in the trumpet and glee in the fife,
 But never such music broke into a strife,
 As when at its bursting, the war-clouds give way,
 And there's cold steel along with the Irish Hurrah.
 What joy for a death-bed, your banner above,
 And round you the pressure of patriot love,
 As you're lifted to gaze on the breaking array
 Of the Saxon reserve at the Irish Hurrah.

THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
 'Twas Saint Patrick himself, sure, that set it;
 And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
 And with dew from his eye often wet it.
 It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland;
 And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.
 The sweet little Shamrock, the dear little Shamrock.
 The sweet little, green little Shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
 Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
 In each climate that they may appear in;
 And shine through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland;
 Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.
 The sweet little Shamrock, the dear little Shamrock,
 The sweet little, green little Shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
 When its three little leaves are extended,
 Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;
 And still through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
 From one root should branch, like the Shamrock of Ireland.
 The sweet little Shamrock, the dear little Shamrock,
 The sweet little, green little Shamrock of Ireland.

OLD IRELAND'S LIBERTY.

Rejoice! rejoice! Hibernia's sons rejoice!
 For the day is near at hand when the French are going to land!
 Then rejoice! rejoice! Hibernia's sons rejoice!
 For soon we shall see the day of liberty.
 Old Ireland shall be free, and to that we all agree,
 For the foeman may meet us, and in battle not defeat us;
 But still! still! we look for liberty!
 For we are as brave a race as e'er could be.

Then prepare! prepare! Hibernia's sons prepare!
 For the time it soon will come, get ready your pike and gun,
 And prepare! prepare! Hibernia's sons prepare!
 To strike a gallant blow for liberty.
 Let the dastard that is willing to take the Saxon shilling,
 Return from whence he came, with a blot upon his name,
 And repent! repent! for all his former crimes,
 Until the sun no longer on him shines.

Now forward! forward! on to the fight we go!
 Mind each your pike or gun, and we'll show the Saxon fun;
 Then steady! steady! let each one mark his man!
 And soon our cry will be, "Old Ireland's free!"
 For God is on our side, and in that alone we pride;
 For we have a righteous cause, "Free Ireland and Free Laws!"
 Then huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!
 We will thrash the enemies of Liberty!

WHERE THE GRASS GROWS GREEN.

I'm Denny Blake from County Clare,
 And here, at your command,
 To sing a song in praise of home,
 And my own native land!
 I've sailed to foreign counterles,
 And in many climes I've been,
 But my heart is still with Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.

CHORUS.—I love my native country,
 And tho' richer lands I've seen
 Yet I can't forget Ould Ireland,
 Where the grass grows green.

Poor Pat is often painted
 With a ragged coat and hat;
 His heart and hospitality,
 Have much to do with that.
 Let slanderers say what they will,
 They cannot call him mean;
 Sure, a stranger's always welcome
 Where the grass grows green.

I love my, etc.

He's foolish, but not vicious,
 His faults I won't defend;
 His purse to help the orphan,
 His life to serve a friend,
 He'll give, without a murmur—
 So, his follies try and screen;
 For, there's noble hearts in Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.

I love my, etc.

'Tis true he has a weakness
 For a drop of something pure,
 But that's a slight debility
 That many more endure.
 He's fond of fun, he's witty,
 Though his wit 'tis not too keen;
 For there's feeling hearts in Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.

I love my, etc.

There's not a true-born Irishman,
 Wherever he may be,
 But loves the little Emerald
 That sparkles in the sea.
 May the sun of bright prosperity
 Shine peaceful and serene,
 And bring better days to Erin,
 Where the grass grows green!

For I love my, etc.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

'Twas a glorious day, worth a warrior's telling:
 Two kings had fought, and the fight was done,
 When, amidst the shouts of victory swelling,
 A soldier fell on the field he'd won.
 He thought of kings and royal quarrels,
 And thought of glory without a smile—
 For what had he to do with laurels,
 He was only one of the rank and file.
 But drawing his little cruiskeen,
 He drank to his pretty colleen,
 "Oh! darling," said he, "if I die,
 You won't be a widow, for why?
 Sure you would never have me, vourneen."

Then a raven tress from his bosom taking,
 That now was stained with his life stream shed,
 A fervent prayer on that ringlet making,
 He blessings sought on the loved one's head.
 And visions fair of his native mountains
 Arose, enchanting his fading sight;
 Her emerald valleys and crystal fountains
 Were never shining more clear and bright.
 But grasping his little cruiskeen,
 He pledged that dear island so green:
 "Though far from thy valleys I die,
 Dearest isle of my heart, thou art nigh,
 As though absent I never had been."

A tear now fell, for as life was sinking,
 The pride that guarded his manly eye
 Had weaker grown, and such tender thinking
 Brought heaven and home, his true love, nigh;
 But, with the fire of his gallant nation,
 He scorned surrender without a blow;
 He met death with capitulation,
 And with warlike honors he would go.
 But drawing his little cruiskeen
 He drank to his cruel colleen,
 To the emerald land of his birth,
 Then lifeless he sunk to the earth,
 Brave a soldier as ever was seen.

KATE KEARNEY.

Oh! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?
 She lives on the banks of Killarney;
 From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
 For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
 You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming;
 Yet, oh! I can tell, how fatal's the spell
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

O, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
 Beware of her smile, for many a wile
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
 Yet there's mischief in every dimple,
 And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

WIDOW MALONE.

Did you hear of the Widow Malone
 Who lived in the town of Athlone?
 Ohone! Ohone!

Oh, she melted the hearts
 Of the swains in them parts,
 So lovely the Widow Malone,
 So lovely the Widow Malone.
 Ohone!

Of lovers she had a full score,
 And fortunes they all had galore,
 Or more,
 In store:

From the minister down
 To the clerk of the crown,
 All were courting the Widow Malone,
 All were courting the Widow Malone.
 Ohone!

HYLAND'S MAMMOTH

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
 No one could see her alone,
 'Twas known,
 Ohone!
 Let them ogie and sigh,
 They could ne'er catch her eye,
 So bashful the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!
 So bashful the Widow Malone.
 Till one Mister O'Brien, from Clare—
 How queer!—
 It's little for blushing they care
 Down there,
 Put his arm round her waist—
 Gave ten kisses at least—
 "Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
 My own.
 Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."
 And the widow they all thought so shy,
 My eye!
 Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
 For why?
 "But Lucius," says she,
 "Since you've now made so free,
 You may marry your Mary Malone,
 Ohone!
 You may marry your Mary Malone."
 There's a moral contained in my song,
 Not wrong,
 And one comfort, it's not very long,
 But strong—
 If for widows you die,
 Learn to kiss, not to sigh,
 For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
 Ohone!
 For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow Machree, 'tis no wonder you frown,
 Och hone! Widow Machree,
 Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.
 How altered your air,
 With that close cap you wear,
 'Tis destroying your hair
 That should be flowing free;
 Be no longer a churl
 Of its black silken curl,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.
 Widow Machree! now the summer is come,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.
 When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum,
 Och hone! Widow Machree,
 See the birds go in pairs,
 And the rabbits and hares,
 Why even the bears
 In couples agree,
 And the mute little fish,
 Though they can't spake, they wish,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.
 Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
 Och hone! Widow Machree,
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
 Och hone! Widow Machree,
 Why, the shovel and tongs
 To each other belongs,

And the kettle sings songs
 Full of family glee;
 While alone with your cup,
 Like a hermit you sup,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towid,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

With such sins on your head,
 Sure your peace would be fled—
 Could you sleep on your bed,
 Without thinking to see
 Some ghost or some sprite,
 That would wake you each night,
 Crying, och hone! Widow Machree.

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
 Och hone! Widow Machree,

And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

You'd have me to desire,
 And to stir up the fire,
 And, sure, hope is no liar,
 In whispering to me,
 That the ghosts would depart
 When you'd be near my heart,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

TIPPERARY RECRUITING SONG.

'Tis now we'd want to be wary, boys,
 The recruiters are out in Tipperary, boys;
 If they offer a glass, we'll wink as we pass—
 We're ould birds for chaff in Tipperary, boys.

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary, boys,
 Although we're "cross and contrairy," boys,
 The never a one will handle a gun,
 Except for the Green and Tipperary boys.

Now mind what John Bull did here, my boys,
 In the days of our famine and fear, my boys:
 He burned and sacked, he plundered and racked,
 Ould Ireland of Irish to clear, my boys.

Now Bull wants to pillage and rob, my boys,
 And put the proceeds in his fob, my boys;
 But let each Irish blade just stick to his trade,
 And let Bull do his own dirty job, my boys.

So never to 'list be in haste, my boys,
 Or a glass of drugged whiskey to taste, my boys;
 If to India you'll go, 'tis to grief and to woe,
 And to rot and die like a beast, my boys.

But now he is beat for men, my boys,
 His army is getting so thin, my boys,
 With the fever and ague, the sword and the plague,
 Oh! the devil a fear that he'll win, my boys.

Then mind not the robbing ould schemer, boys,
 Though he says that he's richer than Damer, boys,
 Though he bully and roar, his power is o'er,
 And his black heart will shortly be tamer, boys.

Now isn't Bull peaceful and civil, boys,
 In his mortal distress and his evil, boys?
 But we'll cock each caubeen when his serjeants are seen,
 And we'll tell them to go to the devil, boys.

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary, boys!
 Altho' we're cross and contrairy, boys,
 The never a one will handle a gun,
 Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys.

THE ROSE OF ERIN.

I saw her first in golden hours,
 With primrose stars appearin',
 O green was she of all the flow'rs,
 The lovely Rose of Erin!
 Beneath the shade of Irish hills,
 Their Isle's own colors wearin',
 Ah, where smiled the shamrock all the day
 There dwelt the Rose of Erin,
 Dwelt the Rose of Erin.

I saw her next in summer time,
 With ev'ry charm endearin',
 For she was in her girlhood's fame,
 The lovely Rose of Erin;
 We met beside the banks of Erin
 No thought of sorrow fearin',
 Ah, yet oft I thought her lily-pale,
 My darlin' Rose of Erin,
 Darlin' Rose of Erin.

Alas! alas! on autumn's wave,
 To heav'n her bark was steerin',
 And I, no pray'r of mine might save
 My lovely Rose of Erin.
 Ah! well-a-day, the angels came,
 My heart's own garden nearin',
 Ah! and took from earth, to bloom in heav'n
 My lovely Rose of Erin,
 Lovely Rose of Erin.

A SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Upon the hill he turn'd, to take a last fond look
 At the valley, and the village church, and the cottage by the brook;
 He listen'd to the sounds so familiar to his ear,
 And the soldier lean'd upon his sword, and wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch a girl was on her knees,
 She held aloft a snowy scarf, which flutter'd in the breeze:
 She breathed a prayer for him, a prayer he could not hear;
 But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wiped away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot—oh! do not deem him weak,
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart, though tears were on his cheek.
 Go watch the foremost ranks in danger's dark career—
 Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a tear.

MO CAILIN DONN.

The blush is on the flower, and the bloom is on the tree,
 And the bonnie, bonnie sweet birds are carolling their glee;
 And the dews upon the grass are made diamonds by the sun,
 All to deck a path of glory for my own Cáilín Donn!

O, fair she is! O, rare she is! O, dearer still to me!
 More welcome than the green leaf to winter-stricken tree,
 More welcome than the blossom to the weary, dusty bee,
 Is the coming of my true love—my own Cáilín Donn!

O, Sycamore! O, Sycamore! wave, wave your banners green—
 Let all your pennons flutter, O, Beech! before my queen!
 Ye fleet and honeyed breezes, to kiss her hand ye run,
 But my heart has passed before ye to my own Cáilín Donn!

O, fair she is; &c.

Ring out, ring out, O, Linden! your merry, leafy bells!
 Unveil your brilliant torches, O, Chestnut! to the dells!
 Strew, strew the glade with splendor, for morn—it cometh on!
 O, the morn of all delight to me—my own Cáilín Donn!

O, fair she is; &c.

She is coming, where we parted, where she wanders every day;
 There's a gay surprise before her who thinks me far away!
 O, like hearing bugles triumph when the fight of Freedom's won,
 Is the joy around your footsteps—my own Cállín Donn!
 O fair she is! O, rare she is! O, dearer still to me!
 More welcome than the green leaf to winter-stricken tree,
 More welcome than the blossom to the weary dusty bee,
 Is your coming, O, my true love—my own Cállín Donn!

PAT MALLOY.

At sixteen years of age I was my mother's fair haired boy;
 She kept a little huckster shop, her name it was Malloy.
 "I've fourteen children, Pat," says she, "which Heav'n to me has sent;
 But childer ain't like pigs, you know; they can't pay the rent."
 She gave me ev'ry shilling there was in the till,
 And kiss'd me fifty times or more, as if she'd never get her fill,
 "Oh! Heav'n bless you! Pat," says she, "and don't forget, my boy,
 That Ould Ireland is your country, and your name is Pat Malloy!"

Oh! England is a purty place: of goold there is no lack—
 I trudged from York to London wid me scythe upon me back,
 The English girls are beautiful, their loves I don't decline;
 The eating and the drinking, too, is beautiful and fine;
 But in a corner of me heart, which nobody can see,
 Two eyes of Irish blue are always peeping out at me!
 O' Molly darlin', never fear: I'm still your own dear boy—
 Ould Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat Malloy!

From Ireland to America, across the seas, I roam:
 And every shilling that I got, ah! sure I sent it home.
 Me mother couldn't write, but, oh, there came from Father Boyce:
 "Oh! Heav'n bless you! Pat," says she—I hear me mother's voice!
 But, now I'm going home again, as poor as I began,
 To make a happy girl of Moll, and sure I think I can:
 Me pockets they are empty, but me heart is fill'd wid joy:
 For, Ould Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat Malloy.

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS OF 1782.

Hurrah! 'tis done—our freedom's won—

Hurrah for the volunteers!

No laws we own, but those alone

Of our Commons, Kings, and Peers

The chain is broke—the Saxon yoke

From off our neck is taken;

Ireland awoke—Dungannon spoke—

With fear was England shaken

When Grattan rose none dared oppose

The claim he made for freedom:

They knew our swords, to back his words

Were ready, did he need them.

Then let us raise, to Grattan's praise

A proud and joyous anthem;

And wealth, and grace, and length of days

May God, in mercy grant him!

Bless Harry Flood who nobly stood

By us, through gloomy years!

Bless Charlemont, the brave and good,

The Chief of the Volunteers!

The North began, the North held on

The strife for native land;

Till Ireland rose and cowed her foes—

God bless the Northern land!

And bless the men of patriot pen—

Swift, Molyneux, and Lucas;

Bless sword and gun, which "Free Trade" won;

Bless God! who ne'er forsook us!

And long may last the friendship fast,
Which binds us all together;
While we agree our foes shall flee
Like clouds in stormy weather.

Remember still, through good and ill,
How vain were prayers and tears—
How vain were words, till flashed the swords
Of the Irish Volunteers.

By arms we've got the right we sought,
Through long and wretched years—
Hurrah! 'tis done, our freedom's won—
Hurrah for the Volunteers!

PADDY'S ISLAND OF GREEN.

Ah, pooh, botheration, dear Ireland's the nation
Which all other nations together excels;
Where worth, hospitality, conviviality,
Friendship, and open sincerity dwells.

Sure I've roamed the world over, from Dublin to Dover,
But, in all the strange countries wherever I've been,
I ne'er saw an island, on sea or on dry land,
Like Paddy's own sweet little island of green.

In England, your roses make beautiful posies;
Provoke Scotia's thistle, you'll meet your reward;
But sure, for its beauty, an Irishman's duty
Will teach him his own native plant to regard:
Saint Patrick first set it, with tear-drops he wet it,
And often to cherish and bless it was seen;
Its virtues are rare, too—it's fresh and it's fair, too—
And flowers but in Paddy's own island of green.

Oh, long life to old Ireland, its bogs and its moorland,
For there's not such a universe under the sun
For honor, for spirit, fidelity, merit,
For wit and good fellowship, frolic and fun!
With wine and with whiskey, when once it gets frisky
An Irishman's heart in true colors is seen,
With mirth overflowing, with love it is glowing—
With love for its own native island of green.

PADDY'S LAND.

Come, all ye boys of Paddy's land, who are inclined to roam,
To reap the English harvest so far away from home,
Be sure you're well provided with comrades bold and true,
For you have to fight both day and night 'gainst John Bull and his crew.

CHORUS.—Then hurrah, my boys, for Paddy's land,
'Tis the land I do adore,
May heaven smile on every child
That loves that shamrock shore.

When we left home for Dublin, the morning it being clear,
And when we got on board the boat, we gave three hearty cheers,
Saying: Good-bye, my boys, to that dear old land, we ne'er may see it more,
For we're going to fight, both day and night, all for that shamrock shore.

Then hurrah, my boys, &c.

We sailed away from Dublin Quay, and ne'er received a shock,
Until we landed in New York 'longside of the dock,
Where thousands of our countrymen they were all in that town,
And "Faugh a ballagh!" (clear the track) were the words that passed all round.

Then hurrah, my boys, &c.

Then away we went, in merriment, to drink bourbon and wine,
Each lad he gave his favorite toast for the girl he left behind;
We sat and sang, made the ale-house ring, despising Erin's foes,
Or any man that hates the land where St. Patrick's shamrock grows.

Then hurrah, my boys, &c.

SOGGARTH AROON.

Am I the slave they say,
 Soggarth aroon?
 Since you did show the way,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Their slave no more to be,
 While they would work with me
 Ould Ireland's slavery,
 Soggarth aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Try and do all he can,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Her commands to fulfil
 Of his own heart and will
 Side by side with you still,
 Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Yet be no slave to you,
 Soggarth aroon,—
 Nor, out of fear to you,
 Stand up so near to you—
 Och! out of fear to you!
 Soggarth aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
 Soggarth aroon,
 When the cowl'd blast did bite,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Came to my cabin-door,
 And, on my earthen flure
 Knelt by me, sick and poor
 Soggarth aroon?

Who on the marriage-day,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Made the poor cabin gay,
 Soggarth aroon—
 And did both laugh and sing,
 Making our hearts to ring,
 At the poor christening,
 Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Never did flout me yet,
 Soggarth aroon?
 And when my heart was dim,
 Gave, while his eye did brim,
 What I should give to him,
 Soggarth aroon?

COOLUN.

Oh! the hours I have pass'd in the arms of my dear,
 Can never be thought on but with a sad tear,
 Oh! forbear, Oh! forbear, then, to mention her name,
 It recalls to my mem'ry the cause of my pain.
 How often to love me she fondly has sworn,
 And when parted from me would ne'er cease to mourn;
 All hardships for me she would cheerfully bear,
 And at night on my bosom forget all her care.
 To some distant climate together we'll roam,
 And forget all the hardships we meet with at home;
 Fate now be propitious and grant me thine aid:
 Give me my Pastora and I'm more than repaid.

MAIRE BHAN ASTOR.

In a valley far away,
 With my Maire bhan astór,
 Short would be the summer day,
 Ever loving more and more;
 Winter days would all grow long,
 With the light her heart would pour,
 With her kisses and her song,
 And her loving malt go léor.
 Fond is Maire bhan astór,
 Fair is Maire bhan astór,
 Sweet as ripple on the shore,
 Sings my Maire bhan astór.

O! her sire is very proud,
 And her mother cold as stone;
 But her brother bravely vow'd
 She should be my bride alone;
 For he knew I lov'd her well,
 And he knew she lov'd me too,
 So he sought their pride to quell,
 But 'twas all in vain to sue.
 True is Maire bhan astór,
 Tried is Maire bhan astór,
 Had I wings I'd never soar
 From my Maire bhan astór.

There are lands where manly toil
 Surely reaps the crop it sows,
 Glorious woods and teeming soil,
 Where the broad Missouri flows;
 Through the trees the smoke shall rise,
 From our hearth with malt go léor,
 There shall shine the happy eyes
 Of my Maire bhan astór.
 Mild is Maire bhan astór,
 Mine is Maire bhan astór,
 Saints will watch about the door
 Of my Maire bhan astór.

THE IRISH JIG.

Oh, my blessing be on you, old Ireland,
 My own land of frolic and fun!
 For all sorts of mirth and diversion,
 Your like isn't under the sun.
 Bohemia may boast of it's polka,
 And Spain of its waltzes talk big;
 Oh, they are all nothing but lllmping,
 Compared with our own Irish jig.

CHORUS.—Then a fig for your new-fashioned waltzes,
 Imported from Spain and from France;
 And a fig for the thing called the polka—
 Our own Irish jig is the dance!

They tell how this jig came in fashion—
 And I believe that the story is true—
 'Twas Adam and Eve that first danced it:
 The reason was, partners were few.
 And although they could both dance the polka,
 Eve thought it was not over-chaste;
 So she preferred the jig to the dancing—
 And, 'faith, I approve of her taste.

Then a fig, &c.

The light-hearted daughters of Erin,
 Like wild deer on the mountain that bound
 Their feet never touch the green island,
 But music is struck from the ground.

And oft on their hills and green valleys
 They dance with such light and such grace,
 That even the daisies they tread on,
 Look up with delight in their face.

Then a jig, &c.

They tell how this jig it was danced by
 The kings and the great men of yore;
 King O'Toole himself could well foot it,
 To a tune they called Rory O'More.
 And oft in the great halls of Tara,
 Our famous King Brien Boru,
 He danced this old jig with his nobles,
 And played on his harp to it, too.

Then a jig, &c.

And, sure, when Herodias's daughter
 Was dancing in King Herod's sight,
 His heart, that for years had been frozen,
 Was melted with joy and delight.
 And oft, and a hundred times over,
 I heard Father Flanagan tell,
 'Twas this very same jig that she footed,
 That pleased the ould villain so well.

Then a jig, &c.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was hoary and chill;
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing,
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the flow of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

"O sad is my fate," said the heart-broken stranger,
 "The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and country remain not for me!
 Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike the sweet numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

"O Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more;
 And thou, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
 Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me!
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

"Where now is my cabin-door, fast by the wildwood?
 Sister and sire did weep for its fall;
 Where is the mother, that looked on my childhood?
 And where is my bosom-friend, dearer than all?
 Ah, my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
 Tears, like the raindrops, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;
 Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-bragh.
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean,
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin, mavourneen, sweet Erin-go-bragh."

THE IRISH GIRL.

One evening, as I stray'd down the river's side,
 Looking all around me as an Irish girl I spied,
 So red and rosy were her cheeks, and yellow was her hair,
 And costly were the robes which my Irish girl did wear.
 Her shoes of Spanish leather were bound round with spangles gay,
 The tears came down her crystal eyes, and she began to say,
 "Och hone, and alas; astore areen machree,
 Why should you go and leave me, and slight your own Molly?"

The first time that I saw my love, I was sick and very bad,
 All the request I asked was that she might tie my head!
 I asked her if one as bad as me could ever mend again!
 For love's a sore disorder—did you ever feel the pain?
 My love, she'll not come nigh me for all the moan I make,
 Nor neither will she pity me if my poor heart should break,
 But was I of some noble blood and she of low degree,
 She would hear my lamentation, and come and pity me.

My only love is fairer than the lilies that do grow,
 She has a voice that's clearer than any winds that blow;
 She's the promise of this country, like Venus in the air,
 And let her go where'er she will, she's my joy and only dear.
 Be it so, or be it not, of her I take my chance,
 The first time that I saw my love, she struck me in a trance,
 Her ruby lips and sparkling eyes have so bewitched me,
 That, were I King of Ireland, Queen of it she should be.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh, say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resigned?
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree;
 For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
 Every thought of my reason was thine;
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
 Oh, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
 We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
 Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
 We never need leave our own green isle,
 For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crowned,
 Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh, remember the smile that adorns her at home!

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery, placed within call;
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
 That the garden's but carelessly watched after all.
 Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;
 Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crowned,
 Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh, remember the smile that adorns her at home!

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye;
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
 The same as he looked when he left the shore.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crowned,
 Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh, remember the smile that adorns her at home!

THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill,
 And o'er the moor and valley;
 Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
 Since parting with my Sally.
 I seek no more the fine and gay,
 For each does but remind me
 How swift the hours did pass away
 With the girl I left behind me.
 Oh! ne'er shall I forget the night,
 The stars were bright above me,
 And gently lent their silv'ry light,
 When first she vow'd to love me.
 But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
 Kind Heaven, then pray guide me,
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I've left behind me.
 Had I the heart to sing her praise
 With all the skill of Homer,
 One only theme should fill my lays,
 The charms of my true lover.
 So let the night be e'er so dark,
 Or e'er so wet and windy,
 Kind Heaven send me back again
 To the girl I've left behind me.
 Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
 Her eyes like diamonds shining,
 Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
 May leave the swain repining.
 Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer,
 To my beauteous fair to bind me,
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I've left behind me.
 The bee shall honey taste no more,
 The dove become a ranger,
 The falling waves shall cease to roar,
 E'er I shall seek to change her.
 The vows we register'd above
 Shall ever cheer and bind me
 In constancy to her I love,
 The girl I've left behind me.
 My mind her form shall still retain
 In sleeping or in waking,
 Until I see my love again,
 For whom my heart is breaking.
 If ever I return that way,
 And she should not decline me,
 I evermore will live and stay
 With the girl I've left behind me.

THE MAID OF ERIN.

My thoughts delight to wander
 Upon a distant shore;
 Where lovely, fair, and tender,
 Is she whom I adore.
 May Heaven, its blessings sparing
 On her bestow them free,
 The lovely maid of Erin,
 Who sweetly sang to me.
 Had fortune fix'd my station
 In some propitious hour,
 The monarch of a nation
 Endow'd with wealth and power,
 That wealth and power sharing,
 My peerless queen should be
 The lovely maid of Erin,
 Who sweetly sang to me.
 Although the restless ocean,
 May long between us roar,
 Yet, while my heart has motion,
 She'll lodge within its core;
 For, artless and endearing,
 And mild and young is she,
 That lovely maid of Erin,
 That sweetly sang to me.
 When fate gives intimation
 That my last hour is nigh,
 With placid resignation
 I'll lay me down and die;
 Fond hope my bosom cheering,
 That I in Heaven shall see
 The lovely maid of Erin,
 That sweetly sang to me.

WILLIAM REILLY'S COURTSHIP.

'Twas on a pleasant morning, all in the bloom of spring,
 When as the cheerful songsters in concert sweet did sing,
 The primrose and the daisy bespangled every lawn,
 In an arbor I espied my dear Colleen Bawn.
 I stood awhile amazed, quite struck with surprise,
 On her with rapture gazed, while from her bright eyes
 She shot such killing glances, my heart away was drawn,
 She ravish'd all my senses, my fair Colleen Bawn.
 I tremblingly addressed her: "Hail, matchless fair maid,
 You have with grief oppress'd me, and I am much afraid,
 Except you cure my anguish, which now is in its dawn,
 You'll cause my sad overthrow, my sweet Colleen Bawn."
 Then, with a gentle smile, she replied unto me,
 "I cannot tyrannize, dear Willie, over thee.
 My father he is wealthy, and gives severe command,
 If you but gain his favor, I'll be your Colleen Bawn."
 In rapture I embraced her, we swore eternal love,
 And naught should separate us, except the power above.
 I hired with her father, and left my friends and land,
 That with pleasure I might gaze on my fair Colleen Bawn.
 I served him a twelvemonth, right faithfully and just,
 Although not used to labor, was true to my trust;
 I valued not my wages, I would not it demand,
 For I could live for ages with my Colleen Bawn.
 One morning, as her father and I walked out alone,
 I asked him for his daughter, saying, "Sir, it is well known,
 I have a well-stock'd farm, five hundred pounds in hand,
 Which I'll share with your daughter, my fair Colleen Bawn."

Her father, full of anger, most scornfully did frown,
Saying, "Here are your wages; now, sir, depart the town."
Increasing still his anger, he bid me quick begone,
"For none but a rich squire shall wed my Colleen Bawn."

I went unto his daughter, and told her my sad tale,
Oppress'd with grief and anguish, we both did weep and wail;
She said, "My dearest Reilly, the thought I can't withstand,
That in sorrow you should leave me, your dear Colleen Bawn."

A horse I did get ready, in the silent night,
Having no other remedy, we quickly took our flight,
The horse he chanced to stumble, and threw both along,
Confused, and sorely bruised, me and my dear Colleen Bawn.

Again we quickly mounted, and swiftly rode away,
O'er hills and lofty mountains we travel'd night and day;
Her father swift pursued us, with his well chosen band,
And I was overtaken, with my fair Colleen Bawn.

Committed straight to prison, there to lament and wall,
And utter my complaints to a dark and dismal jail,
Loaded with heavy irons, till my trial shall come on,
But I'll bear their utmost malice for my dear Colleen Bawn.

If it should please kind fortune once more to set me free,
For well I know my charmer is constant unto me,
Spite of her father's anger, his cruelty and scorn,
I hope to wed my heart's delight, my dear Colleen Bawn.

THE VESPER HYMN.

Hark, the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters, soft and clear—
Nearer yet, and nearer pealing,
Now it bursts upon the ear:

Jubilate, Amen.

Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating

To the shore, it dies along;

Now like angry surges meeting,

Breaks the mingled tide of song.

Hark! again like waves retreating

To the shore, it dies along.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,

And on thy lip such promise hung,

I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relled,

Still clung with hope the fonder,

And thought, though false to all beside,

From me thou couldst not wander.

But go, deceiver! go—

The heart, whose hopes could make it

Trust one so false, so low,

Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,

I fled the unwelcome story;

Or found, in even the faults they blamed,

Some gleams of future glory.

I still was true, when nearer friends

Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;

The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,

Would then have bled to right thee.

But go, deceiver! go—

Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken

From pleasure's dream, to know

The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee;
 The few who loved thee once have fled,
 And they who flatter scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank, cold hearts beneath it.
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendor!

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
 For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
 But oh, how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame
 She saw History write, with a pencil of light
 That illumined the whole volume, her Wellington's name.

"Hall, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
 With beams such as break from her own dewy skies—
 "Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 I've watched for some glory like thine to arise.
 For though heroes I've numbered, unblest was their lot,
 And unhallowed they sleep in the crossways of Fame—
 But oh, there is not one dishonoring blot
 On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name!

Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 The grandest, the purest, even thou hast yet known;
 Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
 At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
 Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
 And, bright o'er the flood of her tears and her blood,
 Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past,
 Your dreams of pride are o'er;
 The fatal chain is round you cast,
 And you are men no more!
 In vain the Hero's heart hath bled,
 The Sage's tongue hath warned in vain;
 Oh! freedom, once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again.

Weep on, perhaps in after years
 They'll learn to love your name,
 And many a deed may wake in praise
 That long hath slept in blame!
 And when they tread the ruined Isle
 Where rest at length the lord and slave,
 They'll wondering ask how hands so vile
 Could conquer hearts so brave.

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,
 Your web of discord wove;
 And while your tyrants joined in hate
 You never joined in love.
 But hearts full of that ought to twine
 And man profaned what God hath given,
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine
 Where others knelt to Heav'n!"

Dear Erin, how sweetly.

JOHN PHILPOT CORRAN.

Andantino. *mf*

VOICE. *mf*

1. Dear
2. Thy

PIANO. *mf* *dim.* *poco rit.*
con Ped.

1. E - rin, how sweet - ly thy green bo - som ris - es, An em - er - ald
2. sons . . they are brave, but the bat - tle once o - ver, In bro - ther - ly

1. set in the ring of the sea; Each blade of thy mea - dows my
2. peace with their foes they a - gree; And the ros - a - ate cheeks of thy

1. faith - ful heart priz - es Thou queen of the west! the world's cush - la - ma
2. daugh - ters dis - cov - er The soul - speak - ing blugh that says, "cush - la - ma

I have heard Corran's song sung to various Irish airs, such as "Paistheen Fuen," "Dermot O'Dowd," "The Bank of Green Roshes," and others: the original setting was probably the old air, "Paistheen Fuen," of which the above melody seems to be a form. I have taken it from Henderson's little collection of Irish songs and airs published at Belfast in 1847.

DEAR ERIN, HOW SWEETLY.

1. - chree! Thy gates o - pen wide to the poor and the stran - ger; There
2. - chree! Then flour - ish for ev - er, my dear na - tive E - rin, While

1. smiles hos - pi - tal - i - ty, bear - ty and free! Thy friend - ship is
2. sad - ly I wan - der an ex - ile from thee; And firm as thy

cres.
1. seen in the mo - ment of dan - ger; And the wao - - d'rer is
2. moun - tains, no in - - ju - ry fear - ing, May lea - ven de -

cres.

dim. rit.
1. wel - com'd with cush - la - ma - chree.
2. fend its own cush - la - ma - chree!

dim. rit. *p*

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

While gazing on the moon's light,
 A moment from her smile I turned,
 To look at orbs that, more bright,
 In lone and distant glory burned.
 But too far, each proud star,
 For me to feel its warming flame;
 Much more dear that mild sphere,
 Which near our planet smiling came;
 Thus, Mary, be but thou my own;
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,
 I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
 That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
 But midnight now, with lustre meet,
 Illumed all the pale flowers,
 Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
 I said (while the moon's smile
 Played o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss)
 "The moon looks on many brooks,
 The brook can see no moon but this."
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee;
 While oh, I feel there is but one,
 One Mary in the world for me!

WILLY REILLY.

"Oh, rise up, Willy Reilly, and come along with me,
 I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie,
 To leave my father's dwelling-house, his houses and free land;"
 And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn.

They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonesome plain,
 Through shady groves and valleys, all dangers to refrain;
 But her father followed after, with a well-arm'd band,
 And taken was poor Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn.

It's home then she was taken, and in her closet bound,
 Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
 Till at the bar of justice before the Judge he'd stand,
 For nothing but the stealing of his dear Colleen Bawn.

"Now, in the cold, cold iron, my hands and feet are bound,
 I'm handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground,
 But all the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
 Still hoping to be succored by my dear Colleen Bawn."

The jailor's son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say,
 "Oh! get up, Willy Reilly, you must appear this day,
 For great Squire Foillard's anger you never can withstand,
 I'm afeard you'll suffer sorely for your dear Colleen Bawn."

Now Willy's dressed from top to toe all in a suit of green,
 His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen;
 He's tall and straight and comely, as any could be found,
 He's fit for Foillard's daughter, was she the heiress to a crown.

"This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did hear,
 The lady's oath will hang you, or else will set you clear."
 "If that be so," says Reilly, "her pleasure I will stand,
 Still hoping to be succored by my dear Colleen Bawn."

The Judge he said, "This lady being in her tender youth,
 If Reilly has deluded her, she will declare the truth."
 Then, like a moving beauty bright before him she did stand,
 "You're welcome there, my heart's delight and dear Colleen Bawn."

"Oh, gentlemen," Squire Foillard said, "with pity look on me,
 This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family;
 And by his base contrivances this villainy was planned,
 If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she:

"The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on me;
I forced him for to leave his place and come along with me,
I loved him out of measure, which wrought our destiny."

Out spoke the noble Fox, at the table he stood by,

"Oh! gentlemen, consider on this extremity;

To hang a man for love is a murder, you may see,
So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this counterie."

"Good, my lord, he stole from her, her diamonds and her rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred pounds—
I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds."

"Good, my lord, I gave them him as tokens of true love,
And when we are a-parting I will them all remove,
If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me."

"I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee."

"There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,

With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,

And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,

That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're in a foreign land."

Then out spoke noble Fox, "You may let the prisoner go,

The lady's oath has cleared him, as the jury all may know;

She has released her own true love, she has renewed his name,

May her honor bright gain high estate, and her offspring rise to fame!"

THE MAIDS OF MERRY IRELAND.

Oh, the maids of merry Ireland, so beautiful and fair,
With eyes like diamonds sparkling, and richly flowing hair,
Their hearts are light and cheerful, and their spirits ever gay,
The maids of merry Ireland, how beautiful are they!

They are like the lovely flowers in summer time that bloom,
On the sportive breezes shedding their choice and sweet perfume,
Our eyes and hearts delighting with their varied array,
The maids of merry Ireland, how beautiful are they!

They smile when we are happy, when we are sad they sigh;
When anguish wrings our bosoms, the tear they gently dry;
Oh, happy is the nation that owns their tender sway,
The maids of merry Ireland, how beautiful are they!

Then ever like true patriots may we join both heart and hand,
To protect the lovely maidens of this our fatherland;
And that Heaven may ever bless them, we all devoutly pray,
Oh, the maids of merry Ireland, how beautiful are they!

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

What would you do, love, when I am going,
With white sails flowing, the seas beyond?

What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us for being fond?

Tho' waves divide us and friends be chiding,
In faith abiding I'll still be true,

And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion—that's what I'll do.

What would you do, love, if distant tidings
Thy fond confidings should undermine,

And I, abiding 'neath sultry skies,
Should think other eyes were as bright as thine?

Oh! name it not!—tho' guilt and shame

Were on thy name—I'd still be true!

But that heart of thine should another share it,
I could not bear it—what would I do?

What would you do, love, when home returning,

With hopes high burning, with wealth for you,
If my bark, which bounded o'er foreign foam,

Should be lost near home—ah! what would you do?

So thou wert spared, I'd bless the morrow,
 In want and sorrow, that left me you!
 And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
 This heart thy pillow—that's what I'd do!

YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

When other lips and other hearts
 Their tales of love shall tell,
 In language whose excess imparts
 The power they feel so well;
 There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
 Some recollection be
 Of days that have as happy been,
 And you'll remember me.

When coldness, or deceit, shall slight
 The beauty now they prize,
 And deem it but a faded light
 Which beams within your eyes;
 When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
 'Twill break your own to see—
 In such a moment I but ask
 That you'll remember me.

KILLARNEY.

By Killarney's lakes and fells
 Em'rald isles and winding bays,
 Mountain paths and woodland dells,
 Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
 Bounteous nature loves all lands,
 Beauty wanders ev'ry where,
 Footprints leave on many strands,
 But her home is surely there!
 Angels fold their wings, and rest
 In that Eden of the west,
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney—

Innsfallen's ruined shrine,
 May suggest a passing sigh.
 But man's faith can ne'er decline
 Such God's wonders floating by;
 Castle Lough and Glenna Bay,
 Mountains Tore and Eagle's Nest;
 Still at Mucross you must pray,
 Though the monks are now at rest.
 Angels wonder not that man
 There would fain prolong life's span
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney—

No place else can charm the eye
 With such bright and varied tints;
 Every rock that you pass by,
 Verdure broiders or besprings.
 Virgin there the green grass grows,
 Every morn Spring's natal day,
 Bright-hued berries daff the snows,
 Smiling winter's frown away.
 Angels often pausing there,
 Doubt if Eden were more fair;
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney—

Music there for Echo dwells,
 Makes each sound a harmony;
 Many voiced the chorus swells,
 Till it faints in ecstasy.
 With the charming tints below

Seems the heaven above to vie;
 All rich colors that we know,
 Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky.
 Wings of angels so might shine
 Glancing back soft light divine;
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney—

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she blest her humble lot
 When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly cot.
 Together they toiled through winds and rains,
 Till William, at length, in sadness said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains"—
 Then sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
 The wind blows cold, the hour is late;"
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the porter bowed as they passed the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaimed the youth,
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
 She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William the stranger wooed and wed;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

YOU WOULD NOT LEAVE YOUR NORAH!

"You would not leave your Norah
 To pine alone behind,
 The wide, wide world before her,
 And no one to be kind?
 The times are hard and trying,
 But, Dennis, perhaps they'll mend,
 You would not leave your Norah?
 You yet may want a friend."

CHORUS.—You would not leave your Norah
 To pine alone behind,
 The wide, wide world before her,
 And no one to be kind?

"Yes, Norah, dear, I'm going,
 And yet it breaks my heart,
 To see your eyes are flowing
 With tears because we part.
 'Tis sad to leave old Erin,
 A stranger's home to share,
 But sadder still, I'm fearing,
 With none to love me there."

You could not, etc.

"Then, Dennis, take me with you,
 You know not half I'd do,
 There's no one to forbid you,
 I've saved a pound or two;
 I'll soothe you in every sorrow,
 If first the priest you'll tell;"
 Yes, Norah, dear, to-morrow,
 Then Erin, fare thee well.

You could not, etc.

WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

When thro' life unblest we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes we us'd to love
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
 Oh, how welcome breathes the strain,
 Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept,
 Kindling former smiles again
 In faded eyes that long have wept.
 Like the gale, that sighs along
 Beds of oriental flow'rs,
 Is the grateful breath of song,
 That once was heard in happier hours;
 Filled with balm the gale goes on,
 Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death
 So when pleasure's dream is gone
 Its memory lives in music's breath.
 Music, oh! how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell;
 Why should feeling ever speak
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are ev'n more false than they;
 Oh! 'tis only music's strain,
 Can sweetly soothe and not betray!

JUANITA.

Soft o'er the fountain,
 Ling'ring fails the southern moon;
 Far o'er the mountain,
 Breaks the day too soon!
 In thy dark eye's splendor,
 Where the warm light loves to dwell
 Weary looks, yet tender,
 Speak their fond farewell!
 Nita! Juanita!
 Ask thy soul if we should part!
 Nita! Juanita!
 Lean thou on my heart.
 When in thy dreaming
 Moons like these shall shine again,
 And daylight beaming,
 Prove thy dreams are vain,
 Wilt thou not, relenting,
 For thine absent lover sigh,
 In thy heart consenting
 To a prayer gone by?
 Nita! Juanita!
 Let me linger by thy side!
 Nita! Juanita!
 Be my own fair bride!

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock in all the fairy dells,
 And if I find the charmed leaves, O, how I'll weave my spells!
 I would not waste my magic might on diamond, pearl, or gold,
 For treasure tires the weary sense—such triumph is but cold;
 But I would play th' enchanter's part, in casting bliss around—
 Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor; I'd dry the mourner's tears,
 And to the pallid lip recall the smile of happier years,
 And hearts that had been long estranged, and friends that had grown cold,
 Should meet again, like parted streams, and mingle as of old.
 Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
 And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found!

The heart that had been mourning o'er vanished dreams of love,
Should see them all returning—like Noah's faithful dove;
And Hope should launch her blessed bark on Sorrow's dark'ning sea,
And Mis'ry's children have an Ark, and saved from stinking be.
Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found!

FAUGH-A-BALLAGH.

"Hope no more for Fatherland,
All its ranks are thinned or broken;"
Long a base and coward band
Recreant words like these have spoken
But we preach a land awoken:
Fatherland is true and tried,
As your fears are false and hollow;
Slaves and Dastards stand aside—
Knaves and Traitors, Faugh-a-Ballagh.

Know ye, suffering brethren ours,
Might is strong, but Right is stronger;
Saxon wiles or Saxon powers
Can enslave our land no longer
Than your own dissensions wrong her;
Be ye one in might and mind—
Quit the mire where cravens wallow—
And your foes shall flee like wind
From your fearless Faugh-a-Ballagh.

Thus the mighty multitude
Speak in accents hoarse with sorrow—
"We are fallen, but unsubdued;
Show us whence we Hope may borrow,
And we'll fight your fight to-morrow.
Be but cautious, true, and brave,
Where ye lead us, we will follow;
Hill and valley, rock and wave
Soon shall hear our Faugh-a-Ballagh.

Fling our banner to the wind,
Studded o'er with names of glory;
Worth and wit, and might and mind,
Poet young, and Patriot hoary,
Long shall make it shine in story.
Close your ranks—the moment's come—
Now, ye men of Ireland follow;
Friends of Freedom, charge them home—
Foes of Freedom, Faugh-a-Ballagh.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

When the swallows homeward fly,
When the roses scattered lie,
When, from neither hill nor dale,
Chants the silvery nightingale.

CHORUS.—In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart:
Shall we ever meet again?

Parting, ah! parting, parting is pain,
Parting, ah! parting, parting is pain!

When the white swan southward roves,
There to seek the orange groves,
When the red tints of the West
Prove the sun has gone to rest:

CHORUS.—In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart:
Shall we ever meet again?

Parting, ah! parting, parting is pain,
Parting, ah! parting, parting is pain!

O poor heart! whate'er befall,
 There is rest for thee and all
 That on earth which fades away,
 Comes again in bright array:

CHORUS.—In these words my bleeding heart
 Would to thee its grief impart:
 Shall we ever meet again?
 Parting, ah! parting, parting is pain,
 Parting, ah! parting, parting is pain!

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
 I read of ancient freemen,
 For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
 Three hundred men and three men.
 And then I prayed I yet might see
 Our fetters rent in twain,
 And Ireland, long a province, be
 A nation once again.

And, from that time, through wildest woe,
 That hope has shone, a far light;
 Nor could love's brightest summer glow
 Outshine that solemn starlight.
 It seemed to watch above my head
 In forum, field and fane;
 Its angel voice sang round my bed,
 A nation once again.

It whispered, too, that "freedom's ark"
 And service high and holy,
 Would be profaned by feelings dark
 And passions vain or lowly.
 For freedom comes from God's right hand,
 And needs a godly train,
 And righteous men must make our land
 A nation once again.

So, as I grew from boy to man,
 I bent me to that bidding—
 My spirit of each selfish plan
 And cruel passion ridding;
 For thus I hoped some day to aid—
 Oh! can such hope be vain?
 When my dear country shall be made
 A nation once again.

MY POOR HEART IS SAD.

My poor heart is sad with its dreaming,
 It brings back the once happy day,
 When earth like a heaven was seeming,
 But now it has passed all away—
 They say that young love's like the flower
 That needs tender care in its urn,
 But mine it was snatched from its bower,
 And I never gained one in return.

CHORUS.—My poor heart is sad with its dreaming;
 For, it brings back the once happy day
 When earth like a heaven was seeming,
 But now it has all passed away.

My sad heart recalls all the pleasure
 Of thoughts that were all, all for thee,
 When dreaming of you, of its treasure,
 And you seemed to love none but me;
 Tho' we meet not as friends, yet I'll never
 One unkind word to thee give;
 For, your cherished memory ever
 Shall be my sole joy while I live! Chorus:

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
 No more to gather its thorns with its flowers,
 No more to linger, where sunbeams must fade,
 Where, on all beauty, Death's fingers are laid,
 Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
 Weary with parting and never to meet,
 Some one has gone to the bright golden shore!
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door;
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

CHORUS.—Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
 Weary with parting, never to meet,
 Some one has gone to the bright golden shore!
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door;
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
 Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in.
 Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright;
 When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light,
 Weary with sowing and never to reap,
 Weary with labor and welcoming sleep,
 Some one's departed to Heaven's glad shore!
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door;
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

CHORUS.—Weary with mingling, etc.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
 One who walks with them in Heaven's bright street;
 Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
 Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest.
 Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss,
 One less to cherish, and one less to kiss,
 One more departed to Heaven's bright shore!
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door;
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

CHORUS.—Weary with mingling, etc.

THE BLACKBIRD.

It was on one fine morning for soft recreation,
 I heard a fair damsel making sad moan,
 Sighing and sobbing with sad lamentation,
 Saying my Blackbird most loyal has flown.
 My thoughts they deceived me, reflection it grieves me,
 And I am o'erburden'd with sad misery;
 But if death should find me, as true love inclines me,
 My Blackbird I'll seek out wherever I be.
 Once in fair England my Blackbird did flourish,
 He was the chief flower that in it did spring,
 Fair ladies of honor his person did nourish,
 Because that he was the true son of a king.
 But, O, that false fortune has proved so uncertain,
 That caus'd the parting between you and me.
 But if he remain in France or in Spain,
 I'll be true to my Blackbird wherever he be.
 In England my Blackbird and I were together,
 When he was the most noble and gen'rous of heart,
 But woe to the time when he arrived there,
 Alas! he was soon forced from me to part.
 In Italy he beam'd and was highly esteemed,
 In England he seems but a stranger to me,
 But if he remain in France or in Spain,
 All blessings on my Blackbird wherever he be.
 But if by the fowler my Blackbird is taken,
 Sighing and sobbing will be all the tune;
 But if he is safe, and I'm not misatken,
 I hope I shall see him in May or in June.

The birds of the forest, they all flock together;
 The turtle was chosen to dwell with the dove,
 So I'm resolved in fair or foul weather,
 Once in the Spring to seek out my love.
 Oh, he is all my treasure, my joy and my pleasure,
 He's justly belov'd though my heart follow thee,
 How constant and kind, and courageous of mind,
 Deserving of blessing wherever he be.
 It's not the wide ocean can fright me with danger,
 Although like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,
 For I'll find more friendship from one that's a stranger,
 More than from one that in Briton was born.

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

They came from a land beyond the sea,
 And now o'er the western main
 Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
 From the sunny land of Spain.
 "Oh! where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
 Our destined home or grave?"
 Thus sung they, as by the morning's beams,
 They swept the Atlantic wave.
 And, lo! where afar o'er ocean shines
 A sparkle of radiant green,
 As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
 Whose light through the wave was seen.
 "'Tis Innisfail, 'tis Innisfail!"
 Rings o'er the echoing sea;
 While bending to Heav'n, the warriors hail
 That home of the brave and free.
 Then turned they unto the Eastern wave,
 Where now their Day-God's eye
 A look of such sunny omen gave
 As lighted up sea and sky;
 Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
 Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
 When first on the Isle of Destiny
 Our great forefathers trod.

AILLEEN.

'Tis not for love of gold I go,
 'Tis not for love of fame;
 Tho' fortune should her smile bestow,
 And I may win a name, Ailleen,
 And I may win a name.
 And yet it is for gold I go,
 And yet it is for fame,
 That they may deck another brow,
 And bless another name, Ailleen,
 And bless another name.
 For this—but this—I go; for this
 I lose thy love awhile,
 And all the soft and quiet bliss
 Of thy young, faithful smile, Ailleen,
 Of thy young, faithful smile.
 And go to brave a world I hate,
 And woo it o'er and o'er,
 And tempt a wave, and try a fate
 Upon a stranger shore, Ailleen,
 Upon a stranger shore.
 Oh! when the bays are all my own,
 I know a heart will care!
 Oh! when the gold is wooed and won,
 I know a brow shall wear, Ailleen,
 I know a brow shall wear.

And when with both returned again
 My native land to see,
 I know a smile will meet me there,
 And a hand will welcome me, Ailleen,
 And a hand will welcome me.

'TIS EVENING BRINGS MY HEART.

'Tis evening brings my heart to thee,
 When all is lovely, calm and still;
 That welcome hour so dear to me,
 When purest thoughts my bosom fill!
 The bird flies homeward to its nest,
 The zephyr woos the wandering bee,
 The dewdrop seeks the lily's breast:
 So evening brings my heart to thee!

CHORUS.—To thee! to thee!

'Tis evening brings my heart to thee!

A truant beam returns again
 To mingle with the orb of day;
 A streamlet, winding through the glen,
 Will lose itself in ocean spray;
 And when the sky with beauty glows,
 And starry eyes look on the sea,
 When weary nature seeks repose,
 Then evening brings my heart to thee!—Chorus.

Oh! I could linger at thy side,
 And dream away my every care;
 Or fancy life a silver tide,
 With not a wave to ripple there.
 Though fortune frown and coldly spurn,
 And mine a chequered path must be,
 Till mem'ry's lamp shall cease to burn,
 Will evening bring my heart to thee!—Chorus.

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

“Oh, then tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
 Tell me why you hurry so?
 'Hush, ma bouchal, hush and listen;
 And his cheeks were all aglow.
 'I bear ordhers from the captain,
 Get you ready quick and soon;
 For the plkes must be together
 At the risin' of the moon.

“Oh, then tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
 Where the gatherin' is to be?
 'In the ould spot by the river,
 Right well known to you and me.
 One word more—for signal token,
 Whistle up the marchin' tune,
 With your pike upon your shoulder
 By the risin' of the moon.’

“Out from many a mud-wall cabin
 Eyes were watching through that night,
 Many a manly chest was throbbing
 For the blessed warning light.
 Murmurs passed along the valley,
 Like the banshee's lonely croon,
 And a thousand blades were flashing
 At the rising of the moon.

“There beside the singing river
 That dark mass of men was seen,
 Far above the shining weapons
 Hung their own beloved green.

'Death to every foe and traitor,
Forward, strike the marchin' tune,
And hurrah, my boys, for Freedom!
'Tis the risin' of the moon.'

"Well they fought for poor old Ireland
And full bitter was their fate.
(Oh, what glorious pride and sorrow
Fill the name of Ninety-eight!)
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating
Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps,
At the risin' of the moon."

THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "true lovers! don't sever."

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them;
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

O! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.

O! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret most tunelessly streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcomes you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "true lovers, don't sever!"

AN IRISH STEW.

Sure, I've sung ye many a song in my time,
But now ye want something new;
So I'm afther giving a bit of a rhyme,
Concerning an Irish sh tew.
For I've got the original ould resate,
For cooking to rights that same;
And if ye can only get hould of the mate
If ye shpoll it, yersilf's to blame.

CHORUS.—So let me give ye this bit of advice—
Ye can very soon prove it's true—
That nothing in life is half so nice,
As a savory Irish sh tew.

In choosing your mate, don't "cut it too fat,"
 Nor by eny manes over lean,
 For the keind o' mutton that plazes Pat
 Is—a sort of betwixt and betwane.
 Your pertaties should be of the mealy sort,
 And your onions sound and swate;
 And its pale 'em, and wash 'em, and slice 'em, yer ough, t,
 And pop 'em both in with the mate.
 So let me give, etc.

Then pepper, and salt, and sason to taste—
 Och! the wather, I'd most forgot—
 Pour in—just enough—if ye schwamp it the laste,
 By jabers, ye'll shpoil the lot.
 Then yez can sit down and watch the pot boil,
 Till the mate's done thoroughly through;
 And you'll soon be rewarded for all your toil,
 By a savory Irish shtew.
 So let me give, etc.

BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING.

Bad luck to this marching,
 Plpeclaying and starching;
 How neat one must be to be killed by the French!
 I'm sick of parading,
 Through wet and cowl'd wading,
 Or standing all night to be shot in the trench.
 To the tune o' a fife,
 They dispose of your life,
 You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt,
 Now I like Garryowen,
 When I hear it at home,
 But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be kilt.
 Then though up late and early,
 Our pay comes so rarely,
 The devil a farthing we've ever to spare;
 They say some disaster
 Befell the paymaster;
 On my conscience I think that the money's not there.
 And, just think, what a blunder—
 They won't let us plunder,
 While the people invlte us to rob 'em, 'tis clear,
 Though there isn't a village,
 But cries, "Come and pillage,"
 Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mounseer.
 Like a sallon that's nigh land,
 I long for that island
 Where even the klsses we steal if we please;
 Where it is no disgrace
 If you don't wash your face,
 And you've nothing to do but stand at your ease.
 With no sergeant t' abuse us,
 We fight to amuse us,
 Sure it's better beat Christian than kick a baboon;
 How I'd dance like a fairy,
 To see ould Dunleary,
 And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades,
 And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
 They'll kiss them and coax them, and spend their money free—
 Of all the towns of Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame;
 Her lips are like roses and her mouth much the same,
 Like a dish of fresh strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,
Which through my bosom has burnt a large hole;
Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear and pure,
But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where it stands,
And the more I think of it the more my heart warms,
If I was at Kilkenny, I should then be at home,
For there I got sweethearts, but here can get none.

I'll build my love a castle on Kilkenny's free ground,
Neither lords, dukes, nor squires, shall ever pull it down,
And if any one should ask you to tell him my name,
I am an Irish exile and from Kilkenny I came.

TO IRELAND.

When dulness shall chain the wild harp that would praise thee,
When its last sigh of freedom is heard on thy shore,
When its raptures shall bless the false heart that betrays thee—
Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more!

When thy sons are less tame than their own ocean waters,
When their last flash of wit and of genius is o'er,
When virtue and beauty forsake thy young daughters,
Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more!

When the sun that now holds its bright path o'er thy mountains
Forgets the green fields that he smiled on before,
When no moonlight shall sleep on thy lakes and thy fountains—
Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more!

When the name of the Saxon and tyrant shall sever,
When the freedom you lost you no longer deplore,
When the thoughts of your wrongs shall be sleeping forever—
Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more!

HERE'S TO YOU, OLD LAND.

Here's to you, old land, and the blue skies above you—
Blue skies and green hills that like true lovers meet;
The men of our race, deathless race, who don't love you,
Are slaves in the dust at the foreigners' feet!
Let them riot in chains who so basely inherit
Their master's contempt and the hate of the true,
While the noble of heart and the gallant of spirit
Engirdle the earth in proud fealty to you!

Oh, England, accurst! What new wiles canst thou fashion
To shape us again to thy rapine and greed?
We've borne thy fell power and have drunk of thy passion
'Till hatred of both is our national creed!
Be it gold for thy spy, or new fetters to bind us,
New bribes for the church, or new strength for the state,
Whatever it be, sword or cell, thou shalt find us
Grown wise in our council and strong in our hate.

Has our centuried march to the scaffold and prison,
To exile and grief, made your conquest secure?
Behold! all the dead—martyred dead—have arisen,
In us both their faith and their vengeance endure.
'Twixt your pride and your fear you refused us concession,
But we wear not your chain, tho' each link were of gold;
Undismayed by your power, we deny you possession
In a land blood-enfranchised by freemen of old.

All hail the glad morn which the prophets foretold you;
 Who pierced the deep gloom with the clear eyes of faith,
 When the nations of earth with great joy shall behold you
 Come forth in new beauty, triumphant o'er death.
 For they who oft wept at thy pitiful story
 Now hear the glad song which is borne on the breeze;
 Thine has been the grief and thine shall be the glory,
 When freedom will crown thee fair queen of the seas!

AWAKE, AND LIE DREAMING NO MORE.

Ye great of my country, how long will ye slumber,
 Spell-bound, far remote from her once happy shore?
 Unmoved by her wrongs and her woes without number!
 Oh! awake then, awake, and lie dreaming no more!
 Awaken to fame and poor Erin's condition;
 To heal all her wounds be your noblest ambition;
 Oh! break off the spell of the foreign magician.
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more!
 Not the want of green fields nor of countless resources
 The sons of sweet Erin have cause to deplore,
 Nor the want of brave hearts for the muster of forces;
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more!
 A patriot flame and endearing emotion
 Are wanting to bless the sweet isle of the ocean;
 Yet Erin is worthy of love and devotion.
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more!
 Let Fashion no more, in pursuit of vain pleasure,
 To far-distant lands in her train draw you o'er;
 In your own native isle is the goodliest treasure;
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more!
 When once love and pride of your country ye cherish,
 The seeds of disunion and discord shall perish,
 And Erin, dear Erin, in loveliness flourish.
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more!

BARNEY O'HEA.

Now let me alone, though I know you won't,
 I know you won't, I know you won't;
 Now let me alone, though I know you won't,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.
 It makes me outrageous when you're so contagious—
 You'd better look out for the stout Corney Creagh!
 For he is the boy that believes I'm his joy—
 So you'd better behave yourself, Barney O'Hea,
 Impudent Barney, none of your blarney,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.
 I hope you are not going to Brandon fair,
 To Brandon fair, to Brandon fair;
 For sure I'm not wanting to meet you there,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.
 For Corney's at Cork, and my brother's at work,
 And my mother sits spinning at home all the day,
 So no one will be there, of me to take care,
 And I hope you won't follow me, Barney O'Hea,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.
 When I got to the fair, sure the first I met there,
 The first I met there, the first I met there—
 When I got to the fair, the first I met there,
 Was impudent Barney O'Hea.
 He bothered and teased me, though somehow he pleased me,
 Till at last—oh! the saints—what will poor Corney say?
 But I think the boy's honest, so on Sunday I've promised,
 For better or worse to take Barney O'Hea.
 Impudent Barney, so sweet was his blarney,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.

BIDDY McCARTY.

Kind friends, if you'll listen, I'll sing you a song,
 And one that I hope you'll be pleased at.
 I'm not very fat, but then what of that?
 I'm a person that's not to be sneezed at.
 Now, I don't weigh as much as a fish-bail,
 Though once I was fat, plump and hearty;
 For I'm pining away, since I met with, one day,
 A peanut girl—Biddy McCarty.
 For I'm pining away, since I met with, one day,
 A peanut girl—Biddy McCarty.

Miss Biddy and I used to meet on the sly,
 I'd treat her whenever she'd ax it;
 Each day, on the street, Miss Biddy I'd meet,
 Going round, peddling nuts in a basket.
 Sure, I thought I was all right with her then,
 When I took her, one night, to a party;
 There a butcher so stout, oh! he cut me right out,
 And he stole away Biddy McCarty.
 There a butcher so stout, oh! he cut me right out,
 And he stole away Biddy McCarty.

BRENNAN ON THE MOOR.

It's of a famous highwayman a story I will tell;
 His name was Willy Brennan, in Ireland he did dwell;
 And on the Kilworth mountains he commenced his wild career,
 Where many a wealthy gentleman before him shook with fear.

CHORUS.—Brennan on the Moor, Brennan on the Moor,
 Bold and undaunted stood young Brennan on the Moor.

A brace of loaded pistols he carried night and day;
 He never robbed a poor man upon the king's highway,
 But what he'd taken from the rich, like Turpin and Black Bess,
 He always did divide it with the widow in distress.

CHORUS.—Brennan on the Moor, etc.

One night he robbed a packman, of the name of Pedlar Bawn;
 They traveled together till the day began to dawn;
 The pedlar seeing his money gone, likewise his watch and chain,
 He at once encountered Brennan and robbed him back again.

CHORUS.—Brennan on the Moor, etc.

Now, Brennan, seeing the pedlar as good a man as he,
 He says, "My worthy hero, will you come along with me?"
 The pedlar, being stout-hearted, he threw his pack away,
 And he proved a loyal comrade until his dying day.

CHORUS.—Brennan on the Moor, etc.

One day on the highway, as Willy he sat down,
 He met the Mayor of Cashel a mile outside the town;
 The Mayor, he knew his features—"I think, young man," said he,
 "Your name is Willy Brennan—you must come along with me."

CHORUS.—Brennan on the Moor, etc.

As Brennan's wife had gone to town, provisions for to buy,
 When she saw her Willy, she began to weep and cry;
 He says, "Give me that tenpenny." As soon as Willy spoke,
 She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.

CHORUS.—Brennan on the Moor, etc.

Then with his loaded blunderbuss—the truth I will unfold—
 He made the Mayor to tremble, and robbed him of his gold;
 One hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there,
 And he, with his horse and saddle, to the mountain did repair.

CHORUS.—Brennan on the Moor, etc.

Then Brennan, being an outlaw upon the mountain high,
 The cavalry and infantry to take him they did try;
 He laughed at them with scorn, until at length, it's said,
 By a false-hearted woman he basely was betrayed.

CHORUS.—Brennan on the Moor, etc.

In the County Tipperary, at a place they call Clonmore,
 Willy Brennan and his comrade that day did suffer sore;
 He lay amongst the fern, which was thick upon the field,
 And nine wounds he did receive before that he did yield.

CHORUS.—Brennan on the Moor, etc.

Then Brennan and his companion, when they were betrayed,
 They with the mounted cavalry a noble battle made;
 He lost his foremost finger, which was shot off by a ball,
 So Brennan and his comrade were taken, after all.

CHORUS.—Brennan on the Moor, etc.

So they were taken prisoners, in irons they were bound,
 And conveyed to Clonmel Jail, strong walls did them surround.
 They were tried and found guilty—the Judge made this reply:
 "For robbing on the king's highway, you're both condemned to die."

CHORUS.—Brennan on the Moor, etc.

When Brennan heard his sentence, he made this reply:
 "I own that I did rob the rich, and did the poor supply;
 In all the deeds that I have done I took no life away;
 The Lord have mercy on my soul against the judgment day."

CHORUS.—Brennan on the Moor, etc.

"Farewell unto my wife, and to my children three,
 Likewise my aged father—he may shed tears for me;
 And to my loving mother"—who tore her gray locks and cried,
 Saying, "I wish, Willy Brennan, in your cradle you had died."

CHORUS.—Brennan on the Moor, etc.

BARNEY O'TOOLE.

Oh! be still, Barney, dear, with your jealous complaints,
 For you know that your darling's as true as the saints;
 Oh! you'll break the young heart that you won long ago,
 And that would be murder, dear Barney, you know.

CHORUS.—Oh! Barney, Barney, Barney, Barney O'Toole,
 And taught her to love you so, Barney O'Toole.

It's yourself that would tell me a different tale,
 With your arms round my waist, in the Dargle's sweet vale,
 When your own winning tongue made your Norah a fool,
 And told her to love you so, Barney O'Toole.

CHORUS.—Oh! Barney, Barney, Barney, Barney O'Toole,
 I'll be jealous of you, Mr. Barney O'Toole.

Oh! you swore that the wild rose which grew o'er my head,
 And the violets hid in its soft mossy bed,
 Where the emblems of innocence, beauty, and truth,
 And you said, Barney dear, I was fairer than both.

Oh, Barney, etc.

Am I different now? that you're always in doubt,
 With your cruel suspicions of what I'm about;
 You had better be careful, or by the same rule,
 I'll be jealous of you, Mr. Barney O'Toole.

Oh, Barney, etc.

Say once more, Barney, darling, the word in my ear,
 That the girl of your heart is still cherish'd and dear;
 And believe that your Norah is faithful and true,
 For she lives for you, Barney, and only for you.

Oh, Barney, etc.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sod with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin confined his breast,
Nor in sheet or shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we heap'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring,
And we heard by the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

THE GREEN FLAG.

Boys! fill your glasses, each hour that passes
Steals, it may be, on our last night's cheer;
The day soon shall come, boys, with fife and drum, boys,
Breaking shrilly on the soldier's ear.
Drink to the faithful hearts that love us,
'Mid to-morrow's thickest fight;
While our green flag floats above us,
Think, boys, 'tis for them we smite.
Down with each mean flag, none but the green flag
Shall above us be in triumph seen;
Oh! think on its glory, long shrined in story,
Charge for Erin and her flag of green!

Think on old Brian, war's mighty lion,
'Neath that banner 'twas he smote the Dane;
The Northman and Saxon oft turned their backs on
Those who bore it o'er each crimsoned plain.
Beal-an-atha-Buidhe beheld it

Bagenal's fiery onset curb;
Scotch Munroe would fain have felled it,
We, boys, followed him from red Beinnburb.
Charged with Eoghan for our flag of green!
Down with each mean flag, none but the green flag
Shall above us be in triumph seen;
Oh, think on its glory, long shrined in story,
Charge with Eoghan for our flag of green!

And if at eve, boys, comrades shall grieve, boys,
O'er our corpses, let it be with pride;
When thinking that each, boys, on that red beach, boys,
Lies the flood-mark of the battle's tide.
See! the first faint ray of morning

Gilds the east with yellow light!
Hark! the bugle note gives warning—
One full bumper to old friends to-night.
Down with each mean flag, none but the green flag
Shall above us be in triumph seen;
Oh! think on its glory, long shrined in story,
Fall or conquer for our flag of green!

CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

When, on Ramillies' bloody field,
 The baffled French were forced to yield,
 The victor Saxon backward reeled
 Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.
 The flags we conquered in that fray
 Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say;
 We'll win them company to-day,
 Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.
 Vive la, for Ireland's wrongs;
 Vive la, for Ireland's right,
 Vive la, in battle's throng,
 For a Spanish steel and sabre bright.

The brave old lord died near the fight;
 But for each drop he lost that night,
 A Saxon cavalier shall bite
 The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.
 For never, when our spears were set,
 And never, when our sabres met,
 Could we the Saxon soldier get
 To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.
 Vive la, the new brigade,
 Vive la, the old one, too;
 Vive la, the Rose shall fade
 And the Shamrock shine forever new.

Another Clare is here to lead—
 The worthy son of such a breed;
 The French expect some famous deed
 When Clare leads on his bold Dragoons.
 Our colonel comes from Brien's race;
 His wounds are in his breast and face;
 The bearna baogholl is still in his place,
 The foremost of his bold Dragoons.
 Vive la, etc., as 2d verse.

There's not a man in squadron here,
 Was ever known to flinch or fear;
 Though first in charge and last in rear
 Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons.
 But see, we'll soon have work to do,
 To shame our boasts, or prove them true,
 For hither comes the English crew
 To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.
 Vive la, etc., as 1st verse.

O comrades, think how Ireland pines,
 Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,
 Her dearest hopes, her ordered lines,
 And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.
 Then fling your green flag to the sky,
 Be Limerick your battle-cry,
 And charge till blood flows fetlock high.
 Vive la, etc., as 2d verse.

BOWLD SOJER BOY.

Oh, there's not a trade that's going, worth showing or knowing,
 Like that from glory growing, for a Bowld Sojer Boy;
 Where right or left we go, sure you know, friend or foe
 Will have the hand or toe from the Bowld Sojer Boy.
 There's not a town we march thro', but ladies, looking arch thro'
 The window panes, will search thro' the ranks to find their joy,
 While up the street, each girl you meet, with look so sly, will cry, "My
 eye!
 "Oh, isn't he a darling, the Bowld Sojer Boy!"
 But when we get the rout, how they pout and they shout,
 While to the right about goes the Bowld Sojer Boy;
 'Tis then the ladies fair, in despair, tear their hair,
 But the devil a one I care, says the Bowld Sojer Boy.

For the world is all before us, where the landladies adore us,
 And ne'er refuse to score us, but chalk us up with joy.
 We taste her tap, we tear her cap, "Oh, that's the chap for me," says
 she,

"Oh, isn't he a darling, the Bowld Sojer Boy!"

Then come along with me, gramachree, and you'll see

How happy you will be with your Bowld Sojer Boy.

Faith, if you're up to fun, with me run, 'twill be done

In the snapping of a gun, says the Bowld Sojer Boy.

And 'tis then that, without scandle, myself would proudly dandle

The little farthing candle of our mutual love and joy.

May his light shine as bright as mine, till in the line he'll blaze, and
 raise

The glory of his corps, like a Bowld Sojer Boy.

THE FENIAN MEN.

See who come over the red-blossomed heather,

Their green banners kissing the pure mountain air,

Heads erect, eyes to front, stepping proudly together,

Sure Freedom sits throned in each proud spirit there.

Down the hills twining,

Their blessed steel shining,

Like rivers of beauty they flow from each glen,

From mountain and valley

'Tis Liberty's rally,

So out, and make way for the Fenian Men!

Our prayers and our tears have been scoffed and derided,

They've shut out God's sunlight from spirit and mind—

Our Foes were united, and We were divided,

We met, and they scattered us all to the wind;

But once more returning,

Within our veins burning

The fires that illumined dark Aherlow glen,

We raise the old cry anew,

Slogan of Con and Hugh—

Out, and make way for the Fenian Men!

We have men from the Nore, from the Suir and the Shannon;

Let the tyrants come forth—we'll bring force against force;

Our pen is the sword and our voice is the cannon

Rifle for rifle and horse against horse.

We've made the false Saxon yield

Many a red battle-field—

God on our side, we will do so again.

Pay them back woe for woe,

Give them back blow for blow—

Out, and make way for the Fenian Men!

Side by side for this cause have our forefathers battled,

When our hills never echoed the tread of a slave,

On many green fields, where the leaden hail has rattled,

Thro' the red gap of glory, they marched to the grave.

And they who inherit

Their names and their spirit,

Will march 'neath our Banners of Liberty; then

All who love Saxon law,

Native or Sassenah,

Out, and make way for the Fenian Men!

Up for the cause then, fling forth our Green Banners;

From the East to the West, from the South to the North—

Irish land, Irish men, Irish mirth, Irish manners—

From the mansion and cot let the slogan go forth.

Sons of Old Ireland, now,

Love you our sireland, now?

Come from the kirk, or the chapel, or glen;

Down with all Faction old,

Concert and action bold,

This is the creed of the Fenian Men!

WHEN MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

When midst the gay I meet
 That gentle smile of thine,
 Tho' still on me it turns most sweet,
 I scarce can call it mine,
 But, when to me alone
 Your secret tears you show,
 Oh! then I feel those tears my own,
 And claim them while they flow.
 Then still with bright look bless
 The gay, the cold, the free;
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.

DEAR OLD IRELAND.

Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
 From one bright island flown;
 Great is the land we tread, but yet
 Our hearts are with our own;
 And ere we leave this shanty small,
 While fades the Autumn day,
 We'll toast old Ireland!
 Dear old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys,
 Hurrah!

We've heard her faults a hundred times,
 The new ones and the old,
 In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,
 Enlarged some fifty-fold.
 But take them all, the great and small,
 And this we've got to say:
 Here's dear old Ireland!
 Good old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys,
 Hurrah!

We know that brave and good men tried
 To snap her rusty chain,
 That patriots suffered, martyrs died,
 And all, 'tis said, in vain;
 But no, boys, no! a glance will show
 How far they've won their way.
 Here's good old Ireland!
 Lov'd old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys,
 Hurrah!

We've seen the wedding and the wake,
 The pattern and the fair;
 They stuff they take, the fun they make,
 And the heads they break down there,
 With a loud "hurroo" and a "phillaloo,"
 And a thundering "Clear the way."
 Here's gay old Ireland!
 Dear old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys,
 Hurrah!

And well we know, in the cool grey eves,
 When the hard day's work is o'er,
 How soft and sweet are the words that greet
 The friends who meet once more,
 With "Mary Machree!" and "My Pat, 'tis he!"
 And "My own heart night and day!"
 Ah, fond old Ireland!
 Dear old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys,
 Hurrah!

And happy and bright are the groups that pass
 For their peaceful homes for miles,
 O'er fields and roads and hills to mass,
 When Sunday morning smiles;
 And deep the zeal their true hearts feel,
 When low they kneel and pray;
 Oh, dear old Ireland!
 Blest old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys,
 Hurrah!

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,
 And never may see again
 The dear old isle where our hearts are set,
 And our first fond hopes remain!
 But come, fill up another cup,
 And with every sup let's say—
 Here's lov'd old Ireland!
 Good old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys,
 Hurrah!

O, SONS OF ERIN.

O, sons of Erin, brave and strong,
 Upon your prostrate mother gaze;
 Her sorrows have been overlong,
 'Tis time her beauteous face to raise.
 When tyranny usurps the right,
 And chivalry pines in the jail,
 There's deep revenge in Freedom's fight—
 'Tis life to win, 'tis death to fail!

The power of monarchy is steel,
 And crushing, soul-subduing laws,
 Whose weight alone the toilers feel,
 And murmur oft, and know the cause.
 And battle oft the despot's might,
 And scorning torture and the jail,
 Seek swift revenge in Freedom's fight—
 'Tis life to win, 'tis death to fail!

Wild—wild's the night e'er freedom's sun
 Lights up the ramparts of the free;
 It rolls away, the battle's won,
 And sounds a glorious reveille—
 A reveille of hearts full light,
 Uncrushed by slavery and the jail,
 It echoed down the Alpine height,
 'Twill glad the hills of Innisfall!

I WOULD NOT DIE.

I would not die in this bright hour,
 While Hope's sweet stream is flowing;
 I would not die while Youth's gay flower
 In springtide pride is glowing.
 The path I trace in fiery dreams
 For manhood's fight, to-morrow,
 Oh, let me tread, 'mid those bright gleams
 Which souls from Fame will borrow.
 I would not die! I would not die!
 In Youth's bright hour of pleasure;
 I would not leave, without a sigh,
 The dreams, the hopes, I treasure!

I set young seeds in earth to-day,
 While yet the sun was gushing,
 And shall I pass, ere these, away,
 Nor see the flowerets blushing?
 Are these young seeds, when earth looks fair,
 To rise with fragrance teeming,
 And shall the hand that placed them there
 Lie cold when they are gleaming?
 I would not die! I would not die!
 In Youth's bright hour of pleasure;
 I would not leave, without a sigh,
 The dreams, the hopes, I treasure!

GARRYOWEN.

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed,
 But join with me each jovial blade;
 Come booze and sing, and lend your aid
 To help me with the chorus:

CHORUS.—Instead of Spa we'll drink brown ale,
 And pay the reckoning on the nail;
 No man for debt shall go to a gaol,
 From Garryowen in glory!
 We are the boys that take delight in
 Smashing the Limerick lights when lighting,
 Through the streets like sporters fighting,
 And tearing all before us.

Instead, etc.

We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
 The watch knock down by threes and fours;
 Then let the doctors work their cures,
 And tinker up our bruises.

Instead, etc.

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
 We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run;
 We are the boys no man dares dun,
 If he regards a whole skin.

Instead, etc.

Our hearts so stout have got us fame,
 For soon 'tis known from whence we came;
 Where'er we go they dread the name
 Of Garryowen in glory.

Instead, etc.

Johnny Cornell's tall and straight,
 And in his limbs he is complate;
 He'll pitch a bar of any weight
 From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.

Instead, etc.

Garryowen is gone to wrack
 Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,
 Though Darby O'Brien leapt over the rock,
 In spite of all the soldiers.

Instead, etc.

"GOD SAVE IRELAND!"

High upon the gallows tree,
 Swung the noble-hearted three,
 By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
 But they met him face to face,
 With the courage of their race,
 And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
 "God save Ireland!" said the heroes;
 "God save Ireland!" said they all;
 "Whether on the scaffold high,
 Or the battle-field we die,
 Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall?"

Girt around with cruel foes,
 Still the spirit proudly rose,
 For they thought of hearts that loved them, far and near,
 Of the millions, true and brave,
 O'er the ocean's swelling wave,
 And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.
 "God save Ireland!" said they proudly;
 "God save Ireland!" said they all;
 "Whether on the scaffold high," etc.

Climbed they up the rugged stair,
 Rung their voices out in prayer;
 Then, with England's fatal cord around them cast,
 Close beneath the gallows tree,
 Kissed like brothers lovingly,
 True to home and faith and freedom to the last.
 "God save Ireland!" prayed they loudly;
 "God save Ireland!" said they all;
 "Whether on the scaffold high," etc.

Never till the latest day
 Shall the memory pass away
 Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
 But on the cause must go,
 Amidst joy, or weal, or woe,
 Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.
 "God save Ireland!" say we proudly;
 "God save Ireland!" say we all;
 "Whether on the scaffold high," etc.

EMMETT.

Though the minstrel of Erin, who chanted his fame,
 Hath said of her martyr, "Oh! breathe not his name!"
 Yet what bard of Ierne the wild harp could wake,
 And forget the young hero who died for her sake?

Though the page of her history holds to our view
 Many names of the vallant, the fearless, the true,
 Yet sad memory turns away to recall
 The brightest, the noblest, the purest of all.

Oh, his was the heart that to fear was unknown,
 When the loud trump of Freedom through Erin was blown;
 How far calmer his fetterless sleep in the grave
 Than the clink of the chains on the limbs of a slave!

Though Columba's first chieftain, and Brutus, and Tell,
 Are names to awaken bright Liberty's spell,
 Yet undimmed by its lustre should cloudless be seen
 The Patriot Chief of the Standard of Green.

And when the proud Sunburst of Erin, unfurled,
 Proclaiming her free, shall illumine the world,
 Emblazoned shall be on its folds, waving wide,
 The name of our hero, her martyr, her pride.

IRELAND.

Erin, sweet Erin! the halo of glory

That hangs on the brow of thy every green hill,
 As it falls on the page of thy fame-written story,
 Reflects a warm glow on thy loveliness still.

Oh, well may thy children to madness adore thee;
 Thy bards to recount thy rich beauties, despair—
 When there is not a star that at midnight shines o'er thee
 But twinkles with joy to stand sentinel there.

Oh, who that has heard the loud wail of thy sorrow,
 But yearns, to the mourner, some balm to impart?
 Oh, who that has shared thy wild mirth but would borrow
 The charm that can kindle such joy to the heart?

And for music! oh, who that has once heard the numbers
 Set free to the winds by the magic of Moore,
 But exults that the spell which encircled its slumbers,
 And chilled the sweet Harp of his country, is o'er?
 If it be but a fable that, far in thy mountains,
 Deep hidden by fairies lie treasures untold—
 Oh, 'tis but to appeal to thy heart's open fountain,
 To find them o'erflown with—better than gold!
 Land of brave sons and of light-hearted daughters,
 Smooth may the stream of thy destiny be!
 "First flower" mayst thou bloom on the breast of the waters,
 "First gem" mayst thou shine on the home of the sea!

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
 Uilleacan dubh O!
 Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley-ear;
 Uilleacan dubh O!
 There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
 And her forest paths, in summer, are by falling waters fanned;
 There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand,
 On the fair hills of holy Ireland.
 Curled he is and ringletted, and plaited to the knee,
 Uilleacan dubh O!
 Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish sea,
 Uilleacan dubh O!
 And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
 Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
 And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,
 For the fair hills of holy Ireland.
 Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground,
 Uilleacan dubh O!
 The butter and cream do wondrously abound,
 Uilleacan dubh O!
 The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
 And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,
 And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song to the forests grand,
 On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

ERIN'S LOVELY HOME.

When I was young and in my prime, my age just twenty-one,
 I acted as a servant unto a gentleman;
 I served him true and honest, and very well, it's known,
 But in cruelty he banished me from Erin's Lovely Home.
 For what he did banish me I mean to let you hear:
 I own I loved his daughter, and she loved me as dear,
 She had a large fortune, and riches I had none,
 And that the reason I must go from Erin's lovely Home.
 'Twas in her father's garden, all in the month of June,
 We were viewing of those flowers all in their youthful bloom;
 She said, "My dearest William, if with me you will roam,
 We'll bid adieu to all our friends, in Erin's Lovely Home."
 I gave consent that very night along with her to roam
 From her father's dwelling—it proved my overthrow;
 The night was bright; by the moonlight we both set off alone,
 Thinking to get safe away from Erin's Lovely Home.
 When we came to Belfast, by the break of day,
 My love, she then got ready our passage for to pay;
 Five thousand pounds she counted down, saying, "This shall be your
 own,
 But do not mourn for those we've left in Erin's Lovely Home."
 'Tis of our sad misfortune I mean to let you hear;
 'Twas in a few hours after, her father did appear;
 He marched me back to Homer jail, in the county of Tyrone,
 And there I was transported from Erin's Lovely Home.

When I heard my sentence, it grieved my heart full sore,
 But parting from my true love it grieved me ten times more.
 I had seven links upon my chain, for every link a year,
 Before I can return again to the arms of my dear.

While I lay under sentence, before I sailed away,
 My love, she came into the jail, and thus to me did say:
 "Cheer up your heart, don't be dismayed, for I'll not you disown,
 Until you do return again to Erin's Lovely Home."

FORTUNE IN THE FIRE.

Sweet Norah, come here, and look into the fire,
 Perhaps in its embers good luck we may see;
 Don't come too near, or your glances so burning,
 Will put it clean out, like the sunbeams, machree.
 Just look 'tween the bars, where the black sod is smoking;
 There's a sweet little valley, with rivers and trees,
 And a house on the bank quite as good as the squire's—
 Who knows but some day we'll have something like these?
 Who knows but some day we'll have something like these?

And now there's a coach with four galloping horses,
 A coachman to drive, and a footman behind,
 That shows that some day we will keep a fine carriage,
 And fly through the street at the speed of the wind.
 As Dermot was speaking, the rain-drops came hissing
 Down thro' the wide chimney, the fire went out;
 While mansion and river, and horses and carriage,
 All vanished in smoke-wreaths that whirl'd about,
 All vanished in smoke-wreaths that whirl'd about.
 Then Norah to Dermot this speech softly whispered:
 "'Twere better to do than to idly desire;
 And one little cot by the roadside is better
 Than a palace with servants and coach in the fire,
 Than a palace with servants and coach in the fire."

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

Mother.—Now, what are you crying for Nelly?
 Don't be blubberin' there like a fool!—
 With the weight o' the grief, faith I tell you,
 You'll break down the three-legged stool.
 I suppose, now, you're crying for Barney,
 But don't b'lieve a word that he'd say,
 He tells nothin' but big lies and blarney—
 Sure you know how he sarved poor Kate Kearney—

Daughter.—But, mother—

Mother.—Oh, bother!

Daughter.—But, mother, he's going away;
 And I dreamt th' other night,
 Of his ghost, all in white—
 Oh, mother, he's going away!

Mother.—If he's goin' away, all the better—
 Bless'd 'hour when he's out of your sight!
 There's one comfort—you can't get a letter,—
 For yiz neither can read or can write.
 Sure, 'twas only last week you protested,
 Since he coorted fat Jinny M'Cray,
 That the sight of the scamp you detested;
 With abuse, sure, your tongue never rested—

Daughter.—But, mother—

Mother.—Oh, bother!

Daughter.—But, mother, he's going away,
 And I dream of his ghost
 Walking round my bedpost—
 Oh, mother, he's going away!

OULD IRELAND! YOU'RE MY DARLIN'.

Ould Ireland! you're my jewel, sure,
 My heart's delight and glory;
 Till time shall pass his empty glass,
 Your name shall live in story.
 And this shall be the song for me,
 The first my heart was larnin',
 Before my tongue one accent sung
 "Ould Ireland! you're my darlin'!"

My blessings on each manly son
 Of thine who will stand by thee;
 But hang the knave and dastard slave
 So base as to deny thee;
 Then bould and free, while yet for me
 The globe is round us whirlin',
 My song shall be, "Gra Galmachree,
 Ould Ireland! you're my darlin'!"

Sweet spot of earth that gave me birth,
 Deep in my soul I cherish
 While life remains within these veins,
 A love that ne'er can perish.
 If it was a thing that I could sing,
 Like any thrush or starlin',
 In cage or tree, my song should be,
 "Ould Ireland! you're my darlin'!"

LIMERICK RACES.

I'm a simple Irish lad, I've resolved to see some fun, sirs;
 So, to satisfy my mind, to Limerick town I come, sirs;
 Oh, murder! what a precious place, and what a charming city,
 Where the boys are all so free, and the girls are all so pretty!

CHORUS.—Musha ring a ding a da,
 Ri too ral laddy Oh!
 Musha ring a ding a da,
 Ri too ral laddy Oh!

It was on the first of May, when I began my rambles,
 When everything was there, both jaunting cars and gambols;
 I looked along the road, what was lined with smiling faces,
 All driving off ding-dong, to go and see the races.

Musha ring a ding a da, etc.

So then I was resolved to go and see the race, sirs,
 And on a coach and four I neatly took my place, sirs,
 When a chap bawls out "Behind!" and the coachman dealt a blow, sirs;
 Faith, he hit me just as fair as if his eyes were in his poll, sirs.

Musha ring a ding a da, etc.

So then I had to walk, and make no great delay, sirs,
 Until I reached the course, where everything was gay, sirs;
 It's then I spied a wooden house, and in the upper story,
 The band struck up a tune, called "Garryowen and Glory."

Musha ring a ding a da, etc.

There was fiddlers playing jigs, there was lads and lassies dancing,
 And chaps upon their nags, round the course sure they were prancing,
 Some was drinking whiskey-punch, while others bawl'd out gaily,
 "Hurrah then for the shamrock green, and the splinter of shillelah."

Musha ring a ding a da, etc.

There were betters to and fro, to see who would win the race, sirs,
 And one of the sporting chaps of course came up to me, sirs;
 Says he, "I'll bet you fifty pounds, and I'll put it down this minute."
 "Ah, then, ten to one," says I, "the foremost horse will win it."

Musha ring a ding a da, etc.

When the players came to town, and a funny set was they,
 I paid my two thirtens to go and see the play,
 They acted kings and cobblers, queens, and everything so gaily,
 But I found myself at home when they struck up "Paddy Carey."

Musha ring a ding a da, etc.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Grand and Spirited.

Let E - rin re - mem - ber the days of old, Ere her faith - less sons le -
 tray'd her; When Mal - a - chi wore the col - lar of gold, Which he won from the proud invad - er;
 When her Kings with stan - dards of green un - furl'd, Led the Red Branch Knights to
 dan - ger, Ere the em -erald gem of the wes -tern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.

2

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days,
 In the wave beneath him shining;

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus sighing, look through the waves of time,
 For the long faded glories they cover.



ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

Slow.

E - rin the tear and the smile in thine eyes, Blend like the rain - bow that
 hangs in the skies; Shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream, Sad un - gling thro' pleasure's beam,
 Thy suns, with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
 Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
 And form in heaven's sight,
 One arch of peace!

IRELAND WILL YET BE FREE.

Let tyrants exult, and their mandates proclaim,
 Their sceptres with iron hands sway;
 Oppression the Irish heart never can tame,
 Nor drive hope of freedom away.
 The yoke may be heavy and firm in its place,
 The fetters secure all may be;
 But blood will wash out this most shameful disgrace,
 And Ireland ere long shall be free.
 The day may be distant—perhaps it is near,
 When freedom shall dawn on our land,
 When Ireland no longer a tyrant need fear,
 Her rights she will seek and demand.
 Her fields, now deserted, shall blossom once more,
 Her ships will skim over the sea;
 The hirelings of England be hurled from our shore,
 And Ireland will truly be free.
 Then toast our fair Island, my countrymen all,
 "Success to her struggle so nigh;"
 Her sons will spring forth at the first trumpet call,
 And battle for freedom, or die!
 Then when we have conquered and peace smiles again,
 Let this our grand toast ever be:
 "Confusion to tyrants, wherever they reign,"
 And Ireland shall ever be free!

IRISH HEARTS FOR THE LADIES.

One day Madam Nature was busy,
 Bright Venus beside her was seated,
 She looked till her head was quite dizzy,
 She long'd till the job was completed;
 I'm making a heart, cried the goddess,
 For love and its joys all my trade is,
 Not a heart for a stays or a bodice,
 But an Irishman's heart for the ladies.
 She bound it all round with good nature;
 'Twas tender and soft as the dove, sir;
 'Twas sprinkled with drops of the creature;
 'Twas stuffed, too, with large lumps of love, sir.
 'Twas pure as the stream of the Shannon,
 As warm, too, as roasted potatoes,
 And just like a ball from a cannon
 Is an Irishman's heart for the ladies.
 Then speak, ye deluders, so pretty,
 Your own silver tongues tell the story,
 That Irishmen melt you to pity,
 For they are the boys that adore ye;
 In love and in war we're so frisky,
 Nor of French, Dutch, or Yankee, afraid is;
 We've lips for our girls and our whiskey,
 And tight Irish hearts for the ladies.

OUR MOTHERLAND.

There is an island in the sea,
 'Tis Motherland—our Motherland;
 Land of the brave, though not yet free,
 'Tis Motherland—our Motherland;
 And by our knighthood, now we swear,
 It shall not long its bondage bear,
 For we are bound the cords to tear
 From Motherland—dear Motherland!
 With heart and hand in Erin's cause,
 Motherland—our Motherland,
 We'll trample down the tyrant's laws
 In Motherland—our Motherland;

And then, "A Nation once again!"
 Shall be our knighthood's proud refrain,
 For we shall wipe Oppression's stain
 From Motherland—dear Motherland!
 "And shall our tyrants safely reign"
 O'er Motherland—our Motherland,
 "On thrones built up of slaves and slain"
 In Motherland—our Motherland?
 "No! 'round this board our oath we plight
 To watch, and labor, and unite,
 Till banded be the nation's might"
 For Motherland—dear Motherland!
 Oh, how our hearts would leap for joy,
 Motherland—our Motherland,
 For one such day as Fontenoy,
 In Motherland—our Motherland!
 And grant, O Lord, it soon may come,
 When, crossing o'er the ocean's foam,
 We freedom claim for every home
 In Motherland—dear Motherland!
 We vow thy brilliant "Flag of Green,"
 Motherland—dear Motherland,
 Yet proudly floating shall be seen
 O'er Motherland—dear Motherland;
 And then a freeman, bold and brave,
 Shall 'scribe the lines on Emmett's grave,
 Which were not to be found by a slave,
 In Motherland—dear Motherland!
 We once again renew our vow
 To Motherland—dear Motherland,
 To be as firm and true as now
 To Motherland—dear Motherland,
 "The Harp of Tara" is not dead—
 It soul-felt music yet shall shed;
 "We'll plant the Green above the Red,"
 In Motherland—dear Motherland!

MY DARK-HAIRED GIRL.

My dark-haired girl, thy ringlets deck,
 In silken curl, thy graceful neck;
 Thy neck is like the swan, and fair as the pearl,
 And light as air the step is of my dark-haired girl.
 My dark-haired girl, upon thy lip
 The dainty bee might wish to sip;
 For thy lip it is the rose, and thy teeth they are pearl,
 And diamond is the eye of my dark-haired girl!
 My dark-haired girl, I've promised thee,
 And thou thy faith hast given me,
 And oh, I would not change for the crown of an earl
 The pride of being loved by my dark-haired girl.

MOLLY, O!

She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;
 My heart is gone, I lay me at her feet;
 So light her tread, so fond her gaze,
 Who would not love my Molly dear?
 Clouds are but sunshine, skies ever clear,
 Happy am I, lads, when Molly is near;
 Heart's fondest echo, love's sweet refrain,
 Still call me back to my Molly again.

CHORUS.—She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;
 She's plain Molly, O—her heart is love's retreat;
 She's plain Molly, O, lovely, divine;
 Oh, would that I could call Molly mine.

Brave soldiers may war, heroes may die,
 With Molly, dear, the world I would defy.
 Tender her heart, loving and true,
 Flowers of the valley call her queen.
 So like the lily, so like the rose,
 Her laugh's like the sunshine to nature's repose;
 Her eyes are jewels, more rich and bright
 Than those in heaven that sparkle at night.

She's plain Molly, O, etc.

SWEET HARP.

Oh, give me one strain
 Of that wild harp again,
 In melody proudly its own!
 Sweet harp of the days that are gone!
 Time's wide-wasting wing
 Its cold shadow may fling
 Where the light of the soul hath no part;
 The sceptre and sword
 Both decay with their lord—
 But the throne of the bard is the heart.
 And hearts, while they beat
 To the music so sweet,
 Thy glories will ever prolong,
 Land of honor and beauty and song!
 The beauty whose sway
 Woke the bard's votive lay,
 Hath gone to eternity's shade,
 While, fresh in its fame,
 Lives the song to her name,
 Which the minstrel immortal hath made!

MY LITTLE IRISH QUEEN.

My home is in the country, not many miles away;
 'Tis where I go in summer to pass the time away;
 There is a little girl, bright as the stars above,
 Just as the sun goes down, then I go and meet my love, oh!

REFRAIN.—

She's young, yes and beautiful—she's the fairest ever seen;
 She may not dress like city folks, she's my little Irish queen.
 We do not care for riches to make our lives complete;
 A little cottage down the lane, all furnished clean and neat;
 A garden filled with flow'rs—blue, yellow, red and green;
 But the fairest one of all is my little Irish queen, oh!

She's young, yes, etc.

THE IRISH EXILE'S LOVE.

With pensive eyes she passed the church,
 And up the leafy woodland came,
 Until she reached the silver birch
 Where long ago he carved her name.
 And oh! she sighed as soft she kissed,
 With loving lips, that gentle tree.
 "Alone, alone, I keep the tryst;
 Return to Ireland, love, and me.
 Return, Columbia's realm afar,
 Where year by year your feet delay,
 We cannot match for moon or star,
 By silver night or golden day.
 Her birds are brighter far of wing,
 A richer lustre lights her flow'rs;
 Yet still they say no bird can sing,
 Or blossom breathe as sweet as ours.
 Return! her levin flashes dire
 Affright not here.

We never know her awful, rushing prairie fire,
 The silent horror of her snow.
 Return! her heart is wise and bold,
 Her borders beautiful and free;
 Yet still the New is not the Old,
 Return to Ireland, love, and me.

BRIDGET DONAHUE.

It was in the county Kerry, a little way from Clare,
 Where the boys and girls are merry at a patron race or fair;
 The town is called Kellorglin, a purty place to view,
 But what makes it interesting is my Bridget Donahue.

CHORUS.—Oh, Bridget Donahue, I really do love you,
 Although I'm in America to you I will be true;
 Then, Bridget Donahue, I'll tell you what I'll do,
 Just take the name of Patterson and I'll take Donahue.

Her father is a farmer, and a dasent man is he,
 He's liked by all the people from Kellorglin to Tralee;
 And Bridget on a Sunday, when coming home from mass,
 She's admired by all the people, sure they wait to see her pass.
 Oh, Bridget Donahue, etc.

I sent her home a picture, I did upon my word,
 Not a picture of myself, but a picture of a bird;
 It was the American Eagle, and says I, Miss Donahue,
 Our Eagles' wings are large enough to shelter me and you.
 Oh, Bridget Donahue, etc.

CONNOR, THE FISHERMAN.

My Connor is a fisher bold—he likes the life so free—
 The roaring of the wintry winds—the lashing of the sea;
 His home is on the noisy waves, and once I am his bride,
 O! trust me, I'll be bold enough to tempt them by his side.
 My Connor hath a fairy bark on summer seas to skim;
 He tells me in the summer time that I shall sail with him.
 He thinks I have a coward heart, as if one need be brave
 To dare the tempest any night, and Connor there to save.
 My Connor hath a warrior's soul, but, in this age of slaves,
 Perhaps he finds his fittest life in warring with the waves;
 And never blew the tempest yet that Connor's spirit bowed;
 His eye would meet the lightning's flash as kingly and as proud.
 My Connor hath a tender heart, for all his stormy life;
 There never breaks a word from him of sullenness or strife;
 His war is with the braggart waves, and once I am his bride,
 O! trust me, I'll be bold enough to tempt them by his side!

THE PEASANT'S BRIDE.

I was a simple country girl that lov'd the morning dearly;
 My only wealth a precious pearl I found one morning early.
 I milked my mother's only cow, my kind, poor lovin' Drimin;
 I never envied then nor now the kine of richer women.
 The sun shone out in bonny June, and fragrant were the meadows;
 A voice as sweet as an Irish tune (I know it was my Thady's)
 Said, "Mary dear, I fain would stay, but where's the use repining?
 I must away to save my hay now while the sun is shining."
 Now Thady was as stout a blade as ever stood in leather,
 With hook or scythe, with plow or spade, he'd beat ten men together;
 He's just the man, thought I, for me, he is working late and early,
 He shall be mine if he is free, he takes my fancy fairly.
 I gave my hand, though I was young, and heart, too, like a feather,
 Our marriage song by the lark was sung when we were wed together;
 And many a noble lord, I'm told, and many a noble lady,
 Would gladly give a crown of gold to be like me and Thady.

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

Full often when our fathers saw the red above the green,
They rose in rude but fierce array, with saber, pike and skian,
And over many a noble town, and many a field of dead,
They proudly set the Irish green above the English red.

But in the end, throughout the land, the shameful sight was seen—
The English red in triumph high above the Irish green;
But well they died in breach and field, who, as their spirits fled,
Still saw the green maintain its place above the English red.

And they who saw, in after times, the red above the green,
Were withered as the grass that dies beneath the forest screen;
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking hearts were fed,
That, in some day to come, the green should flutter o'er the red.

Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe Tone sunk serene—
Because they could not bear to leave the red above the green;
And 'twas for this that Owen fought and Sarsfield nobly bled—
Because their eyes were hot to see the green above the red.

So when the strife began again, our darling Irish green
Was down upon the earth, while high the English red was seen;
Yet still we hold our fearless course, for something in us said,
Before the strife is o'er you'll see the green above the red.

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive to glean,
That we may pull the English red below the Irish green;
And leave our sons sweet liberty and smiling plenty spread,
Above the land once dark with blood—the green above the red.

The jealous English tyrant now has banned the Irish green,
And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and mean;
But yet, by heaven! he'll sooner raise his victims from the dead,
Than force our hearts to leave the green and cotton to the red.

We'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and blesses those who lean
On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly king or queen;
And, freely as we lift our hands we vow our blood to shed,
Once and forever more to raise the green above the red.

THE OLD BOG-HOLE.

The pig is in the mire and the cow is in the grass,
A man without a woman through this world will sadly pass;
My mother likes the ducks, and the ducks likes the drakes,
Arrah! sweet Judy Flanagan, I'd die for your sakes.
My Judy she's as fair as the flowers on the lea,
She's neat and complete from the neck to the knee;
We met the other night our hearts to condole,
And I sat my Judy down by the old bog-hole.

CHORUS.—

Arrah! cushla mavoureen, will you marry me?
Arrah! gramachre mavoureen, will you marry me?
Arrah! cushla mavoureen, will you marry me?
Arrah! would you fancy the bold bouncing Barney Magee?

Judy she blushed and she hung down her head,
Saying: Barney, you blackguard, I'd like to get wed;
But you are such a rogue and you are such a rake!
Don't believe it, says I, it is all a mistake;
To keep you genteel I'll work at my trade,
I'll handle a hook, a shovel and a spade;
And the turf I'll procure which is better than coal,
And I'll dig to my knees in the old bog-hole.

Arrah! cushla mavoureen, etc.

Fine children we will have, for you must mind 'that,
 There will be Darby, Judy, Barney, Pat;
 There will be Mary, so meek, and Kitty, so bluff—
 And stop! stop! she cries, have you not got enough?
 I will not, says I, nor I won't be content,
 'Till once I have as many as there's days in the Lent;
 How the people they will stare when we go out for a stroll,
 When we are promenading by the old bog-hole.
 Arrah! cushla mavoureen, etc.

By the hokey! says she, I can scarcely refuse,
 For Barney, the blarney he knows how to use;
 He has bothered my heart with the picture he has drawn,
 If I thought I could trust you, the job might be done.
 Holy murther! says I, do you doubt what I say?
 If I thought I could trust you, I'd swear half a day;
 Oh, no, says she, it's of no use at all,
 And she gave her consent by the old bog-hole.

CHORUS.—

Then give me your hand, my joys and delights,
 Be aisy, you blackguard, until it's all right;
 And when we are wed we'll kiss and condole,
 And we will go to dig for eels in the old bog-hole.

KATTY, DARLING.

Now the flow'rs are blushing, Katty, darling,
 And the birds are warbling on each tree,
 Heed not your mother, Katty, darling,
 I'm only now waiting for thee.
 The sun is brightly beaming,
 And my heart with love is beating high;
 Oh! then hasten quickly, Katty, darling,
 Ere the sun has left the morning sky;
 Katty, Katty, Katty, Katty,
 Oh! then hasten quickly, Katty, darling,
 Ere the sun has left the morning sky.
 Yon grove shall hide us, Katty, darling,
 While the sun is sparkling o'er the lea;
 Oh! then meet me early, Katty, darling,
 And love's truth I'll whisper to thee.
 The golden rays around are shining,
 But the lustre of thy bright eye
 To me is dearer, Katty, darling,
 Than the rays that sparkle in the sky.
 Katty, Katty, Katty, Katty,
 Oh! then hasten quickly, Katty, darling,
 Ere the sun has left the morning sky.

THE SOLDIER OF ERIN.

The shadows of darkness around him were falling,
 And eve's lonely star lit the wanderer's way,
 When the harp of the minstrel, his footsteps recalling,
 The brave soldier paused at the heart-moving lay.
 Oh! dear to my soul in the springtime of feeling,
 Ere the blight of the cold world had swept o'er its flowers;
 Was that strain of my childhood from tender lips stealing,
 In fair Connamara's now desolate bow'rs.
 Sweet song of my boyhood, still deeper and deeper,
 It sinks on my heart as I list to the strain;
 Like a dream of the dead that steals o'er the sleeper,
 And brings back the lost and the loved ones again.
 Dear voice of the past, like the lone harp of Tara,
 It wakes 'mid the ruins of all I deplore;
 Farewell to thy green hills, my fair Connamara,
 First home of my heart, I shall see thee no more.

MARY O'MARA.

Mary O'Mara, I think that I see thee,
 Still blooming and young,
 Crown'd with a beauty as dazlingly beaming
 As poet e'er sung.
 Lovers deep-sighing,
 All emulous vying
 Thy love to secure;
 While 'twas mine to adore,
 And my lot to deplore—
 For thy minstrel was poor,
 Mary O'Mara

Mary O'Mara, the lordly O'Hara
 Might make thee his own,
 For his lineage was high, while the light of thine eye
 Might have challeng'd a throne!
 If his love rise
 To the worth of the prize
 He hath captur'd in thee,
 Then a homage is thine
 That a saint in her shrine
 Scarcely deeper may see.
 Mary O'Mara.

Mary O'Mara, I think that I hear thee,
 With voice like a bell,
 So silver-sweet ringing, the minstrelsy singing
 Of him who lov'd well;
 Of him who, still loving
 And hopelessly roving
 In regions afar,
 Still thinks of the time
 That he wove the sweet rhyme
 To his heart's brightest star—
 Mary O'Mara.

THE ABSENT IRISHMAN.

God speed the keel of the trusty ship,
 That bears ye from our shore;
 There is little chance that ye'll ever glan
 On our emerald isand more.
 You are right to seek a far-off earth,
 You are right to boldly strive
 Where labor does not pine in dearth,
 And the honest poor may thrive.

CHORUS.—God speed ye all! ye hopeful band,
 O'er your boundless path of blue;
 But you'll never forget your own old land,
 Though wealth may gladden the new.
 You'll often think of the blackthorn leaves,
 And the dog-rose peeping through;
 And you'll never forget the harvest sheaves,
 Though the wheat was not for you.
 You'll often think of the busy ploughs,
 And the merry-beating flail;
 You'll sometimes think of the dappled cows,
 And then think of the milking-pail.
 God speed, etc.

You'll call to mind good neighbor Hind,
 And the widow down the lane;
 And you'll wonder if the old man's dead,
 Or the widow wed again.
 You'll often think of the village spire,
 And the churchyard green and fair;
 And perchance you'll sigh with drooping eye
 If you've left a loved one there.
 God speed, etc.

Perhaps ye leave a white-haired sire,
 A sister, or a brother;
 Perhaps your heart has dared to part
 Forever from a mother.
 If so, then many a time and oft,
 Your better thoughts will roam,
 And mem'ry's pinions, strong and soft,
 Will fly to your Erin home.
 God speed, etc.

GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The groves of Blarney they are so charming,
 All by the purling of swate silent brooks,
 All decked with roses, which spontaneous grow there,
 Planted in order by the swate rocky nooks.
 'Tis there the daisy and swate carnation,
 The blooming pink and the rose so fair,
 Besides the lily and the daffy-down-dilly
 Flowers that scent the swate fragrant air.
 'Tis Lady Jeffers that owns this station,
 Like Alexander, or Queen Helen fair,
 There's no commander throughout this nation
 For emulation can with her compare.
 There's castles round her that no nine-pounder
 Could dare to plunder her place of strength;
 But Oliver Crummell he did her pummell,
 And made a breach in her battlement.
 There's grand walks there for contemplation,
 And conversation in swate solitude;
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
 The gentle plover in the afternoon;
 And if a young lady should be so engaging
 As for to take a walk in their shady bowers,
 'Tis there her courter he might transport her
 To some dark fort or under ground.
 'Tis there's the cave where no daylight enters,
 But bats, rats, and badges are forever bred,
 All decked by natur', which makes it swater
 Nor a coach and six or a feather bed.
 'Tis there the lakes that are stored with perches,
 And comely eels in the verdant mud,
 Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
 All standing in order to guard the flood.
 There is the stone that whoever kisses,
 He never misses to grow eloquent—
 'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
 Or become a member of Parliament.
 A clever spouter, he'll sure turn out, or
 "An out-and-outer" to be let alone;
 Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him—
 Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone.
 'Tis there's the kitchen, hangs many a fitch in,
 With the maids a-stitching upon the stair;
 Och, the bread and the bis'kie, the beef and the whiskey,
 Faith, they'd make you frisky if you was but there.
 'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
 A-washing praties forment the door,
 With Nancy Casey and Aunt Delancy,
 All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.
 There's statues gracing this noble place in,
 All heathen goddesses so fair;
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch and Nicodemus,
 All mother-naked in the open air.
 So now to finish this brave narration,
 Which I have not the genli for to entwine,
 But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
 'Tis in every feature that I'd make it shine.

DARBY KELLY.

My grandsire beat a drum so neat,
 His name was Darby Kelly, O,
 No lad so true at rat tat too,
 At roll-call or reveille, O.
 When Marlboro's name first raised his fame,
 My granny beat the point of war,
 At Blenheim he, and Ramillie,
 Made ears to tingle far and near,
 For with his wrist he'd such a twist,
 The girls would leer, you don't know how,
 They laughed and sighed, and joked and cried,
 To hear him beat his row dow dow;
 With a row dow dow,
 They laughed and sighed, and joked and cried
 To hear him, etc.

A son he had who, like his dad,
 Was as tight a lad as any, O,
 You ne'er would know, though you should go
 From Chester to Kilkenny, O.
 When great Wolf died, his country's pride,
 To arms my dapper father beat;
 Each dale and hill remembered still
 How loud, how long, how stout, how neat,
 With each drumstick he had the trick,
 The girls would leer, you don't know how
 Their eyes would glisten, their ears would listen,
 To hear him beat the row dow dow.
 Their eyes, etc.

Yet, ere I wed, ne'er be it said
 But what I the foe dare meet,
 With Wellington, old Erin's son,
 To help to make them beat retreat;
 King Arthur once, or I'm a dunce,
 Was called the hero of his age,
 But what was he to him we see,
 The Arthur of the modern page?
 Who, by the powers, from Lisbon's Towers
 Their trophies bore to grace his brow,
 And made them prance, from Spain to France,
 With his English, Irish, row dow dow,
 With his row dow dow,
 And made them prance, from Spain to France,
 With his English, etc.

EILY MAVOURNEEN, THE ROSE OF KILLARNY.

Through Erin's green and bonny Isle,
 From Coleraine to Killarny's waters,
 Each lovely haunt hath had its song,
 Of gallant sons and charming daughters.
 But Oh! there is one sunny spot,
 To me more dear, more prized than any,
 Where first in loveliness sprung up
 The rose that blossoms in Killarny.

CHORUS.—The rose that blossoms in Killarny, blossoms in Killarny,
 The rose that blossoms in Killarny, blossoms in Killarny.

I thought when first her eyes met mine,
 My peace, my heart, were gone forever;
 I did not dare to speak of love,
 For fear a breath the charm might sever.
 Her cheeks are like the rose of May.
 Her voice hath banished care from many;
 No thought can wrong my bonny flower,
 The rose that blossoms in Killarny.
 The rose that blossoms, etc.

ST. KEVEN AND KING O'TOOL.

St. Keven was a traveling through a place called Glendalough,
He chanced to meet with King O'Tool, and he axed him for a sleugh.
Says the King, "You're but a stranger, for your face I have never seen,
But if you have a taste of weed, I'll lend you my dudheen."

Fol de diddle di do.

Keven the saint was kindling up the pipe, the monarch gave a sigh.
"Is there anything the matter?" says the saint, "that makes you cry?"
Says the king, "I had a gander, that was gave me by my mother,
And this morning he has cracked his toes with some disease or other."

Fol de diddle di do.

"Are you crying for your gander, you unfortunate old goose,
Dry up your tears, in fretting, sure, the devil take the use."
Says the saint, "What would you give me, if the gander I'd revive?"
Says the king, "I'd be your sarvent all the days that I'm alive."

Fol de diddle di do.

"I'll cure him," says the saint, "but I want no sarvent man,
But if I'd not make too bold to ax I'd like a bit of land.
As you think so much about the bird, if I make him whole and sound,
Will you glve me the taste of land the gander does fly round?"

Fol de diddle di do.

"In troth, I will, an' welcome," says the king, "give what you ask."
Says the saint, "Then bring the gander, and I'll begin the task."
The king went to the palace for to fetch him out the bird,
Tho' he'd not the least intention of sticking to his word.

Fol de diddle di do.

St. Keven took the gander from the arms of the old king,
He first began to twig his beak, and then to stretch his wing,
He hooshed him up into the air, he flew twenty miles around,
Says the saint, "I'd thank your Majisty for that little bit of ground."

Fol de diddle di do.

The king to raise a ruction, faith, he called the saint a witch,
And sent in for his six big sons to heave him in the ditch.
"Nabocklis," says St. Keven, "now I'll settle those young urchins,"
He turned the king and his six sons into the seven churches.

Fol de diddle di do.

Thus King O'Tool was punished for his dishonest dolngs,
The saint then left the gander to guard about the ruins.
If you'd go there on a summer's day, between twelve and one o'clock,
You'll see the gander flying round the glen of Glendalough.

Fol de diddle di do.

Now I think there is a moral attached unto my song.
To punish men is only right whenever they do wrong.
For poor men they may keep their word much better than folks grander.
For the king begrudged to pay the saint for curing his old gander.

Fol de diddle di do.

DESMOND'S SONG.

By the Feal's wave benighted, not a star in the skies,
To thy door by love lighted I first saw those eyes;
Some voice whisper'd o'er me as thy threshold I cross'd,
There was ruin before me, if I loved, I was lost.

Love came and brought sorrow too soon in its train;
Yet so sweet that to-morrow 'twere welcome again;
Tho' misery's full measure my portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure if pour'd out by thee.

You who call it dishonor to bow to this flame,
If you've eyes look but on her and blush while you blame;
Hath the pearl less whiteness because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness for growing near earth?

No man for his glory to ancestry flies;
But woman's bright story is told in her eyes;
While the monarch but traces thro' mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces, ranks next to divine!

KATHLEEN O'MOORE.

My love, still I think that I see her once more,
 But alas! she has left me her loss to deplore,
 My own little Kathleen, my poor lost Kathleen,

My Kathleen O'Moore.

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
 Her color still changing, her smiles ever new:
 So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,

My Kathleen O'Moore.

She milked the dun cow that ne'er offered to stir,
 Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her;
 So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,

My Kathleen O'Moore.

She sat by the door one cold afternoon,
 To hear the wind blow, and look at the moon,
 So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,

My Kathleen O'Moore.

O cold was the night breeze that sighed round her bower,
 It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she drooped from that hour,
 And I lost my poor Kathleen, my dear little Kathleen,

My Kathleen O'Moore.

The bird of all birds that I love the best,
 Is the robin that in the church-yard builds its nest,
 For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly on Kathleen,

My Kathleen O'Moore.

TERRY MALONE.

One ev'ning from market returning,
 Just thinking of what I'll not name;
 May be some of ye guess, 'ah! now don't ye?
 For 'tis few have not thought of the same.

But my heart is as open as sunshine,
 A secret lies heavy as stone;
 So I'll even confess, without blushing,
 I was thinking of Terry Malone.

If you spake of some one I'll not mention,
 It is certain, they say, he'll appear,
 And so of the lad I was thinking,
 By the bosheen I saw his draw near.

I was pleased yet sorry to see him,
 And he asked me to meet him alone;
 But I very well knew what he wanted,
 So avoided poor Terry Malone.

Coming home the next ev'ning quite lonely,
 All at once who d'ye think I did spy,
 But Terry himself in a flurry,
 And oh! such a beam in his eye!

Where's the use to descend to particulars,
 Enough if the end be made known—
 That same night, by the moon, I consented,
 To become Mistress Terry Malone.

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

Hear me but once, while o'er the grave
 In which our love lies cold and dead,
 I count each flatt'ring hope he gave,
 Of joys now lost and charms now fled!

Who could have thought the smile he wore
 When first we met would fade away?
 Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
 These eyes so bright, thro' many a day?

SEND BACK MY BARNEY TO ME.

He is gone, and I'm now sad and lonely,
 He has left me to cross the wide sea,
 But I know that he thinks of me only;
 And will soon be returning to me.
 His eyes they were filled with devotion,
 As my husband he said he'd soon be.
 Then blow gently, ye winds of the ocean,
 And send back my Barney to me.
 If at night, as I rest on my pillow,
 The wind heaves a moan and a sigh,
 I think of each angry billow,
 And watch every cloud o'er the sky,
 My bosom it fills with emotion,
 As I pray for one over the sea.
 Then blow gently, ye winds of the ocean,
 And send back my Barney to me.
 He has left me his fortune to better,
 I know that he went for my sake,
 Soon I'll be receiving a letter,
 If not, sure my poor heart will break;
 To say that he'll soon be returning
 To his dear native Ireland and me.
 Then blow gently, ye winds of the ocean,
 And send back my Barney to me.

MANTLE SO GREEN.

As I went walking, one evening in June,
 To view the fair fields and meadows so green,
 I spied a young damsel, she appeared like a queen
 With her costly fine robes, and her mantle so green!
 I stood in amaze—I was struck with surprise—
 I thought her an angel that fell from the skies—
 Her eyes like the diamond, her cheeks like the rose,
 She is one of the fairest that nature composed.
 Said I: Pretty fair maid, if you come with me,
 We will join in wedlock, and married we'll be;
 I'll dress you in rich attire, and you'll appear like a queen,
 With your costly fine robes and your mantle so green!
 She answered me: Young man, you must be refused,
 For I'll wed with no man, you must me excuse;
 The green hills I'll wander, to shun all men's view,
 For the lad that I love lies in famed Waterloo.
 Since you're not married, tell me your love's name;
 I have been in battle, I might have known the same.
 Draw near to my garment, and there you will see
 His name embroidered on my mantle so green!
 On the raising of her mantle, it's there I behold
 His name and his surname, in letters of gold!—
 Young William O'Reilly appeared in my view;
 He was my chief comrade in famed Waterloo.
 We fought so victorious, where bullets did fly,
 And in the field of Norvon, your true love does lie,
 We fought for three days to the fourth afternoon;
 He received his death summons on the 18th of June.
 As he was a dying I heard his last cry—
 Were you here, lovely Nancy, content I would die.
 Peace is proclaimed, and the truth I'll declare—
 Here is your love's token, the ring that I wear.
 I stood in amazement, the paler she grew—
 She flew from my arms with her heart full of woe.
 To the green hills I'll wander for the lass that I love!
 Rise up, lovely Nancy, your grief I'll remove.

Oh, Nancy, lovely Nancy, it was I won your heart!
 In your father's garden, that day we did part,
 In your father's garden, within a green shadow tree,
 Where I rolled you in my arms in your mantle so green!
 This couple have got married I heard people say;
 They had nobles to attend them on their wedding day.
 Now peace is proclaimed and the war is all o'er,
 You are welcome to my arms, lovely Nancy, once more!

PEGGY BAWN.

As I gaed o'er the Highland hills
 To a farmer's house I came,
 The night being dark and something wet,
 I ventur'd into the same,
 Where I was kindly treated,
 And a pretty girl I spied,
 Who ask'd me if I had a wife,
 But marriage I denied.
 I courted her the lea-lang eve,
 Till near the dawn of day,
 When frankly she to me did say
 "Alang with thee I'll gae;
 For Ireland is a fine country,
 And the Scots to you are kin,
 So I will gang alang wi' thee,
 My fortune to begin."
 Day being come and breakfast
 To the parlor I was ta'en,
 The gude man kindly ask'd me
 If I'd marry his daughter Jane;
 "Five hundred merks I'll give her,
 Beside a piece of lan',"
 But scarcely had he spoke the word
 Than I thought of Peggy Bawn.
 "Your offer, sir, is very good,
 And I thank you, too," said I;
 "But I cannot be your son-in-law,
 And I'll tell you the reason why;
 My business calleth me in haste;
 I am the king's servant bound,
 And I must gang awa' this day
 Straight to Edingburgh town."
 Oh, Peggy Bawn, thou art my own,
 And thy heart lies in my breast,
 And tho' we at a distance are,
 Yet I love thee still the best;
 Although we at a distance are,
 And the seas between us roar,
 Yet I'll be constant, Peggy Bawn,
 To thee forevermore.

PADDIES EVERMORE.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch as suppliants for our right;
 Let word and deed unshrinking vouch the banded millions' might;
 Let them who scorned the fountain rill now dread the torrent's roar,
 And hear our echoed chorus still, we're Paddies evermore;
 Let them who scorned the fountain rill now dread the torrent's roar,
 And hear our echoed chorus still, we're Paddies evermore.
 What though they menace suffering men their threats and them despise;
 Or promise justice once again we know their words are lies;
 We stand resolved those rights to claim they robbed us of before,
 Our own dear nation and our name, as Paddies, and no more.
 Look round—the Frenchmen governs France, the Spaniard rules in Spain,
 The gallant Pole but waits his chance to break the Russian chain;
 The strife for freedom here begun we never will give o'er,
 Nor own a land on earth but one—we're Paddies and no more.

MILD MABEL KELLY.

As when the softly blushing rose
 Close by some neighb'ring lily grows,
 Such is the glow thy cheeks diffuse,
 And such their bright and blended hues.
 The timid lustre of thine eye
 With nature's purest tints can vie;
 With the sweet bluebell's azure gem,
 That droops upon its modest stem.
 The poets of Ierne's plains
 To thee devote their choicest strains,
 And oft their harps for thee are strung,
 And oft thy matchless charms are sung.
 Since the fam'd fair of ancient days
 Whom bards and worlds conspir'd to praise,
 Not one like thee has since appear'd,
 Like thee, to ev'ry heart endear'd.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

At early dawn I once had been
 Where Lene's blue waters flow,
 When summer hid the groves be green.
 The lamp of light to glow,
 The lamp of light to glow;
 As on by bow'r, and town, and tow'r,
 And widespread fields I stray,
 I meet a maid in the greenwood shade
 At the dawning of the day,
 At the dawning of the day.
 Her feet and beauteous head were bare,
 No mantle fair she wore,
 But down her waist fell golden hair
 That swept the tall grass o'er,
 That swept the tall grass o'er;
 With milking pail she sought the vale,
 And bright her charms display,
 Outshining far the morning star,
 At the dawning of the day,
 At the dawning of the day.
 Beside me sat that maid divine
 Where grassy banks outspread,
 "Oh! let me call thee ever mine,
 Dear maid," I gently said,
 "Dear maid," I gently said;
 A blush o'erspread her lily cheek,
 She rose and sprang away,
 The sun's first light pursued her flight.
 At the dawning of the day,
 At the dawning of the day.

THE FLOWER OF FINÆ.

Bright red is the sun on the waves of Lough Sheelin
 A cool gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing,
 While fair round its islets the small ripples play,
 But fairer than all is the Flow'r of Finæ.
 Her hair is like night and her eyes like grey morning,
 She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning,
 Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May day
 Sweet Eily MacMahon, the Flow'r of Finæ.
 But who down the hillside than the red deer runs fleet?
 And who on the lakeside is hast'ning to greet her?
 Who but Fergus O'Farrel, the fiery and gay,
 The darling and pride of the Flow'r of Finæ.

Lord Clare on the field of Ramilies is charging,
 Before him the Sassanach squadrons enlarging,
 Behind him the Cravats their sections display,
 Behind him rides Fergus and shouts for Finæ.
 In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,
 And by it a pale weeping maiden is praying;
 That flag's the sole trophy of Ramilies fray,
 This nun is poor Eily, the Flow'r of Finæ.

AT THE YELLOW BOREEN.

At the yellow boreen is my heart's secret queen,
 Alone on her soft bed a-sleeping;
 Each tress of her hair than the king's gold more fair,
 The dew from the grass might be sweeping;
 I'm a man of Teige's race who has watched her fair face,
 And away from her ever I'm sighing;
 And, oh, my heart's store, be not griev'd evermore
 That for you a young man should be dying.
 Should my love with me come I will build me a home,
 The finest e'er told of in Erin;
 And 'tis then she would shine and her fame ne'er decline,
 For bounty o'er all the palm bearing;
 For in your bosom bright shines the pure sunny light,
 As in your smooth brow grateful ever;
 And, oh, could I say, "You're my own from this day,"
 Death's contest would frighten me never.

THE RAKES OF MALLOW.

Beauing, belleing, dancing, drinking,
 Breaking windows, swearing, sinking,
 Ever raking, never thinking,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow;
 Spending faster than it comes,
 Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns
 Bacchus' true-begotten sons,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.

One time nought but claret drinking,
 Then like politicians, thinking,
 Raising funds when funds are sinking,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow;
 Living short but merry lives,
 Going where the devil drives,
 Having sweethearts but no wives,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
 Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
 Wishing thus to spend their days in
 Raking as at Mallow;
 Then to end this raking life
 They get sober, take a wife,
 Ever after live in strife,
 And wish again for Mallow.

DOWN BY THE SALLY GARDENS.

Down by the sally gardens my love and I did meet;
 She passed the sally gardens with little snow-white feet;
 She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
 But I was young and foolish, with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand;
 And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
 She bid me take love easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
 But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

THE FAIR HILLS OF HOLY IRELAND.

Beautiful and wide are the green fields of Erin,
 Ullachan dhuv, O!
 With life-giving grain in the corn therein,
 Ullachan dhuv, O!
 And honey in the woods of the mist-wreaths deep,
 And in summer by the paths the bright streams leap;
 At burning noon, rich, sparkling dew the fair flow'rs steep
 On the fair hills of Erin, O!

How clust'ring his ringlets, how lotty his bearing
 Ullachan dhuv, O!
 Each warrior leaving the broad bays of Erin,
 Ullachan dhuv, O!
 Would heaven grant the hope in my bosom swelling,
 I'd seek that land of joy in life's gifts excelling,
 Beyond your rich rewards I'd choose a lonely dwelling,
 On the fair hills of Erin, O!

Gainful and large are the cornstacks of Erin,
 Ullachan dhuv, O!
 Yellow cream and butter abound ever therein,
 Ullachan dhuv, O!
 And sorrel soft and cresses where bright streams stray,
 And speaking cuckoos fill the grove the livelong day,
 The little thrush so noble of sweetest sounding lay,
 On the fair hills of Erin, O!

BEFORE THE SUN ROSE AT YESTER DAWN.

Before the sun rose at yester dawn,
 I met a fair maid a-down the lawn;
 The berry and snow to her cheek gave its glow,
 And her brow was as fair as the sailing swan—
 Then pulse of my heart! what gloom is thine?

Her beautiful voice more hearts hath won,
 Than Orpheus' lyre of old had done;
 Her ripe eyes of blue were crystals of dew,
 On the grass of the lawn before the sun—
 And, pulse of my heart! what gloom is thine?

BRIGHT FAIRIES.

Bright fairies by Glengariff's bay,
 Soft woods that o'er Killarney sway,
 Bold echoes born in Célmanelch,
 Your kinsman's greeting hear!
 He asks you, by old friendship's name
 By all the rights that minstrels claim,
 For Erin's joy and Desmond's fame,
 Be kind to Fanny dear!

Her eyes are darker than Dunloe,
 Her soul is whiter than the snow,
 Her tresses, like Arbutus flow,
 Her step like frightened deer.
 Then, still thy waves, capricious lake,
 And ceaseless, soft winds round her wake,
 Yet never bring a cloud to break
 The smile of Fanny dear!

Old Mangerton! thine eagle's plume,
 Dear Innisfallen! brighter bloom,
 And, Mucruss! whisper thro' the gloom
 Quaint legends to her ear.
 Till strong as ash tree in its pride
 And gay as sunbeam on the tide,
 We welcome back to Liffey's side
 Our brightest Fanny dear!

IRISH WAR-SONG.

Bright sun! before whose glorious ray
 Our pagan fathers bent the knee;
 Whose pillar altars yet can say,
 When time was young our sires were free;
 Who see'st how fallen their offsprings be,
 Our matron's tears, our patriot's gore;
 We swear before high Heav'n and thee
 The Saxon holds us slaves no more!
 The clairseach wild, whose trembling string
 Had long the "song of sorrow" spoke,
 Shall bid the wild Rosg-Cata sing,
 The curse and crime of Saxon yoke.
 And by each heart his bondage broke,
 Each exile's sigh on distant shore,
 Each martyr 'neath the headman's stroke,
 The Saxon holds us slaves no more!
 Send the loud warcry o'er the main;
 Your sunburst to the breezes spread;
 That slogan rends the heav'n in twain,
 The earth reels back beneath your tread.
 Ye Saxon despots, hear, and dread!
 Your march o'er patriots hearts is o'er;
 That shout hath told, that tramp hath said,
 Our country's sons are slaves no more!

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

Fairest, put on awhile these pinnons of light I bring thee,
 And o'er thine own green isle in fancy let me wing thee.
 Never did Ariel's plume at golden sunset hover
 O'er such scenes of bloom as I shall waft thee over.
 Fields where the spring delays and fearlessly meets the ardour
 Of the warm summer's gaze with only her tears to guard her.
 Rocks thro' myrtle boughs in grace majestic frowning,
 Like some bold warrior's brows that Love hath just been crowning.
 Islets so freshly fair that never hath bird come nigh them,
 But from his course through air he hath been won down by them.
 Types, sweet maid, of thee, whose look, whose blush inviting,
 Never did Love yet see, from Heav'n, without allighting.
 Lakes where the pearl lies hid and caves where the gem is sleeping,
 Bright as the tears thy lid lets fall in lonely weeping.
 Glens where ocean comes to 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
 Harbours, worthiest homes, where Freedom's fleet can anchor.
 Then if while scenes so grand, so beautiful, shine before thee,
 Pride for thy own dear land should haply be stealing o'er thee,
 Oh, let grief come first, o'er pride itself victorious,
 Thinking how man hath curst what Heav'n hath made so glorious.

FAR IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Far in the mountains with you, my Eveleen,
 I would be loving and true, my Eveleen;
 Then climb the mountains with me!
 Long have I dwelt by the forest river side,
 Where the bright ripples flash and quiver wide,
 There the fleet hours shall blissful ever glide
 O'er us, sweet Gragal Machree!
 There on my rocky throne, my Eveleen,
 Ever, ever alone, my Eveleen,
 I sit dreaming of thee;
 High on the fern-clad rocks reclining there,
 Though the wild birds their songs are twining fair,
 Then I hear and I see thy shining hair,
 Still, still, sweet Gragal Machree!

Deeply in broad Kilmore, my Eveleen,
 Down by the wild stream's shore, my Eveleen,
 I've made a sweet house for thee;
 Yellow and bright thy long, long flowing hair,
 Flow'rs the fairest are ever blowing there,
 Fairer still with thy clear eyes glowing there,
 Fondly, sweet Gragal Machree!

Then come away, away, my Eveleen,
 We will spend each day, my Eveleen,
 Blissful and loving and free;
 Come to the woods where the streams are pouring blue,
 Which the eagle is ever soaring through;
 I'll grow fonder each day adoring you,
 There, there, sweet Gragal Machree!

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fill the bumper fair! Ev'ry drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care smooths away a wrinkle.
 Wit's electric flame ne'er so swiftly passes
 As when thro' the frame it shoots from brimming glasses;
 Fill the bumper fair! Ev'ry drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say, grasp the lightning's pinions,
 And bring down its ray from the starr'd dominions;
 So we Sages sit and 'mid bumpers bright'ning
 From the heav'n of wit draw down all its lightning;
 Would'st thou know what first made our souls inherit
 This ennobling thirst for wine's celestial spirit?

It chanc'd upon that day when, as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away the living fires that warm us.
 The careless youth when up to glory's fount aspiring
 Took nor urn nor cup to hide the pilfer'd fire in;
 But oh! his joy when round the halls of Heaven spying,
 Among the stars he found a bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in that bowl, remains of last night's pleasure,
 With which the sparks of soul mix'd their burning treasure;
 Hence the goblet's show'r hath such spells to win us,
 Hence its mighty power o'er the flame within us.
 Fill the bumper fair! Ev'ry drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care smooths away a wrinkle.

MY ROSE.

Droop all the flow'rs in my garden, all their fair heads hang low;
 For rose, their fairest companion, ne'er again will they know.
 Bring me no flowers for wearing, take these strange buds away,
 For I cannot now have the fairest, my rose that has died to-day.

What has blighted my blossom? Stricken it down with death,
 Over the walls of my garden what save the world's cold breath?
 Then bring no flowers for wearing, take these strange buds away,
 Since I cannot now have the sweetest, my rose that has died to-day.

THE WOODPECKER.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
 Above the green elms that a cottage was near,
 And I said, "If there's peace to be found in this world,
 A heart that is humble might hope for it there."

CHORUS.—Ev'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
 But a woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

"And here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
 "With a mald that was lovely to soul and to eye,
 Who would blush when I prais'd her and weep if I blam'd,
 How blest I could live and how calm I could die!"
 Ev'ry leaf was at rest, etc.

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
 And to know that I've sighed upon innocent lips,
 Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by any but mine."
 Ev'ry leaf was at rest, etc.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That even in sorrow were sweet.
 Does Time with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear?
 Then child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear!
 Has love to thy soul so tender
 Been like a Lagenian mine,
 Where sparkles of golden splendor
 All over the surface shine?
 But if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.
 Has Hope like the bird in the story,
 That flitted from tree to tree,
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And when, nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away?
 If thus the young hours have fled,
 When sorrow itself look'd bright;
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated
 That led thee along so light,
 If thus the cold world now wither
 Each feeling that once was dear,
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear'

SHANE GLAS?

Have you gaz'd at Shane Glas as he went to the fair,
 How lively his step and how careless his air?
 With his breast full of favors from many a lass;
 Oh! there's not a sweet girl that appears on the green
 But simpers and blushes wherever he's seen;
 They cry, he's the boy, our darling and joy,
 Still ready to sport or to court or to toy—
 Then maids of the mountain, there's for you Shane Glas!
 Without verses no poet can boast of the name;
 Without music no harper the title can claim—
 No lover thro' life without quarrels can pass;
 The gallant whose head is not smash'd for the fair
 Is a boaster unworthy their favors to share.
 Then Shane is the lad that his bruises has had,
 For the girls and drinking have made him half mad,
 Then maids of the mountain, there's for you Shane Glas!
 Have you chanc'd on your way handsome Sally to meet,
 With her gown snowy white and her nice little feet,
 When she's bound to the fair or returning from Mass?
 With her smile so bewitching, her glances so bright,
 And her soft cheeks so temptingly fair to the sight.
 Oh! might I but find the sweet girl to my mind
 In yonder green hollywood gently reclin'd,
 What joy would it bring to the heart of Shane Glas!

HAVE YOU BEEN AT CARRICK?

Have you been at Carrick, and saw you my true love there?
 And saw you her features all beautiful, bright and fair?
 Saw you the most fragrant flow'ring sweet apple tree;
 Oh! saw you my lov'd one—and pines she in grief like me?
 Oh! I've been at Carrick, and saw thy own true love there,
 And saw, too, her features all beautiful, bright and fair;
 And saw the most fragrant flow'ring sweet apple tree;
 Oh! I saw thy lov'd one—she pines not in grief, like thee!
 When seeking to slumber my bosom is rent with sighs,
 I toss on my pillow till morning's blest beams arise;
 No aid, bright beloved! can reach me save God above,
 For a blood lake is form'd of the light of my eyes with love!
 Lo! yonder the maiden, illustrious, queen-like, high,
 With long flowing tresses a-down to her sandal tie—
 Swan, fair as the lily, descended of high degree,
 A myriad of welcomes, dear maid of my heart, to thee!

HE CAME FROM THE NORTH.

He came from the North and his words were few,
 But his voice was kind and his heart was true;
 And I knew by his eyes no guile had he,
 So I married the man of the North Countrie.
 Oh, Garryowen may be more gay
 Than this quiet street of Ballibay;
 And I know the sun shines softly down
 On the river that passes my native town.
 But there's not—I say it with joy and pride—
 Better man than mine in Munster wide;
 And Limerick Town has no happier hearth
 Than mine has been with my man of the North.
 I wish that in Munster they only knew
 The kind, kind neighbors I came unto;
 Small hate or scorn would ever be
 Between the South and the North Countrie.

HUSH, BABY MINE.

Hush, baby mine, and weep no more,
 Each gem thy regal fathers wore
 When Erin, Emerald Isle, was free,
 Thy poet sire bequeaths to thee!

CHORUS.—Hush! baby dear, and weep no more;
 Hush, baby mine, my treasur'd store;
 My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,
 Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan!
 The steed of golden housings rare,
 Bestrode by glorious Faivey Fair,
 The chief who at the Boyne did shroud
 In bloody wave the sea kings proud—
 Hush! baby dear, etc.

Brian's golden-hilted sword of light,
 That flash'd despair on foeman's sight;
 And Murcha's fierce, far-shooting bow
 That at Clontarf laid heroes low.
 Hush! baby dear, etc.

And dainty rich and beoir I'll bring,
 And raiment meet for chief and king;
 But gift and song shall yield to joy—
 Thy mother comes to greet her boy!
 Hush! baby dear, etc.

HER HAIR WAS LIKE THE BEATEN GOLD.

Her hair was like the beaten gold, or like the spider spinning;
 It was in her you might behold my joys and woes beginning.
 Her eyes were like the diamond bright, her form was like the fairy,
 That flits across the woods at night, and such was gentle Mary.
 The dewy azure of her eyes was like a sunbeam glancing;
 It thrill'd my soul with tender love to see her smile entrancing.
 Alas! inconstant as the breeze that kisses ev'ry, ev'ry flower,
 She frowned on me, and now I dare not e'en approach her bower.

Flee, flee up, my bonny grey cock
 And crawl when it is day;
 Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
 And your wings of the silver grey.

LAMENT FOR IRELAND.

How dimm'd is the glory that circled the Gael,
 And fallen the high people of green Innisfail!
 The sword of the Saxon is red with their gore,
 And the mighty of nations is mighty no more!
 Oh! where is the beauty that beam'd on thy brow?
 Strong hand in the battle, how weak art thou now!
 That heart is now broken that never would quail,
 And thy songs are now turn'd into weeping and wail.
 We know not our country, so strange is her face;
 Her sons, once her glory, are now in disgrace;
 Gone, gone is the beauty of fair Innisfail,
 For the stranger now rules in the land of the Gael.

DRAHERIN O MACHREE.

I grieve when I think on the dear happy days of youth,
 When all the bright dreams of this faithless world seem'd truth;
 When I stray'd through the woodland, as gay as a midsummer bee,
 In brotherly love with my Draherin O Machree!

Together we lay in the sweet-scented meadows to rest,
 Together we watched the gay lark as he sung o'er his nest,
 Together we pluck'd the red fruit of the fragrant haw-tree,
 And I lov'd as a sweetheart my Draherin O Machree!

Oh! sweet were his words as the honey that falls in the night,
 And his young smiling face like the May-bloom was fresh and as bright;
 His eyes were like dew on the flow'r of the sweet apple tree;
 My heart's spring and summer was Draherin O Machree!

He went to the wars when proud England united with France;
 His regiment was first in the red battle charge to advance;
 But when night drew its veil o'er the gory and life-wasting fray,
 Pale, bleeding and cold lay my Draherin O Machree!

Now I'm left to weep like the sorrowful bird of the night,
 This earth and its pleasures no more shall afford me delight;
 The dark narrow grave is the only sad refuge for me,
 Since I lost my heart's darling—my Draherin O Machree!

MY LOVE SHE WAS BORN.

My love she was born in the north countrie
 Where hills and lofty mountains rise up from the sea;
 She's the fairest young maiden that e'er I did see,
 She exceeds all the maidens in the north countrie.

My love is as sweet as the cinnamon tree;
 She clings to me close as the bark to the tree;
 But the leaves they will wither, the roots will decay,
 And fair maidens' beauty will soon fade away.

I LOVE MY LOVE.

I love my love in the morning,
 For she, like morn, is fair,
 Her blushing cheek, its crimson streak,
 Its clouds, her golden hair;
 Her glance, its beam, so soft and kind,
 Her tears, its dewy show'rs,
 And her voice, the tender, whisp'ring wind
 That stirs the early bow'rs.

I love my love in the morning,
 I love my love at noon;
 For she is bright as the lord of night,
 Yet mild as autumn's moon;
 Her beauty is my bosom's sun,
 Her faith my fost'ring shade,
 And I will love my darling one
 Till ev'n the sun shall fade.

I love my love in the morning,
 I love my love at ev'n;
 Her smile's soft play is like the ray
 That lights the western Heav'n;
 I lov'd her when the sun was high,
 I loved her when he rose,
 But best of all when ev'ning's sigh
 Was murm'ring at its close.

IN A VALLEY FAR AWAY.

In a valley, far away,
 With my Máire bhán a stóir,
 Short would be the summer day,
 Ever loving evermore.
 Winter days would all grow long,
 With the light her heart would pour,
 With her kisses and her song,
 And her loving maith go leór.

CHORUS.—Fond is Máire bhán a stóir,
 Fair is Máire bhán a stóir,
 Sweet as ripple on the shore,
 Sings my Máire bhán a stóir.

Oh! her sire is very proud,
 And her mother cold as stone,
 But her brother bravely vow'd
 She should be my bride alone;
 For he knew I lov'd her well,
 And he knew she lov'd me too,
 So he sought their pride to quell,
 But 'twas all in vain to sue.

True is Máire bhán a stóir,
 Tried is Máire bhán a stóir,
 Had I wings I'd never soar
 From my Máire bhán a stóir.

There are lands where manly toil
 Surely reaps the crop it sows,
 Glorious woods and teeming soil,
 Where the broad Missouri flows.
 Thro' the trees the smoke shall rise
 From our hearth with maith go leór,
 There shall shine the happy eyes
 Of my Máire bhán a stóir.

Mild is Máire bhán a stóir,
 Mine is Máire bhán a stóir,
 Saints will watch about the door
 Of my Máire bhán a stóir.

I LOVE TO WANDER.

I love to wander when the day is o'er,
 And hear the waves that break upon the shore,
 Their heaving breasts reflect each starry ray,
 And seem to speak of years long past away.
 In dreamy thought my early friends appear,
 And all I lov'd on earth again are near,
 As oft with me they watch'd the billows foam,
 That roll'd so wildly round our island home.
 I see their smile as oft it beam'd before,
 I hear their voice amid the ocean's roar;
 And half forget while gazing on the waves
 That all I lov'd are sleeping in their graves.

I ONCE LOVED A BOY.

I once lov'd a boy, and a bonny, bonny boy,
 Who'd come and go at my request;
 I lov'd him so well, and so very, very well,
 That I built him a bower in my breast,
 That I built him a bower in my breast.
 I once lov'd a boy, and a bonny, bonny boy,
 And a boy that I thought was my own;
 But he loves another girl better than me,
 And has taken his flight and is gone, and is gone,
 And has taken his flight, and is gone.
 The girl that has taken my own bonny boy,
 Let her make of him all that she can;
 For whether he loves me, or loves me not,
 I'll walk with my love now and then, now and then,
 I'll walk with my love now and then.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

I've come unto my house again and find myself alone—
 The friends I left in quiet there are perish'd all and gone—
 My father's house is tenantless, my early love lies low—
 But one remains of all that made my youthful spirit glow.
 My love lies in the blushing west, drest in a robe of green—
 And pleasant waters sing to her and know her for their queen.
 The wild winds fan her face that o'er the distant billows come—
 She is my last remaining love, my own, my island home!
 And when I lift my voice and sing unto thy silent shades—
 And echo wakens merrily in all thy drowsy shades,
 There's not a rill, a vale, a hill, a wild wood, or still grove,
 But gives again the bursting strain and yields me love for love.
 Oh! I have seen the maiden of my bosom pine and die—
 And I have seen my bosom friend look on me doubtingly,
 And long, oh, long, have all my young affections found a tomb—
 Yet thou art all in all to me, my own, my island home.

I'LL NOT REVEAL.

I'll not reveal my true love's name,
 Betimes 'twill swell the voice of fame;
 But, oh! may heav'n, my grief to quell,
 Restore the hero safe and well,
 But, oh! may heav'n, my grief to quell,
 Restore the hero safe and well.

CHORUS.—My hero brave, ma ghille m'fhear,
 My kindred love, ma ghile m'fhear;
 What wringing woes my bosom knows
 Since cross'd the sea ma ghile m'fhear;
 What wringing woes by bosom knows,
 Since cross'd the sea ma ghile m'fhear.

His glancing eye I may compare
 To diamond dew on rosebuds rare;
 And love and valour brighten o'er
 The features of my bosom's store,
 And love and valour brighten o'er
 The features of my bosom's store.

My hero brave, etc.

No cuckoo's note by fell or flood,
 No hunter's cry thro' hazelwood,
 Nor mist-wrapt valley yields me joy,
 Since cross'd the seas my royal boy,
 Nor mist-wrapt valley yields me joy,
 Since cross'd the seas my royal boy.

My hero brave, etc.

Wake wake the wild harp's wildest sound,
 Send sparkling flagons flowing round,
 Fill high the wine-cup's tide of joy—
 This health to thee, my royal boy,
 Fill high the wine-cup's tide of joy,—
 This health to thee, my royal boy.

IRISH LULLABY.

I'll put you myself, my baby! to slumber,
 Not all is done by the clownish number—
 A yellow blanket and coarse sheet bringing,
 But in golden cradle that's softly swinging.

CHORUS.—To and fro, lulla lo,

To and fro, my bonnie baby!

To and fro, lulla lo,

To and fro, my own sweet baby!

I'll put you myself, my baby! to slumber,
 On sunniest days of the pleasant summer;
 Your golden cradle on smooth lawn laying,
 'Neath murmuring boughs, that the winds are swaying.

To and fro, etc.

Slumber, my babe! may the sweet sleep woo you,
 And from your slumbers may health come to you!
 May all diseases now flee and fear you;
 May sickness and sorrow never come near you!

To and fro, etc.

Slumber, my babe, may the sweet sleep woo you,
 And from your slumbers may health come to you!
 May bright dreams come, and come no other,
 And I be never a childless mother.

To and fro, etc.

THE DARK FAIRY RATH.

Long, long have I wander'd in search of my love,
 O'er moorland and mountain, thro' greenwood and grove,
 From the banks of the Maig unto Finglas's flood,
 I have ne'er seen the peer of this Child of the Wood.

One bright summer evening alone on my path,
 My steps led me on to the Dark Fairy's Rath;
 And seated a-near it, my fair one I found,
 With her long golden locks trailing down to the ground.

And I said to myself, as I thought on her charms,
 "Oh, how fondly I'd lock this young lass in my arms;
 How I'd love her deep eyes, full of radiance and mirth,
 Like new risen stars that shine down upon earth."

Then I twin'd round her waist my arms as a zone,
 As I fondly embraced her to make her my own;
 But when I glanc'd up, behold! nought could I see,
 She had fled from my sight like the bird from the tree!

IT CHANCED WHEN I WAS WALKING.

It chanc'd when I was walking down by the river-side,
 Amid the scented bushes, an Irish girl I spied;
 Her cheeks were bright and rosy, and yellow was her hair,
 And graceful was the green robe my Irish girl did wear.
 And when I gently ask'd her if she would go with me,
 She laughingly responded, "Good sir, but I'm not free;
 For Dennis is my husband, and tho' he's aged and old,
 I will not lose my good name for all your love and gold."
 Oh, were my love a rosebud, and in the garden grew,
 And I the happy gard'ner, to her I would be true.
 There's not a month throughout the year, but I'd my love renew,
 With lilies I would garnish her,—Sweet William, thyme, and rue.

TOP O' THE MORNIN'.

Th' anam au Dhia! but there it is,
 The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
 God's angels lifting the night's black veil
 From the fair, sweet face of my sireland;
 Oh, Ireland, isn't it grand you look,
 Like a bride in her rich adornin',
 And with all the pent-up love of my heart,
 I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

This one short hour pays lavishly back
 For many a year of mourning;
 I'd almost venture another flight,
 There's so much joy in returning—
 Watching out for the hallowed shore
 All other attractions scornin';
 Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me shout?
 I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows—
 Was ever a scene so splendid?
 I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
 Thank God that my exile's ended.
 Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
 The vale and cot I was born in!
 Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts,
 I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
 And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near!
 The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
 It can twine with itself and make closely its own.

CHORUS.—Then oh, what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doom'd to find something still that is dear;
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest if the rose is not there,
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
 They are both of them bright, but they're changeable, too;
 And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike
 It will tincture love's plume with a different hue.
 Then oh, what pleasure, etc.

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

Lay his sword by his side,—it hath serv'd him too well not to rest near
his pillow below;
To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell, its point still was
turn'd to a flying foe.
Fellow lab'ers in life, let them slumber in death side by side, as becomes
the reposing brave;
The sword which he loved, still unbroke in his sheath, and himself
unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause, for in fancy a still voice I hear, as if breath'd from his brave
heart's remains;

Faint echo of that which in Slavery's ear, once sounded the war-word,
"Burst your chains."

And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies, "Tho' the day of your
chieftain for ever hath set,

Oh! leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep, it hath victory's life in
it yet!"

"Should some alien unworthy such weapon to wield, dare to touch thee,
my own gallant sword,

Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd, or return'd to the grave
of thy chainless lord.

But if grasp'd by a hand that hath known the bright use of a falchion
like thee, on the battle plain,—

Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose, leap forth from thy
dark sheath again."

MY COUNTRYMEN, AWAKE!

My countrymen awake! arise! our work begins anew;
Your mingled voices rend the skies, your hearts are firm and true,
You've bravely marched, and nobly met, our little green isle through;
But, oh! my friends, there's something yet for Irishmen to do!

As long as Erin hears the chink of base ignoble chains,—

As long as one detested link of foreign rule remains,—

As long as of our rightful debt one smallest fraction's due,

So long, my friends, there's something yet for Irishmen to do!

Too long we've borne the servile yoke,—too long the slavish chain,—

Too long in feeble accents spoke, and ever spoke in vain;—

Our wealth has filled the spoiler's net, and gorg'd the Saxon crew;

But oh! my friends, we'll teach them yet what Irishmen can do!

There's not a man of all our land our country now can spare;

The strong man with his sinewy hand, the weak man with his pray'r!

No whining tone of mere regret, young Irish bards, for you;

But let your songs teach Ireland yet what Irishmen should do!

FAIRY HAUNTS.

My home's on the mountain, my dance by the fountain,

The music I dote on is sung by the rill,

The gambols I squander are by the well yonder,

Where leans the grey oak at the foot of the hill.

Of the flow'rs of the willow I weave my light pillow,

My slumbers are wing'd, and fleeting, and blest,

And sunlight adorning the bow'rs of young morning,

I wing my way back to the hills I love best.

I love to rove only at midnight when lonely,

And play with the moon in the old Abbey wall,

The olden days seeming, methinks, the harp's dreaming,

Its long faded dirges in bow'r and in hall.

Where youth's grave lies wrinkled, with snow garland sprinkled,

I love to still linger till twilight appears,

Wherever woe weepeth, or fair virtue sleepeth,

They belong not to night, they're my own dewy tears.

MY GENTLE HARP.

My gentle harp! once more I waken
 The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain;
 In tears our last farewell was taken,
 And now in tears we meet again.
 No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
 But like those harps whose heav'nly skill
 Of slav'ry dark as thine hath spoken,
 Thou hangst upon the willows still.

And yet since last thy chord resounded
 An hour of praise and triumph came,
 And many an ardent bosom bounded
 With hopes that now are turn'd to shame.
 Yet even then, while peace was singing
 Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
 Tho' joy and hope to others bringling,
 She only brought new tears to thee.

But come,—if yet thy frame can borrow
 One breath of joy, oh breathe for me,
 And show the world in chains and sorrow,
 How sweet thy music still can be.
 How gally ev'n, 'mid gloom surrounding,
 Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill,
 Like Memnon's broken image sounding
 Mid desolation tuneful still.

MY LOVE'S THE FAIREST CREATURE.

My love's the fairest creature,
 And round her flutters many a charm,
 Her starry eyes, blue beaming,
 Can e'en the coldest bosom warm.
 Her lips is like a cherry,
 Ripely suing to be cull'd,
 Her cheek is like a May rose,
 In dewy freshness newly pull'd.

Her sigh is like the sweet gale
 That dies upon the violet's breast,
 Her hair is like the dark mist
 On which the evening sunbeams rest;
 Her smile is like the false light,
 Which lures the traveler by its beam;
 Her voice is like a soft strain
 Which steals its soul from passion's dream.

O, WEARILY, WEARILY.

Oh, wearily, wearily lags the day,
 When the one we love is far away;
 The sun has set, and the daylight is gone,
 And I am here, and here alone.
 The sun has set and the daylight is gone,
 And I am here, and here alone,
 Oh, ulla gone,
 Oh, ulla gone.

I am winding my thread on this willow wand,
 But ever it breaks in my trembling hand;
 Away to-morrow the task will be o'er,
 To-night, alas! I can wind no more.
 Away to-morrow the task will be o'er,
 To-night, alas! I can wind no more.
 Oh, ulla gone,
 Oh, ulla gone,

NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR.

Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
 One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
 Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
 Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet,
 Ne'er hath a beam
 Been lost in the stream
 That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
 The balm of thy sighs,
 The spell of thine eyes,
 Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl;
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me;
 Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee!
 They tell us that Love, in his fairy bower
 Had two blush roses of birth divine;
 He sprinkles the one with a rainbow's shower
 But bathed the other with mantling wine.
 Soon did the buds
 That drank of the floods
 Distilled by the rainbow decline and fade;
 While those which the tide
 Of ruby had dyed
 All blush'd into beauty, like the sweet maid;
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

MY OWN.

By the strange beating of my heart,
 Finding no place for all its joy—
 By those soft tears that wet my cheek,
 Like dew from Summer sky—
 By this wild rush through every vein—
 This chok'd and trembling tone,
 Surcharg'd with bliss it cannot tell—
 I feel thou art my own.
 And yet it cannot all be true,
 I've dream'd a thousand wilder dreams;
 But this is brighter, wilder far,
 Than even the wildest seems.
 I've dream'd of wonders, spirit-climes,
 Of glories and of blisses won;
 But ne'er before did vision come,
 To say thou wert my own!
 My own! my own! thus gazing on,
 My life-breath seems to ebb away;
 And o'er and o'er, and still again,
 The same dear words I say!
 I know—I know it must be true,
 And here, with Heaven and Love alone,
 I hold thee next my heart of hearts,
 For thou art all my own!

CUSHLA-MO-CHREE.

By the green banks of Shannon I wooed thee, dear Mary,
 When the sweet birds were singing in summer's gay pride,
 From those green banks I turn now, heart-broken and dreary,
 As the sun sets to weep o'er the grave of my bride.
 Idly the sweet birds around me are singing;
 Summer, like winter, is cheerless to me;
 I heed not if snow falls, or flow'rets are springing,
 For my heart's-light is darkened—my Cushla-mo-chree!

O! bright shone the morning when first as my bride, love,
 Thy foot, like a sunbeam, my threshold cross'd o'er,
 And blest on our hearth fell that soft eventide, love,
 When first on my bosom thy heart lay, asthore!
 Restlessly now, on my lone pillow turning,
 Wear the night-watches, still thinking on thee;
 And darker than night, breaks the light of the morning,
 For my aching eyes find thee not, Cushla-mo-chree!
 O, my loved one! my lost one! say, why didst thou leave me
 To linger on earth with my heart in the grave!
 O! would thy cold arms, love, might ope to receive me
 To my rest 'neath the dark boughs that over thee wave.
 Still from our once happy dwelling I roam, love,
 Evermore seeking, my own bride, for thee;
 Ah, Mary! wherever thou art is my home, love,
 And I'll soon lie beside thee, my Cushla-mo-chree!

OH! PROUD WERE THE CHIEFTAINS.

Oh, proud were the chieftains of green Innisfail,
 As throoa gon ira na vara!
 The stars of our sky, and the salt of our soil,
 As throoa gon ira na vara!
 Their hearts were as soft as a child in the lap,
 Yet they were "the men in the gap"—
 And now that the cold clay their limbs doth enwrap—
 As throoa gon ira na vara!
 'Gainst England long battling, at length they went down;
 As throoa gon ira na vara!
 But they left their deep tracks on the road of renown,
 As throoa gon ira na vara!
 We are heirs of their fame, if we're not of their race—
 And deadly and deep our disgrace,
 If we live o'er their sepulchres, abject and base;—
 As throoa gon ira na vara!
 How fair were the maidens of fair Innisfail!
 As throoa gon ira na vara!
 As fresh and as free as the sea-breeze from soil;
 As throoa gon ira na vara!
 Oh! are not our maidens as fair and as pure?
 Can our music no longer allure?
 And can we but sob, as such wrongs we endure?
 As throoa gon ira na vara!
 Their famous, their holy, their dear Innisfail,
 As throoa gon ira na vara!
 Shall it still be a prey for the stranger to spoil?
 As throoa gon ira na vara!
 Sure, brave men would labour by night and by day
 To banish that stranger away;
 Or, dying for Ireland, the future would say,
 As throoa gon ira na vara!

ROISIN DUBH.

Oh! my sweet little rose, cease to pine for the past,
 For the friends that come eastward shall see thee at last;
 They bring blessings, they bring favours which the past never knew,
 To pour forth in gladness on my Roisin Dubh.
 There's no flower that e'er bloom'd can my rose excel,
 There's no tongue that e'er mov'd half my love can tell;
 Had I strength, had I skill the wide world to subdue,
 Oh! the queen of that wide world should be Roisin Dubh.
 The mountains, high and misty, tho' the moors must go,
 The rivers run backward, and the lakes overflow;
 And the wild waves of old ocean wear a crimson hue,
 E'er the world sees the ruin of my Roisin Dubh.

OH! AMBER-HAIR'D NORA.

Oh! amber-hair'd Nora,
 That thy fair head could rest
 On the arm that would shelter
 Or circle thy breast:
 Thou hast stol'n all my brain, love,
 And then left me lone—
 Tho' I'd cross o'er the main, love
 To call thee my own.
 My fair one is dwelling
 By Moy's lovely vale,
 Her rich locks of amber
 Have left my cheek pale;
 May the king of the Sabbath
 Yet grant me to see
 My herds in the green lanes
 Of fair Bailleath Buidhe!

OH! LOVE IS A HUNTER BOY.

Oh! Love is a hunter boy
 Who makes young hearts his prey;
 And in his nets of joy
 Ensnares them night and day.
 In vain conceal'd they lie,
 Love tracks them ev'rywhere;
 In vain aloft they fly,—
 Love shoots them flying there.
 But 'tis his joy most sweet,
 At early dawn to trace
 The print of Beauty's feet
 And give the trembler chase.
 And if, thro' virgin snow,
 She tracks her footsteps fair,
 How sweet for love to know
 None went before him there.

MARY OF LIMERICK TOWN.

One morning in July alone as I strayed
 By the banks of the Shannon, I met a fair maid;
 Her cheeks were like roses, her hair a dark brown;
 She is beautiful Mary of sweet Lim'rick town.

As she tripp'd o'er the meadows so green and so gay,
 She far outshone Flora, the goddess of May.
 I told her I'd freely resign a king's crown
 To be lov'd by fair Mary of sweet Lim'rick town.

"Forbear, sir," she said, "for your suit is in vain,
 For the lad that I love is cross'd over the main.
 In London he married a maid of renown,
 Therefore I will live single in sweet Lim'rick town."

Then finding the maiden so loyal and true,
 I said, "Sweetheart Mary, I've returned to you.
 These seven lone years, love, I've rav'd up and down,
 But my heart was still with you in sweet Lim'rick town."

Then she flew in my arms—with joy and surprise,
 And on me she gaz'd with her bright sparkling eyes,
 By the banks of the Shannon together we sat down,
 On a bank of primroses by sweet Lim'rick town.

Soon after, with great joy, together we went,
 And married we were, with her parents' consent;
 We have great stores of riches our pleasures to crown,
 And now live in splendor in sweet Lim'rick town.

FOR IRELAND I'D NOT TELL.

One eye as I happen'd to stray
 On the banks that are bordering mine,
 A maiden came full in my way,
 Who left me in anguish to pine,
 The slave of the charms and the mein,
 And the silver-ton'd voice of the dame;
 To meet her I sped o'er the green,
 Yet for Ireland I'd not tell her name!
 A maiden young, tender, refin'd,
 On the lands that are bordering mine,
 Hath virtues and graces of mind,
 And features surpassingly fine.
 Blent amber and yellow compose
 The ringleted hair of the dame,
 Her cheek hath the bloom of the rose,
 Yet for Ireland I'd not tell her name!

ONE NIGHT IN MY YOUTH.

One night in my youth as I rov'd with my merry pipe,
 List'ning the echoes that rang to the tune,
 I met Kitty More with her two lips so cherry ripe;
 "Phelim," says she, "give us Ellen Aroon."
 "Dear Kitty," says I, "thou'rt so charmingly free;
 Now, if thou wilt deign thy sweet voice to the measure,
 'Twill make all the echoes run giddy with pleasure,
 For none in fair Erin can sing it like thee!"
 My chanter I plied with my heart beating gaily,
 I pip'd up the strain while so sweetly she sung,
 The soft melting melody fill'd all the valley,
 The green woods around us in harmony rung.
 Methought that she verily charm'd up the moon!
 Now, still as I wander in village or city,
 When good people call for some favorite ditty,
 I give them sweet Kitty and Ellen Aroon.

HUNTING SONGS.

The first day of spring in the year Ninety-three,
 The first recreation was in this country;
 The King's county gentlemen o'er hills, dales and rocks,
 They rode out so jovially in search of a fox.

CHORUS.—Tally-ho, hark away! Tally-ho! hark away!

Tally-ho, hark away, my boys, away, hark away!

When Reynard was started he faced Tullamore,
 And Arklow and Wicklow along the seashore,
 We kept his brush in view ev'ry yard of the way,
 And he straight took his course through the street of Roscrea.
 Tally-ho, hark away, etc.

But Reynard, sly Reynard, lay hid there that night,
 And they swore they would watch him until the daylight;
 So early next morning the woods did resound
 With the echo of horns and the sweet cry of hounds.

Tally-ho, hark away, etc.

When Reynard was taken his wishes to fulfil
 He called for ink and paper and pen to write his will;
 And what he made mention of they found it no blank,
 For he gave them a cheque on the national bank.

Tally-ho, hark away, etc.

"To you, Mister Casey, I give my whole estate,
 And to you, young O'Brien, my money and my plate;
 I give to you, Sir Francis, my whip, spurs and cap,
 For you cross'd walls and ditches and ne'er looked for a gap!"
 Tally-ho, hark away, etc.

ONE SUNDAY AFTER MASS.

One Sunday after mass,
 As Dermot and his lass
 Thro' the greenwood did pass,
 All alone, and all alone,
 All alone, and all alone.
 He asked her for a póg,
 But she call'd him a rogue,
 And she beat him with her brogue,
 Och hone, and och hone!
 Och hone, and och hone!

Said he, "My dear joy,
 Why will you be so coy?
 Let us play, let us toy,
 All alone, and all alone,
 All alone, and all alone."
 "Now Dermot, dear, be good,
 You know you really should,
 You must not be so rude,
 Och hone, and och hone!
 Och hone, and och hone!

He bribed her with nuts,
 He bribed her with sloes,
 Till Katie smiling rose,
 Och hone, and och hone,
 Och hone, and och hone.
 And now he sees her wish,
 Not thinking it amiss,
 Her cherry lips does kiss,
 Och hone, and och hone!
 Och hone, and och hone!

ANNIE DEAR.

Our mountain brooks were rushing, Annie dear,
 The autumn eve was flushing, Annie dear,
 But brighter was your blushing,
 When first your murmurs hushing,
 I told my love outgushing, Annie dear.
 Ah! but our hopes were splendd, Annie dear,
 How sadly they have ended, Annie dear,
 The ring betwixt us broken,
 When vows of love were spoken,
 Of your heart was a token, Annie dear.
 For once when home returning, Annie dear,
 I found our cottage burning, Annie dear,
 Around it were the yeomen,
 Of ev'ry ill and omen,
 The country's bitter foemen, Annie dear.
 But why arose a morrow, Annie dear,
 Upon that night of sorrow, Annie dear,
 Far better by thee lying,
 Their bayonets defying,
 Than live in exile sighing, Annie dear.

THE EARTH IS FAIR AROUND US.

The earth is fair around us, the sun is bright above,
 But more glorious is our happiness, more glowing is our love.
 Your eyes—your eyes so tender, look fondly into mine,
 And they clasp me like a blessing, those darling hands of thine.
 Are you glad to be so near me? For your smile is very bright,
 And a smile is sometimes coming, as of newly found delight.
 And I felt your light hand trembling tho' so fearless is my own:
 Are you glad to be so near me? Would you grieve if I were gone?

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.

Silence is in our festal halls,
 Oh! son of song, thy course is o'er,
 In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
 Her minstrel's voice responds no more;
 All silent as th' Eolian shell
 Doth sleep at close, at close of some bright day,
 When the sweet breeze that wak'd its awell,
 At sunny morn hath died away.

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,
 Or if thy bard have shar'd the crown,
 From thee the borrowed glory came,
 And at thy feet is now laid down.
 Enough if Freedom still inspire
 His latest song, and still there be,
 As evening closes round his lyre,
 One ray upon its chords from thee.

THE FAIRIES ARE DANCING.

The fairies are dancing by brake and by bow'r,
 By brake and by bow'r, by brake and by bow'r,
 The fairies are dancing by brake and by bow'r,
 For this in their land is the merriest hour.
 Their steps are so soft and their robes are so bright,
 Their robes are so bright, their robes are so bright,
 Their steps are so soft and their robes are so bright,
 As they trip it at ease in the clear moonlight.

Their queen is in youth and in beauty there,
 In beauty there, in beauty there,
 Their queen is in youth and in beauty there,
 The daughters of earth are not half so fair.
 Her glance is so quick and her eyes are so bright,
 Her eyes so bright, her eyes so bright,
 Her glance is so quick and her eyes are so bright,
 But they glitter with wild and unearthly light.

She'll meet thee at dark like a lady fair,
 A lady fair, a lady fair,
 She'll meet thee at dark like a lady fair,
 But go not, for danger awaits thee there!
 She'll take thee to ramble by grove and by glen,
 By grove and by glen, by grove and by glen,
 She'll take thee to ramble by grove and by glen,
 And the friends of thy youth will ne'er know thee again!

THERE'S A COLLEEN FAIR AS MAY.

There's a colleen fair as May for a year and for a day
 I have sought by ev'ry way her heart to gain.
 There's no art of tongue or eye fond youths with maidens try
 But I've tried with ceaseless sigh, yet tried in vain.
 If to France or far-off Spain she'd cross the wat'ry main,
 To see her face again the seas I'd brave;
 And if 'tis heav'n's decree that mine she may not be,
 May the Son of Mary me in mercy save.
 O thou blooming milk-white dove whom I've giv'n true love,
 Do not ever reprove my constancy.
 There are maidens would be mine, with wealth in land and kine,
 If my heart would but incline to turn from thee.
 But a kiss with welcome bland and touch of thy fair hand
 Are all that I demand—would'st thou not spurn?
 For if not mine, dear girl, oh, snowy-breasted Pearl,
 May I never from the Fair—with life return.

LAY OF THE DYING BARD.

The day went down, and the sun's last ray
 Had passed where the dying harper lay,
 His snow-white locks in the breeze did play
 As it swept thro' the aisles of Kincora.
 "Awake, my harp!" he faintly cried,
 From his eyes then flashed a gleam of pride
 As he looked back on days of the regal might
 When the chieftain bold and the warrior knight
 And beauty in jewels and rings shone bright,
 As they glanc'd thro' the halls of Kincora.
 He strikes the chords from the silver strings,
 A low and tuneless prelude rings;
 Ah! vain the time-worn minstrel sings
 A lament for the days of Kincora.
 His broken murmurs melt in the air,
 Tho' his voice was gone yet his soul was there
 And he wept for the towers and the walls laid low,
 For the halls where no more the goblets flow,
 Where joy ran high and soft cheeks did glow
 To his strains in the days of Kincora.
 "Where are ye now, ye princes all!
 Who led the dance in the festive hall?
 Ierne's burning tears will fall
 As she dreams o'er the days of Kincora.
 On Shannon's banks the wild winds mourn
 For glories, alas! that no more return;
 Thro' the moldering aisles dark shades appear,
 The spirits of former guests are here;
 Grim heroes have stol'n from their tombless bier
 To sigh o'er the days of Kincora."
 The minstrel rose and brush'd away
 The dew's of woe on his lids that lay,
 He stood on the height o'er the waves whose spray
 Once lash'd the proud halls of Kincora.
 One strain of joy he wildly sung,
 In the ocean stream his harp he flung,
 Then sinking down by the rushing tide,
 His lips grew pale and his eyes' dark pride
 Wax'd glassy and dim thro' the gloom, and died
 With a smile, the last bard of Kincora.

THO' DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
 And smile through our tears like a sunbeam in show'rs;
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
 More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours!
 But just when the chain has ceased to pain,
 And hope has enwreath'd it round with flow'rs,
 There comes a new link our spirits to sink!—
 Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness too brilliant to stay;
 But tho' 'twere the last little spark in our souls
 We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
 Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
 The tribute most high to a head that is royal
 Is love from a heart that loves liberty, too.
 While cowards who blight your fame, your right,
 Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
 The standard of green in front would be seen!—
 Oh! my life on your faith, were you summon'd this minute,
 You'd cast ev'ry bitter remembrance away,
 And show what the arm of old Erin has in it
 When roused by the foe on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
 In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget;
 And hope shall be crown'd and attachment rewarded,
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
 The gem may be broke by many a stroke,
 But nothing can cloud its native array,
 Each fragment will cast a light to the last!—
 And thus Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay,
 A spirit which beams thro' each suffering part,
 And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

There are sounds of mirth in the night air ringing,
 And lamps from ev'ry casement shown,
 While voices blithe within are singing,
 That seem to say "Come!" in ev'ry strain.
 Ah! once how light in life's young season
 My heart had bounded at that sweet lay;
 Nor paused to ask of grey-beard Reason
 If I should the siren call obey.

And see the lamps still liveller glitter;
 The siren lips more fondly sound;
 No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
 To sink in your rosy bondage bound.
 Shall a bard whom not the world in arms
 Could bend to tyranny's rude control,
 Thus quail at sight of woman's charms,
 And yield to a smile his free-born soul?

Thus sung the sage while slyly stealing
 The nymphs their fetters around him cast,
 And their laughing eyes the while concealing,
 Led Freedom's bard their slave at last.
 For the poet's heart, still prone to loving,
 Was like that rock of the Druid's race,
 Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
 But all earth's pow'r couldn't cast from its base.

THIS ROCK THAT OVERHANGS THE FOAM.

This rock that overhangs the foam
 Which billowy boils below,
 My childhood blest this barren home
 Ere tears had learn'd to flow.
 Oh! tearless I dwell on this wild steep,
 O'er looking that vast sea,
 And think the tears of all who weep
 Can bring no tears for me.

Then blest is the sleep, the happy sleep
 For those whose pangs are o'er,
 Whose streaming eyes no more may weep,
 Where tyrants scourge no more.
 My fathers sleep, their sorrows past,
 While I alone remain,
 Like the last cold link that breaks at last
 Of Sorrow's iron chain.

The wild wolf hath a mountain home,
 For me alas! remains
 No smile beyond the dreary foam,
 And here but tears and chains.
 Like the rosy wreath which sunset links,
 At ev'ning o'er the sea,
 Thus when my parting spirit sinks,
 Then hope may smile for me.

CORMAC OGE.

The pigeons coo, the spring's approaching now,
The bloom is bursting on the leafy bough;
The cresses green o'er streams are clust'ring low,
And honey hives with sweets abundant flow.

Rich are the fruits the haz'y woods display,
A slender virgin, virtuous, fair and gay,
With steeds and sheep, of kine a many score,
By trout-stored Lee whose banks we'll see no more.

The little birds pour music's sweetest notes,
The calves for milk distend their bleating throats;
Above the weirs the silver salmon leap,
While Cormac Oge and I all lonely weep.

THE SILENT BIRD IS HID.

The silent bird is hid in the boughs, a scythe is hid in the corn,
The lazy oxen wink and drowse, the grateful sheep are shorn;
Redder and redder burns the rose, the lily was ne'er so pale,
Still and stiller the river flows along the path to the vale.

A little door is hid in the boughs, a face is hiding within;
When birds are silent and oxen drowse why should a maiden spin?
Slower and slower turns the wheel, the face turns red and pale,
Brighter and brighter the looks that steal along the path to the vale.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

The winter it is past and the summer come at last
And the blackbird sings on ev'ry tree;
The hearts of these are glad but mine is very sad
Since my true love is absent from me.

The rose upon the briar by the waters running clear
Gives joy to the linnet and the bee;
Their little hearts are blest but mine is not at rest
While my true love is absent from me.

My love is like the sun that in the firmament does run,
And always proves constant and true;
But his is like the moon that wanders up and down,
And ev'ry month it is new.

'Twas EARLY ONE MORNING.

'Twas early one morning young Willy arose,
And up to his comrade's bedchamber he goes.
"Arise, my dear comrade, and let no one know,
'Tis a fine sunny morning and a-bathing we'll go."

Young Willy plunged in, and he swam the lake round;
He swam to an island—'twas soft, marshy ground;
"Oh! comrade, dear comrade, do not venture in,
There is deep and false water in the Lake of Coolfin!"

'Twas early that morning his sister arose;
And up to her mother's bedchamber she goes—
"Oh! I dreamed a sad dream about Willy last night;
He was dress'd in a shroud—in a shroud of snow white!"

'Twas early that morning his mother came there;
She was wringing her hands—she was tearing her hair;
O, woeful the hour your dear Willy plung'd in,
There is deep and false water in the Lake of Coolfin!

And I saw a fair maiden standing fast by the shore;
Her face it was pale—she was weeping full sore;
In deep anguish she gaz'd where young Willy plung'd in—
Ah! there's deep and false water in the Lake of Coolfin!

THE WREN-BOYS' SONG.

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
 Saint Stephen's Day was caught in a furze;
 Although he is little his family's great;
 I pray you, good lady, give us a treat.

CHORUS.—Sing hey! sing ho! Sing holy, sing holy!
 A drop just to drink, it would cure melancholy.
 Sing hey! sing ho! Sing holy, sing holy!
 A drop just to drink, it would cure melancholy.

My box would speak if it had but a tongue,
 And two or three shillings would do it no wrong;
 So show us some pity in order that we
 May drink you good health for your kind charity.
 Sing hey! sing ho! etc.

And if you draw it of the best,
 I hope in heaven your soul it may rest;
 But if you draw it of the small,
 It won't agree with the wren-boys at all!
 Sing hey! sing ho! etc.

WELCOME AS FLOWERS IN MAY.

"So, Katty dear, you've told your mother
 That I'm a rogue, by that and this,
 We'll prove that same somehow or other,
 So first of all I'll steal a kiss."
 "Och! Terry dear, don't call it stealing,
 A kiss you cannot take away,
 The loss of that I'd not be feeling—
 You're welcome as the flowers in May."

"But, Katty dear, I'm growling bolder,
 A great big thief I mean to start,
 And before I am an hour older
 I'd like to steal away your heart."
 "Och Terry, don't you call it robbin',
 My heart you've owned this many a day;
 But if you like to ease its throbbin',
 You're welcome as the flowers in May."

"But, Katty dear, I am not joking,
 My wounded honor you must heal;
 I'll not be called such names for nothing,
 Sure, it's yourself away I'd steal."
 "Och! Terry, that would be housebreaking,
 But if my mother don't say nay,
 It's to Father Tom you may be spaking—
 You're welcome as the flowers in May."

AVONDHU.

Oh, Avondhu, I wish I were
 As once upon that mountain bare,
 Where thy young waters laugh and shine
 On the wild breast of Meenganine.
 I wish I were by Cleada's hill,
 Or by Glenruachra's rushy rill;
 But no! I never more shall view
 Those scenes I loved by Avondhu.

Farewell, ye soft and purple streaks
 Of evening on the beauteous Reeks;
 Farewell, ye mists, that loved to ride
 On Cahirbearna's stormy side.

Farewell, November's moaning breeze,
Wild minstrel of the dying trees;
Clara! a fond farewell to you,
No more we meet by Avondhu.

No more—but thou, O glorious hill,
Lift to the moon thy forehead still;
Flow on, flow on, thou dark swift river,
Upon thy free wild course forever.
Exult, young hearts, in lifetime's spring,
And taste the joys pure love can bring;
But wanderer, go, they're not for you—
Farewell, farewell, sweet Avondhu.

THE RED-HAIRED MAN'S WIFE.

Though full as 'twill hold of gold the harvest has smil'd,
I'll ne'er have relief from grief for that fond grey-eyed child,
Whom kindred most cruel, poor jewel, into loveless wedded life,
With an anguish be it told have sold to be the Red-Hair'd Man's wife.
That fond valentine of mine a letter I sent,
That I'd soon sail with store galore to wed her ere Lent,
Her friends stole the note I wrote, and far worse than with knife
Have slain my bright pearl for a churl—she's the Red-Haired Man's wife.
Oh, child and sweetheart, their art had you but withstood
Till I had come home o'er foam for our great joy and good;
I had not now to go under woe o'er the salt sea's strife,
A wand'rer to France from the glance of the Red-Hair'd Man's wife.

THY WELCOME, O'LEARY.

Thy welcome, O'Leary, be joyous and high
As the dwelling of fairy can echo reply;
The Baraboo's wildness is meet for the fray,
The crotal's soft mildness for festival gay.
The clarseach and crotal and loud Barraboo
Shall sound not a note till we've music from you,
The clarseach and crotal and loud Barraboo
Shall sound not a note till we've music from you.
O'er harper and poet we'll place high thy seat,
O'Leary, we owe it to piper so sweet;
The clarseach is meeter for bower and hall,
But thy chanter sounds sweeter, far sweeter than all;
And fairies are braiding, such fav'rite art thou,
Fresh laurels unfading to circle thy brow,
And fairies are braiding, such fav'rite art thou,
Fresh laurels unfading to circle thy brow.

WEEP NO MORE.

Weep no more, heart of my heart, no more!
The night has passed and the dawn is here,
The cuckoo calls from the budding trees,
And tells us that Spring is near.
Sorrow no more, belov'd, no more;
For see, sweet emblem of hope untold!
The tears that soft on the shamrocks fall
There turn to blossoms of gold.
Winter has gone with his blighting breath,
No more to chill thee with cold or fear,
The brook laughs loud in its liberty,
Green buds on the hedge appear.
Weep no more, life of my heart, no more!
The birds are carolling sweet and clear;
The warmth of Summer is in the breeze,
And the Spring—the Spring is here.

'Twas ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

'Twas one of those dreams that by music are brought
Like a bright summer haze o'er the poet's warm thought;
When lost in the future his soul wanders on,
And all of this life but its sweetness is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the waters were those
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er,
From Dina's green isle to Glenà's wooded shore.

He listen'd while high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way lov'd to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

Ev'n so, tho' thy mem'ry should now die away,
'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong
Thro' the answering future thy name and thy song.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
Weep o'er them in silence and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings that taught him true love to adore,
To feel the bright presence and turn him with shame
From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

WHY, LIQUOR OF LIFE.

Why, liquor of life, do I love you so,
When in all our encounters you lay me low?
More stupid and senseless I ev'ry day grow,
What a hint if I'd mended by the warning!
'Tis tattered and torn, you've left my coat,
I've not a cravat to save my throat,
Yet I'll pardon you all, my sparkling doat,
If you'll cheer me again in the morning.

You're my soul, my treasure without and within,
My sister, my cousin, and all my kin;
'Tis unlucky to wed such a prodigal sin,
But all other enjoyments are vain, love.
My barley ricks all turn to you,
My tillage, my plough, my horses too,
My cows and my sheep, I have bade them adieu:
For I care not while you remain, love.

And many's the quarrel and fight we've had,
And many's the time you have made me mad,
But while I've a heart it can never be sad
While you smile at me full on the table.
For surely you are my wife and brother,
My only child—my father and mother—
My outside coat—I have no other,
Och, I'll stand by you while I'm able.

THERE'S A LAND.

There's a land that we love with the deep - est de - vo - tion, No
D. S. - glo - ri - ous E - rin, bright gem of the o - cean! A

dis - tance can less - en, no time can ef - face, As it
 bright day will dawn on your green hills a - gain, When

springs from our hearts with the fond - est e - mo - tion, Dear Is - land of
 free - dom shall smile as your chil - dren's just por - tion, And Ire - land stands

FINE.
 sor - row, be - loved of our race, } Hail, glo - ri - ous E - rin, sweet
 forth as a na - tion re - claimed. } When free - dom shall smile as your

gem of the o - cean! A bright day will dawn on your green hills a -
 chil - dren's just por - tion, [*Omit.*]

gain,] And Ire - land stands forth as a na - tion re - claimed. Hail,
D. S.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.*

Arr.—"THE SUMMER IS COMING."

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

THOMAS MOORE.

Andantino.

1. Rich and rare were the
2. "La dyl dost thou not
3. "Sir Knight! I feel not the
4. On she went, and her

p e legato.

gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But
fear to stray, So lone and love-ly through this bleak way? Are
least a-larm; No son of E-rin will of-fer me harm; For
maid en smile In ease-ty light-ed her round the Green Isle; And

Oh! her beau-ty was far be-yond Her spark-ling gems or snow-white
E rin's sons so good or so cold, As not to be tempted by wo-man or
blest tho' they love wo-man and gold-en store, Sir Knight, they love hon-or and E-rin's
for-ev-er was she who re-plied Up-on E-rin's hon-or and E-rin's

mf

wand, But oh! her beau-ty was far be-yond Her spark-ling
gold? Are E rin's sons so good or so cold, As not to be
more! For, tho' they love wo-man and gold-en store, Sir Knight, they love
pride, And blest for-ev-er was she who re-plied Upon E-rin's

pp

gems or snow-white wand,
tempt-ed by wo-man or gold?
hon-or and vir-tue more!
hon-or and E-rin's pride.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes,
 All filled with hope and joy and light,
 As if no cloud could ever rise
 To dim a heav'n so purely bright,
 I sigh to think how soon that brow
 In grief may lose its ev'ry ray,
 And that light heart, so joyous now,
 Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,
 The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind,
 The love, that leaves where'er it lights
 A chill'd or burning heart behind;
 While youth, that now like snow appears,
 Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
 When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
 Will never shine so bright again.

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

When summer comes, then you are near to me,
 I feel your phantom presence on my heart,
 In ev'ry wind that dead year speaks again,
 And ev'ry scene springs up to take its part.

'Twas such a day, as sweet a wind arose
 To kiss with perfum'd lips your blown hair;
 With brow perplex'd and that odd smile you had,
 I wondered what you thought of, standing there.

'Twas here I stooped to pluck a drooping flow'r
 You prayed so foolishly that you might keep;
 And here you turn'd a moment's space so cold,
 I only laugh'd for fear that I should weep.

O phantom love! that haunts me restlessly,
 That from my passionate hands will ever fly,
 Fate owes me this, I will pursue and hold,
 Or, finding you but a shadow, let me die.

SWEET KITTY MAGEE.

With cheeks as bright as roses
 And airy steps so light and free,
 'Twas coming from the market
 That first I met sweet Kitty Magee.
 Such curly hair of nut-brown hue,
 Roguish eyes of sparkling blue,
 Glancing withal so laughingly,
 Blythesome, charming Kitty-Magee.

Since then I've often told her
 That she's my love, and only she,
 But all I get is laughter,
 And saucy looks from Kitty Magee.
 And when the little hand I press,
 It's "Now be good!" and "Let me be!"
 Then with a bound she springs away,
 'Witching, smiling Kitty Magee.

I've land and sheep and cattle,—
 I've wealth,—but all is nought to me
 Until I win my sweetheart,—
 My laughing, blue-ey'd Kitty Magee.
 'Twas yestereve she shyly said
 She's still too young to wedded be;
 "Wait till the spring returns again,"
 Blushingly whisper'd Kitty Magee.

WREATHE THE BOWL.

Wreathe the bowl
 With flow'rs of soul
 The brightest
 Wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rd heav'n to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us
 Should Love amid
 The wreaths be hid
 That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
 No danger fear,
 While wine is near,
 We'll drown him if he stings us.

CHORUS.—Then wreathe the bowl
 With flow'rs of soul
 The brightest
 Wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rd heav'n to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us!

'Twas nectar fed
 Of old, 'tis said,
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
 And Man may brew
 His nectar too,
 The rich receipt's as follows:
 Take wine like this,
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended,
 Then bring Wit's beam
 To warm the stream,
 And there's your nectar, splendid.

Then wreathe the bowl, etc.

Say, why did Time
 His glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly,
 When wine, he knew,
 Runs brisker through,
 And sparkles far more brightly?
 Oh, lend it us,
 And, smiling thus,
 The glass in two we'll sever,
 Make pleasure glide
 In double tide,
 And fill both ends for ever!

Then wreathe the bowl, etc.

WHEN WAR WAS HEARD.

When war was heard, and Erlin's call
 Around me from thy side,
 No danger could my heart appal,
 For thee I would have died.
 But when our moments sweetly flew,
 Beneath the spreading tree,
 The secret charm of life I knew,
 To live for love and thee.

When gloomy care disturb'd thy rest,
 Or sorrow dimm'd thine eye,
 Oh, did not then this tender breast
 Return the sigh for sigh?
 But did delight thy bosom know
 And love thine hours employ,
 We shar'd the sympathetic glow,
 And mingled tears of joy.

MY NOBLE IRISH GIRL.

I love thee—oh, that word is tame
 To tell how dear thou art;
 No seraph feels a holier flame
 Than that which fills my heart.
 How mild and innocent the brow,
 Where thy dark ringlets curl;
 Thy soul is pure as virgin dawn,
 My noble Irish girl.

I love to gaze upon thy smile,
 Thine eyes so bright and gay;
 For there's no stain of art or guile
 In aught you think or say.
 The happiest hour that e'er I knew,
 Though it my peace may peril,
 Is when thee to my heart I drew,
 My noble Irish girl.

I need not in the herald's book
 My loved one's lineage trace—
 I read her lineage in her look,
 Her record in her face;
 I hear it in each touching tone
 That floats thro' rows of pearl;
 Thou art my queen— my heart's thy throne,
 My noble Irish girl.

I feel the impress of thy worth,
 And strive to be like thee;
 Thou art to me what Heaven's to earth,
 What sunshine's to the sea;
 And if from me some luster beam,
 Mid sin and passion's whirl,
 'Tis thy light shines on my life's stream,
 My noble Irish girl.

TERRY O'ROURKE.

From the province of Munster I first took my name,
 I have been in Connaught, I think it no shame,
 The night I was born there was thundering joy,
 To think that my daddy should have such a boy,
 Och Mavroone! how the midwife did talk,
 "By the hokey," says Paddy, "he'll soon fetch a walk,
 With his pouting sweet lips and his mammy's big look,
 By my conscience we'll christen him Terry O'Rourke,
 Terry O'Rourke, Terry O'Rourke,
 Terry O', Terry O', Terry O'Rourke,
 Terry O', Terry O', Terry O', Terry,
 By my conscience we'll christen him Terry O'Rourke."

The clergy got notice the night 'twas to be,
 The gossips were sent for to wait upon me;
 The neighbors assembled, the priest took his book,
 And sprinkled the water on Terry O'Rourke.
 Och Mavroone! there was whiskey, don't fear,
 To soften the heart of the ladies, my dear,
 There was piping and fiddling, and that sort of work,
 To keep up the christening of Terry O'Rourke.

To make me a scholar, my parents agreed,
 To put me to speaking before I could read,
 I picked up my learning so mightily fast,
 Faith, Terry, he beat his poor master at last.
 Och Mavroone! how I bother'd their hearts,
 My learning produced such natural parts,
 That my own pretty face in their samplers they'd work,
 And were constantly sighing for Terry O'Rourke.

FLY NOT YET.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r,
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon!
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made,
 'Tis then soft attractions glowing,
 Set the tides and goblets flowing,
 Oh! stay,— oh! stay,—
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.
 Oh! stay, oh! stay,—
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.
 Fly not yet; the fount that play'd
 In times of old, through Ammon's shade,
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near;
 And thus should women's hearts and looks
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning,
 Oh! stay—oh! stay,
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake,
 As those that sparkle here!
 Oh! stay, etc.

SWEET SYBYL.

My Love is as fresh as the morning sky,
 My Love is as soft as the summer air,
 My Love is as true as the Saints on high,
 And never was saint so fair!
 O, glad is my heart when I name her name,
 For it sounds like a song to me—
 I'll love you, it sings, nor heed their blame,
 For you love me Astor Machree!
 Sweet Sibyl! sweet Sibyl! my heart is wild
 With the fairy spell that her eyes have lit;
 I sit in a dream where my Love has smil'd—
 I kiss where her name is writ!
 O, darling, I fly like a dreamy boy;
 The toil that is joy to the strong and true,
 The life that the brave for their land employ,
 I squander in dreams of you.
 The face of my Love has the changeful light
 That gladdens the sparkling sky of spring;
 The voice of my Love is a strange delight,
 As when birds in the May-time sing.
 O, hope of my heart! O, light of my life!
 O, come to me, darling, with peace and rest!
 O, come like the Summer, my own sweet wife,
 To your home in my longing breast!
 Be blessed with the home sweet Sibyl will sway
 With the glance of her soft and queenly eyes;
 O! happy the love young Sibyl will pay
 With the breath of her tender sighs.
 That home is the hope of my waking dreams—
 That love fills my eyes with pride—
 There's light in their glance, there's joy in their beams,
 When I think of my own young bride.

CAPTAIN MEGAN.

O! the face of brave Captain Megan
 Was as broad as a big frying-pan;
 Just over his snout,
 One eye was snuff'd out,
 But the other burn'd bright upon Nan—sweet Nan!
 O, it bother'd the heart of poor Nan.
 "I'm no beauty," sighed Captain Megan,
 But 'tis manners alone make the man;
 And though my long nose
 Should hang o'er my toes,
 Would you like me the worse for it, Nan—sweet Nan?
 Would you like me the worse for it, Nan?
 Nan leer'd upon Captain Megan;
 Her skin was the color of tan;
 But the Captain, she saw,
 Had a jenescaiquoi;
 So the Captain he conquer'd sweet Nan—sweet Nan!
 O! long life to brave Captain Megan.

AILEEN AROON.

How sweet and pleasing the birds sing in June,
 How sweet and pleasing the birds sing in June,
 Gay prospects abounding,
 All nature surrounding,
 And all to delight my sweet Aileen Aroon.
 The roses and lilies in May and June,
 The roses and lilies in May and June,
 So charming and blooming,
 Around all perfuming,
 And not half so sweet as my Aileen Aroon.
 When sultry bright Phoebus makes fervid the noon,
 When sultry bright Phoebus makes fervid the noon,
 In the grove or the bower,
 I'll pass the long hour,
 And sing in the praise of sweet Aileen Aroon.

GREEN BUSHES.

As I was a walking one morning in May,
 To hear the birds whistle, and see lambkins play,
 I espied a young damsel, so sweetly sang she,
 Down by the green bushes, where she chanc'd to meet me.
 "Oh! why are you loitering here, pretty maid?"
 "I'm waiting for my true love," softly she said;
 "Shall I be your true love, and will you agree
 To leave your own true love, and follow with me?
 "I'll give you fine bayers, and fine silken gowns;
 I'll give you smart petticoats flounced to the ground,
 I'll buy you fine jewels, and live but for thee,
 If you'll leave your true love, and follow with me."
 "I want none of your bayers, nor fine silks nor hose,
 For I'm not so poor as to marry for clothes;
 But if you'll be constant and true unto me
 I'll leave my own true love, and marry with thee.
 "Come, let us be going, kind sir, if you please:
 Oh! let us be going from under these trees;
 For yonder is coming my true love, you see,
 Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to meet me."
 And when he came there, and found she was gone,
 He looked very sheepish, and cried, quite forlorn,
 "She's gone with another, and forsaken me,
 And left the green bushes, where she vow'd to meet me."

IRISH CASTLES.

"Sweet Norah, come here, and look into the fire;
 Maybe in its embers good luck we might see;
 But don't come too near, or your glances so shining,
 Will put it clean out, like the sunbeams, machree!"

"Just look 'twixt the sods, where so brightly they're burning;
 There's a sweet little valley, with rivers and trees,—
 And a house on the bank, quite as big as the squire's—
 Who knows but some day we'll have something like these?"

"And now there's a coach, and four galloping horses,
 A coachman to drive, and a footman behind;
 That betokens some day we will keep a fine carriage,
 And dash through the streets with the speed of the wind."

As Dermot was speaking, the rain down the chimney
 Soon quenched the turf-fire on the hollowed hearth-stone
 While mansion and carriage in smoke-wreaths vanished,
 And left the poor dreamers dejected and lone.

Then Norah to Dermot these words softly whisper'd,—
 "'Tis better to strive, than to vainly desire;
 And our little hut by the roadside is better
 Than palace, and servants, and coach—in the fire!"

'Tis years since poor Dermot his fortune was dreaming—
 Since Norah's sweet counsel effected its cure;
 For ever since then hath he toiled night and morning,
 And now his snug mansion looks down on the Sulr.

I WAS THE BOY FOR BEWITCHING 'EM.

I was the boy for bewitching 'em,
 Whether good-humor'd or coy;
 All cried, when I was beseeching 'em,
 "Do what you will with me, joy."
 "Daughters, be cautious and steady,"
 Mothers would cry out for fear.
 "Won't you take care now of Teddy?
 Oh! he's the devil, my dear!"

CHORUS.—For I was the boy for bewitching 'em,
 Whether good-humor'd or coy;
 All cried, when I was beseeching 'em,
 "Do what you will with me, joy."

From ev'ry quarter I gather'd 'em
 Very few rivals had I;
 If I found any, I feather'd 'em,
 That made 'em plagul'ly shy.
 Pat Mooney my Shellah once meeting,
 I twig'd him beginning his clack;
 Says he "At my heart I've a beating,"
 Says I, "Then take one at your back."

For I was the boy, etc.

Many a lass that would fly away
 When other wooers but spoke,
 Once if I took her, I die away,
 There was an end of the joke.
 Beauties, no matter how cruel,
 Hundreds of lads though they cross'd
 When I came nigh to them, jewel,
 Melted like mud in a frost.

For I was the boy, etc.

MARY OF TIPPERARY.

From sweet Tipperary,
 See light-hearted Mary,
 Her step like a fairy,
 Scarce ruffles the dew,
 As she joyously springs,
 And as joyously sings,
 Disdaining such things
 As a stocking or shoe:
 For she goes bare-footed,
 Like Venus or Cupid,
 And who'd be so stupid
 To put her in silk?
 When her sweet foot and ankle
 The dew drops bespangle,
 As she trips o'er the lawn
 At the blush of the dawn—
 As she trips o'er the lawn
 With her pail full of milk!
 For the dance, when arrayed,
 See this bright mountain maid,
 If her hair she would braid,
 With young beauty's fond lure,
 O'er some clear fountain stooping,
 Her dark tresses looping,
 Diana herself had not mirror more pure!
 How lovely that toilet,
 Would fashion dare soil it,
 With paint or with patches,
 When nature bestows,
 A beauty more simple,
 In mirth's artless dimple,
 Heav'n's light in her eye,
 The soft blue of the sky,
 Heav'n's light in her eye,
 And a blush like the rose!

HAD I A HEART.

Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
 I ne'er could injure you;
 For tho' tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true;
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong,
 But friends in all the ag'd you meet,
 And lovers in the young.
 But when they learn that you have bless'd
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

O! OPEN THE DOOR.

O! open the door, some pity to shew;
 O! open the door to me, O!
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true!
 O! open the door to me! O!
 "O! cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But colder thy love for me, O!
 The frost that freezes the life at my breast
 Is naught to my pains for thee, O!

"The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, O!
 False friends, false love, farewell—for more
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, O!"
 She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, O!
 "My true love!" she cried, and sunk down by his side,
 O! never to rise again, O!

NORA CREINA, SEE THE FLOW'RS.

Nora Creina, see the flow'rs,
 The lovely flow'rs that all seem'd perish'd,
 The tendrils we together trained,
 The blossoms we so fondly cherish'd.
 Now beneath the summer's sun,
 Gladly walking, gaily springing,
 O'er the bow'r their trellis weave,
 Sweetest perfumes round thee flinging,
 Nora Creina! Nora Dear!
 Lovely darling, Nora Creina!
 Nora Creina! Nora Dear!
 Lovely darling, Nora Creina?
 Nora Creina, see the birds,
 We thought for ever flown away, love,
 Whose nest was in the linden tree,
 Whose young would round thy footsteps play, love,
 Now the weary winter's past,
 O'er the wild wave gaily winging,
 Come to seek thy smiles again,
 'Neath thy lattice sweetly singing,
 Nora Creina Nora dear!
 Spirits watch o'er Nora Creina!
 Nora Creina! Nora dear!
 Thus my love is thine forever;
 Tho' stern fate's decree is past,
 Two fond hearts awhile to sever.
 Nora, darling! wipe away,
 The tear that's in thy blue eye starting!
 Soon, love, we shall meet again,
 And still more fondly for the parting,
 Nora Creina! Nora dear!
 My sweet, my own my Nora Creina!

THE EXILE'S REQUEST.

Oh, Pilgrim, if you bring me from the far-off lands a sign,
 Let it be some token still of the green old land, once mine;
 A shell from the shores of Ireland would be dearer far to me,
 Than all the wines of the Rhine land, or the art of Italie.
 For I was born in Ireland—I glory in the name—
 I weep for all her sorrows, I remember well her fame!
 And still my heart must hope that I may yet repose at rest,
 On the Holy Zion of my youth, in the Israel of the West.
 Her beauteous face is furrowed with sorrow's streaming rains,
 Her lovely limbs are mangled with slavery's ancient chains,
 Yet, Pilgrim, pass not over with heedless heart or eye,
 The Island of the gifted, and of men who knew to die.
 Like the crater of a fire-mount, all without is bleak and bare,
 But the vigor of its lips still show what fire and force were there,
 Even now in the heaving craters, far from the gazer's ken,
 The fiery heel is forging that will crush her foes again.
 Then, Pilgrim, if you bring me from the far-off lands a sign,
 Let it be some token still of the green old land, once mine;
 A shell from the shores of Ireland would be dearer far to me,
 Than all the wines of the Rhine land, or the art of Italie.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When half awaking from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full choir of heav'n is near,
 Then came that voice, when, all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign blessed sounds again,
 Sweet voice of comfort, 'twas like the stealing,
 Of summer wind thro' some wretched shell;
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
 'Twas whispered balm—'twas sunshine spoken!
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign blessed sounds again.

THE BRISK IRISH LAD.

Each pretty young Miss, with a long, heavy purse,
 Is courted and flatter'd, and easily had;
 She longs to be taken for better or worse,
 And quickly elopes with an Irish lad,—
 To be sure she don't like a brisk Irish lad,
 To be sure she don't like a brisk Irish lad,
 Oh! to be sure she don't like a brisk Irish lad.

The wife when forsaken for bottle or dice,
 Her dress all neglected, and sighing and sad,
 Finds delight in sweet converse, and changes her sighs
 For the good humor'd chat of an Irish lad.

Oh! to be sure, etc.

The widow in sorrow declines the sweet joys
 Of public amusement, in sable all clad
 The widow her twelvemonth in mourning employs,
 Then hastens to church with an Irish lad.

Oh! to be sure, etc.

OH! WHEN I BREATH'D.

Oh! when I breath'd a last adieu
 To Erin's vales and mountains blue,
 Where nurs'd by hope my moments flew,
 In life's unclouded spring;
 Though on the breezy deck reclin'd
 I listen'd to the rising wind,
 What fetters could restrain the mind
 That roved on Fancy's wing?

She bore me to the woodbine bow'r,
 Where oft I pass'd the twilight hour,
 When first I felt love's thrilling pow'r,
 From Kathleen's beaming eye;
 Again I watch'd her flushing breast;
 Her honey'd lip again was prest;
 Again, by sweet confessions blest,
 I drank each melting sigh

Dost thou, Kathleen, my loss deplore,
 And lone on Erin's emerald shore,
 In memory trace the love I bore,

On all our transports dwell?
 Can I forget the fatal day
 That call'd me from thy arms away,
 When nought was left me but to say
 "Farewell, my love—farewell!"

YOUNG ELLEN LORAINÉ.

When I parted from Erin heart-broken, to leave thee,
 I dream'd not of falsehood, young Ellen Loraine,
 I thought, tho' but woman, thou wouldst not deceive me—
 Ah! why art thou faithless, young Ellen Loraine,
 I lov'd thee in sorrow, I sought thee in danger,
 And dear was the peril and sweet was the pain,
 But now is thy look as the look of a stranger—
 Ah! why art thou faithless, young Ellen Loraine?
 O! thou wert the vision that brightened my pillow,
 The star of my darkness, young Ellen Loraine,
 As the bloom to the rose, as the sun to the billow,
 Thou cam'st to my slumber, young Ellen Loraine.
 Thou'lt think of me yet, when the false world deceives thee,
 And friends of gay fortune, look cold on thy wane,
 When the sheen on thy cheek, like the summer light leaves thee,
 Thou'lt think how I lov'd thee, young Ellen Loraine.
 O! speak not to me; in those eyes I discover
 The wrongs thou hast done me, young Ellen Loraine,
 To rest in the arms of a happier lover,
 Go, lovely, but faithless, young Ellen Loraine!
 The moment of rapture, the vow and the token
 They thrill in my bosom, and burn in my brain,
 Go, false one, and laugh at the heart thou hast broken,
 Go, lovely, but faithless, young Ellen Loraine.

THE ROSE OF KILLARNEY.

Thro' Erin's green and bonny isle,
 From Coleraine to Killarney's waters,
 Each lovely haunt hath had its song,
 Of gallant sons and charming daughters!
 But O! there is one sunny spot,
 To me more dear, more priz'd than any,
 Where first in loveliness sprung up
 The rose that blossoms in Killarney,
 The rose that blossoms in Killarney, blossoms in Killarney,
 The rose that blossoms in Killarney, blossoms in Killarney.
 I thought when first her eye met mine,
 My peace, my heart were gone forever,
 I did not dare to speak of love,
 For fear a breath the charm should sever;
 Her cheeks are like the rose of May,
 Her voice hath banish'd care from many,
 No thought can wrong my bonny flow'r,
 The rose that blossoms in Killarney.

The rose, etc.

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

To the conqueror his crowning,
 First freedom to the slave,
 And air unto the drowning,
 Sunk in the ocean's wave;
 And succor to the faithful,
 Who fight their flag above,
 Are sweet, but far less grateful
 Than were my lady's love.
 I know I am not worthy
 Of one so young and bright;
 And yet I would do for thee
 Far more than others might;
 I cannot give you pomp or gold,
 If you should be my wife,
 But I can give you love untold,
 And true in death or life.

Methinks that there are passions
 Within that heaving breast
 To scorn their heartless fashions,
 And wed whom you love best.
 Methinks you would be prouder
 As the struggling patriot's bride,
 Than if rank your home should crowd, or
 Cold riches round you glide.
 O! the watcher longs for morning,
 And the infant cries for light,
 And the saint for Heaven's warning,
 And the vanquished pray for might;
 But their prayer, when lowest kneeling,
 And their supplicance most true,
 Are cold to the appealing
 Of this longing heart to you.

ELLEN BAWN.

Ellen Bawn, O, Ellen Bawn, you darling, darling dear, you,
 Sit awhile beside me here, I'll die unless I'm near you!
 'Tis for you I'd swim the Suir and breast the Shannon's waters;
 For Ellen dear, you've not your peer in Galway's blooming daughters!
 Had I Limerick's gems and gold at will to mete and measure,
 Were Loughrea's abundance mine, and all Portumna's treasure,
 These might lure me, might insure me many and many a new love,
 But O! no bribe could pay your tribe for One like you, my true love!
 Blessings be on Connaught! that's the place for sport and raking!
 Blessings, too, my love, on you, a-sleeping and a-waking!
 I'd have met you, dearest Ellen, when the sun went under,
 But, woe! the flooding Shannon broke across my path in thunder!
 Ellen! I'd give all the deer in Limerick's parks and arbors,
 Ay, and all the ships that rode last year in Munster's harbors,
 Could I blot from Time the hour I first became your lover,
 For O! you've given my heart a wound it never can recover!
 Would to God that in the sod my corpse to-night were lying,
 And the wild birds wheeling o'er it, and the winds a-sighing,
 Since your cruel mother and your kindred choose to sever
 Two hearts that Love would blend in one for ever and for ever!

ALLY CROAKER.

There once lived a man! in Balinacrazy,
 Who wanted a wife, to make him unasy,
 Long had he sigh'd for dear Ally Croaker,
 And thus the gentle youth he bespoke her,

"Will you marry me,
 Dear Ally Croaker?
 Will you marry me,
 Dear Ally Croaker?"

This artless young man just come from the schoolery,
 A novice in love, and all its sad foolery,
 Too dull for a wit, too grave for a joker,
 And thus the gentle youth he bespoke her—

"Will you marry me," etc.

He drank with the father, he talk'd with the mother,
 He danc'd with the sister, he gam'd with the brother,
 He gam'd till he lost his coat to the broker,
 Which lost him the heart of his dear Ally Croaker.

Oh! the fickle, etc.

To all you young men who are fond of gaming,
 And losing your money while others are saving;
 Fortune's a jilt—the devil may choke her!
 A jilt more inconstant than dear Ally Croaker.

Oh! the inconstant, etc.

ERIN, MY COUNTRY.

Oh, Erin, my country! although thy harp slumbers,
 And lies in oblivion in Tara's old hall,
 With scarce one kind hand to awaken its numbers,
 Or sound a lone dirge to the Son of Fingal;
 The trophies of warfare may hang there neglected,
 For dead are the warriors to whom they were known;
 But the harp of old Erin will still be respected,
 While there lives but one bard to enliven its tone.

Oh, Erin, my country! I love thy green bowers,
 No music's to me like thy murmuring rills,
 Thy shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
 And nought is more dear than thy daisy-clad hills;
 Thy caves, whether used by thy warriors or sages,
 Are still sacred held in each Irishman's heart,
 And thy ivy-crowned turrets, the pride of past ages,
 Though mouldering in ruins, do grandeur impart!

Britannia may vaunt of her lion and armor,
 And glory when she her old wooden walls views;
 Caledonia may boast of her pibroch and claymore,
 And pride in her philabeg, kilt and her hose.
 But where is the nation to rival old Erin?
 Or where is the country such heroes can boast?
 In battle they're brave as the tiger or lion,
 And bold as the eagle that flies 'round our coast!

The breezes oft shake both the rose and the thistle,
 While Erin's green shamrock lies hushed in the dale;
 In safety it rests, while the stormy winds whistle,
 And grows undisturbed 'midst the moss of the vale;
 Then, hail! fairest island in Neptune's old ocean!
 Thou land of Saint Patrick, my parent agra!
 Cold—cold must the heart be, and void of emotion
 That loves not the music of "Erin-go-Bragh!"

THE IRISH RAPPAREES.

Righ Shemus he has gone to France, and left his crown behind—
 Ill luck be theirs, both day and night, put runnin' in his mind!
 Lord Lucan followed after, with his Slashers brave and true,
 And now the doleful keen is raised—"What will poor Ireland do?
 What must poor Ireland do?"

Our luck," they say, "has gone to France—what can poor Ireland do?"
 O, never fear for Ireland, for she has so'gers still,
 For Rory's boys are in the wood, and Remy's on the hill;
 And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these—
 May God be kind and good to them, the faithful Rapparees!

The fearless Rapparees!
 The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!
 Oh, black's your heart, Clan Oliver, and colder than the clay!
 Oh, high's your head, Clan Sassenach, since Sarsfield's gone away!
 It's little love you bear to us, for sake of long ago,
 But howld your hand, for Ireland still can strike a deadly blow—
 Can strike a mortal blow—

Och! dhar-a-Chreesth! 'tis she that still could strike the deadly blow!
 The Master's bawn, the Master's seat, a surly bodagh fills;
 The Master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the hills.
 But, God be praised, that round him throng, as thick as summer bees,
 The swords that guarded Limerick wall—his loyal Rapparees!
 His lovin' Rapparees.

Who dare say no to Rory Oge, with all his Rapparees?
 Black Billy Grimes of Latnamard, he racked us long and sore—
 God rest the faithful hearts he broke!—we'll never see them more!
 But I'll go bail he'll break no more, while Truagh has gallows-trees,
 For why?—he met, one lonesome night, the fearless Rapparees!
 The angry Rapparees!

They never sin no more, my boys, who cross the Rapparees!

Now, Sassenach and Cromweller, take heed of what I say—
 Keep down your black and angry looks, that scorn us night and day;
 For there's a just and wrathful Judge that every action sees,
 And He'll make strong, to right our wrong, the faithful Rapparees!
 The fearless Rapparees!

The men that rode at Sarsfield's side, the roving Rapparees!

HERE'S THE BOW'R.

Here's the bow'r she lov'd so much,
 And the tree she planted;
 Here's the harp she used to touch—
 Oh! how that touch enchanted!
 Roses now unheeded sigh,
 Where's the hand to wreath them?
 Songs around neglected lie,
 Where's the lip to breathe them?
 Here's the bow'r she lov'd so much,
 And the tree she planted;
 Here's the harp she used to touch—
 Oh! how that touch enchanted!
 Spring may bloom, but she we lov'd
 Ne'er shall feel its sweetness;
 Time, that once so fleetly moved,
 Now hath lost its fleetness.
 Years were days, when here she strayed;
 Days were moments near her.
 Heav'n ne'er formed a brighter maid,
 Nor pity wept a dearer!
 Here's the bow'r she lov'd so much
 And the tree she planted;
 Here's the harp she us'd to touch—
 Oh! how that touch enchanted!

THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE.

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,
 His love is rich to me;
 I could not in a palace find
 A truer heart than he.
 The eagle shelters not his nest
 From hurricane and hail,
 More bravely than he guards my breast—
 The Boatman of Kinsale.
 The wind that round the Fastnet sweeps
 Is not a whit more pure—
 The goat that down Cnoc Sheehy leaps
 Has not a foot more sure.
 No firmer hand nor freer eye
 E'er faced an Autumn gale—
 De Courcy's heart is not so high—
 The Boatman of Kinsale.
 The brawling squires may heed him not,
 The dainty stranger sneer—
 But who will dare to hurt our cot,
 When Myles O'Hea is here?
 The scarlet soldiers pass along—
 They'd like, but fear to rail—
 His blood is hot, his blow is strong—
 The Boatman of Kinsale.
 His hooker's in the Scilly van,
 When seines are in the foam;
 But money never made the man,
 Nor wealth a happy home;
 So, blest with love and liberty,
 While he can trim a sail,
 He'll trust in God, and cling to me—
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

MY LAND.

She is a rich and rare land;
 Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;
 She is a dear and rare land—
 This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver—
 Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
 I'd freely die to save her,
 And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull nor cold land—
 No! she's a warm and bold land;
 Oh! she's a true and old land—
 This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
 And virtue still reward her,
 No foe would cross her border
 No friend within her pine!

Oh, she's a fresh and fair land;
 Oh, she's a true and rare land!
 Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
 This native land of mine.

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

Light sounds the harp, when the combat is over,
 When heroes are resting and joy is in bloom;
 When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
 And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.
 But when the foe returns,
 Again the hero burns.

High flames the sword in his hand once more;
 The clang of mingling arms,
 Is then the sound that charms,
 And brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
 Oh! then comes the harp, when the combat is over,
 When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom;
 When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
 And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

Light went the harp, when the War-God reclining
 Lay lull'd on the white arm of beauty to rest;
 When round his rich armor the myrtle hung twining,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.
 But when the battle came,
 The hero's eye breath'd flame;
 Soon from his neck the white arm was flung;
 While to his wak'ning ear,
 No other sounds were dear,
 But the brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
 But then came the light harp, when danger was ended,
 And beauty once more lull'd the War-God to rest;
 When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.

THE LAMENT FOR SARSFIELD.

Ah! why, Patrick Sarsfield, did we let your ship sail
 Away to French Flanders from green Innisfail,
 For far from your country you lie cold and low;
 Ah! why, Patrick Sarsfield, ah, why did you go.

We prayed, Patrick Sarsfield, to see you sail home,
 Your flag waving Victory across the white foam,
 But still in our fetters, poor slaves we live on;
 For oh, Patrick Sarsfield, for, oh! you are gone.

THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS OF THE LEE.

When first to this country a stranger,
Curiosity caused me to roam;
Over Europe an exile I wandered,
Far from my American home.
At length I arrived in sweet Erin,
This land I had long wished to see;
And my footsteps seemed guided by fairies,
To the green mossy banks of the Lee.

One morning I carelessly wandered,
Where the pure winds of heaven do blow;
Down by the clear crystal river,
Where the swift running waters do flow.
'Twas there I espied a fair damsel,
Most modest appearing to me,
As she rose from a seat near the water,
On the green mossy banks of the Lee.

I stepped up and wished her good-morning,
Her fair cheeks they blushed like the rose;
I said, then: "These meadows are charming,
And your escort I'll be if you choose!"
She said, then: "I ne'er want an escort,
Kind sir, you're a stranger to me;
But yonder my father is coming,
On the green mossy banks of the Lee."

I waited till up came her father,
I plucked up my courage once more;
Said I, then: "If this be your daughter,
She is truly the girl I adore.
Ten thousand a year is my fortune,
A lady your daughter shall be;
And ride with her carriage and horses
On the green mossy banks of the Lee."

They welcomed me home to their cottage,
Soon after in wedlock we joined;
'Twas then that I rented this castle,
In grandeur and splendor to shine.
And it's here our kind friends we are greeting,
Each knows what his welcome will be;
While we both bless the hour of our meeting
On the green mossy banks of the Lee.

Come all you fair maidens that's handsome,
No matter how poor you may be;
For there's many a poor girl more handsome
Than those with a large property;
With flattery let no man deceive you,
Not knowing what his fortune may be;
Like the adorable, gentle Matilda
On the green mossy banks of the Lee.

THE PRIDE OF MAYO.

I am thinking to-night of my own little darling,
And I know that she is also a thinking of me;
Oh, won't I be happy when on the sea sailing
Back to that Emerald isle of the sea.
To that little thatched cabin, the home of my boyhood,
I wished it was morn, for I long for to go,
To see my old father and loving old mother,
And my own little Mary, the pride of Mayo.

CHORUS.—I know that she is patiently awaiting my coming,
I think of my darling wherever I go;
Oh, won't I be happy when on the sea sailing
To my own little Mary, the pride of Mayo.

I will never forget the day that we parted,
 I tried to be cheerful, but it was a hard thing;
 When my own little darling says, fare thee well, Barney!
 And placed on my finger this little gold ring.
 The ship was made ready and soon would be starting,
 I bid her good-bye, for I had far to go;
 As I kissed her and parted I felt so down-hearted,
 At leaving my Mary, the pride of Mayo.

I know that she is, etc.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me
 If thy smiles had left me, too;
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,
 If thou wert like them untrue;
 But while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me;
 That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
 While fate leaves thy love to me;
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,
 Unless joy be shared with thee.
 One minute's dream about thee
 Were worth a long, an endless year
 Of waking bliss without thee,
 My own love, my only dear.

And tho' the hope be gone, love,
 That long sparkled o'er our way,
 Oh! we shall journey on, love,
 More safely, without its ray.
 Far better lights shall win me
 Along the path I've yet to roam;
 The mind that burns within me,
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
 The traveler at first goes out,
 He feels awhile benighted,
 And looks around in fear and doubt;
 But soon, the prospect clearing,
 By cloudless starlight on he treads,
 And thinks no lamp so cheering
 As that light which heaven sheds.

THE HOLLY AND IVY GIRL.

Come buy my nice fresh ivy
 And my holly boughs so green,
 I have the fairest branches
 That ever yet were seen,
 Come buy from me good Christians,
 And let me home I pray,
 And I'll wish you a merry Christmas time,
 And a happy New Year's Day.

Ah! won't you take my ivy?
 The loveliest ever seen.
 Ah! won't you have my holly boughs?
 All you that love the Green.
 Do!—take a little bunch of each
 And on my knees I'll pray.
 That God may bless your Christmas
 And be with you New Year's Day.

AN IRISHMAN'S TOAST.

Don't call me weak-minded, perchance I should sing
 Of the dearest old spot upon earth;
 And don't think me foolish should memory bring
 To my mind the dear land of my birth.
 With its hills and its valleys, its mountains and vales,
 Of which our forefathers would boast;
 Of a dear little island all covered with green—
 Ah! but list' and I'll give you an Irishman's toast:

CHORUS.—Here's to the land of the shamrock so green,
 Here's to each boy and his darling colleen;
 Here's to the ones we love dearest and most,
 May God speed old Ireland—that's an Irishman's toast.

My mind's eye oft pictures my old cabin home,
 Where it stood by the murmuring rill;
 Where my playmates and I oft together did roam
 Through the castle that stood on the hill.
 But the stout hand of time has destroyed the old cot,
 And the farm now lies barren and bare;
 Around the old porch there is ivy entwined,
 But the birds seem to warble this toast in the air:
 Here's to the land, etc.

The church and the school-house have long been replaced,
 In the Harp Hotel dwells a new host;
 The white-haired old veteran has long been at rest,
 And his wife has deserted her post.
 King Death, the stern reaper, has called them away,
 And their children have gone o'er the seas;
 There is nothing but strangers around the old spot,
 Still this toast seems to waft to my ears on the breeze:
 Here's to the land, etc.

WHERE THE GRASS GROWS GREEN.

I'm Denny Blake, from the County Clare,
 And here at your command,
 To sing a song in praise of home,
 My own, my native land.
 I've sailed to foreign countries,
 And in many climes I've been,
 But my heart is still with Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.

CHORUS.—I love my native country,
 And tho' richer lands I've seen
 Yet I can't forget ould Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.

Poor Pat is often painted
 With a ragged coat and hat;
 His heart and hospitality
 Has much to do with that.
 Let slanderers say what they will,
 They cannot call him mean;
 Sure a stranger's always welcome
 Where the grass grows green.
 I love my native country, etc.

He's foolish, but not vicious,
 His faults I won't defend;
 His purse to help the orphan,
 His life to serve a friend.
 He'll give without a murmur,
 So his follies try and screen;
 For there's noble hearts in Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.
 I love my native country, etc.

'Tis true he has a weakness
 For a drop of something pure,
 But that's a slight debility
 That many more endure.
 He's fond of fun, he's witty,
 Though his wit 'tis not too keen,
 For there's feeling hearts in Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.

I love my native country, etc.

There's not a true-born Irishman,
 Wherever he may be,
 But loves the little emerald
 That sparkles on the sea.
 May the sun of bright prosperity
 Shine peaceful and serene,
 And bring better days to Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.

I love my native country, etc.

MAUREEN MAVOURNEEN.

Maureen Mavourneen, now list to my calling,
 As softly 'tis echoed from woodland and brake;
 From the wings of the night are silently falling
 The shadows that sleep on the breast of the lake.
 Oh, see where the moonlight is kissing the hill,
 And Venus is lighting her lamp in the sky;
 Then come with me, Maureen, we'll wander at will,
 And breathe the sweet perfume the night flowers sigh.

Oh, could we thus ever drink deep of the bliss,
 That flows from the fount of our young hearts' fond love;
 Like a smile of yon heaven reflected in this,
 Oh, who from Killarney could tempt us to rove?
 As peaceful and calm as that lake, that we see
 Reposing to-night in its beauty serene;
 Would the hours of a life that's centered in thee,
 Flow pure and unchanging, my colleen Maureen.

THE GLEN OF AHERLOW.

My name is Patrick Sheehan, my years are thirty-four,
 Tipperary is my native place, not far from Galtymore;
 I came of honest parents—but now they're lying low—
 And many a pleasant day I spent in the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died, I closed his eyes outside our cabin door—
 The landlord and the sheriff, too, were there the day before—
 And then my loving mother, and sisters three also,
 Were forced to go with broken hearts from the Glen of Aherlow.

For three long months, in search of work, I wandered far and near;
 I went then to the poor-house to see my mother dear;
 The news I heard nigh broke my heart, but still, in all my woe,
 I blessed the friends who made their graves in the Glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home, and kith and kin, with plenty all around,
 I starved within my cabin, and slept upon the ground;
 But cruel as my lot was, I ne'er did hardship know,
 'Till I joined the English army, far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up there," says the corporal, "you lazy Hirlish 'ound;
 Why, don't you hear, you sleepy dog, the call 'to arms!' sound?"
 Alas, I had been dreaming of days long, long ago;
 I woke before Sebastopol, and not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket—how dark I thought the night;
 O blessed God, it was not dark, it was the broad daylight!
 And when I found that I was blind my tears began to flow,
 I longed for even a pauper's grave in the Glen of Aherlow.

O blessed Virgin Mary, mine is a mournful tale,
A poor blind prisoner here I am, in Dublin's dreary jail;
Struck blind within the trenches, where I never feared the foe,
And now I'll never see again my own sweet Aherlow.

A poor neglected mendicant I wandered through the street,
My nine months' pension now being out I beg from all I meet;
As I joined my country's tyrants, my face I'll never show
Among the kind old neighbors in the Glen of Aherlow.

Then, Irish youths—dear countrymen—take heed of what I say,
For if you join the English ranks you'll surely rue the day;
And whenever you are tempted a soldiering to go,
Remember poor blind Sheehan of the Glen of Aherlow.

I LEFT IRELAND AND MOTHER BECAUSE WE WERE POOR.

There's a dear spot in Ireland that I long to see,
It's my own native birth-place, and it's heaven to me;
Shure my poor widowed mother lived there all alone,
With my brothers and sisters 'twas a bright, happy home.
Shure we hadn't much money, but my own mother, dear,
To me gave her blessing, bade my heart be good cheer;
Then the shadow of poverty darkened our door,
And I left Ireland and mother because we were poor.

CHORUS.—Oh! my thoughts oft go back to that dear little spot,
To my brothers and sisters, and the little thatched cot,
To my poor widowed mother—I'll ne'er see her more,
'Twas a shame, but I left her because we were poor.

I will never forget, on that bright, rosy morn
When old Ireland I left, how my poor heart did mourn,
When my blessed old mother said be of good cheer,
Good-bye, Michael, darling—farewell, mother, dear.
Then my brothers and sisters took me by the hand,
And bade me do right when I left Ireland;
Then I bade them good-bye at our cottage door,
And left Ireland and mother because we were poor.

Oh! my thoughts oft go back, etc.

Since leaving old Ireland my poor mother's dead,
God bless and protect him, were the fast words she said;
And the ring that my father gave she sent to me,
'Tis a far dearer prize than bright gems could e'er be.
And my brothers and sisters I wish they were here,
For I'm longing to see them, but they'll come, never fear;
I've a neat little cot on America's shore,
Where happy we'll live, yes, although we are poor.

Oh! my thoughts oft go back, etc.

DEAR LITTLE COLLEEN.

Soon you'll be sailing o'er the wide ocean,
Leaving old Erin to see it no more;
Tears that are falling speak my devotion,
Dear little Colleen, 'tis you I adore.
Oh! bring me my darling to bless and to cheer me,
One sweet bit of shamrock from over the sea;
Fondly 'twill whisper when you are near me,
Whisper, dear Colleen, of home unto me.

CHORUS.—Oh! bring me my darling to bless and to cheer me,
One sweet bit of shamrock from over the sea;
Fondly 'twill whisper when you are near me,
Whisper, dear Colleen, of home unto me.

Wearied, I've waited, most broken-hearted,
Dreaming of days when we strayed side by side;
Life has been lonely since we were parted,
Dear little Colleen, my treasure and pride.

Oh! bring me my darling to bless and to cheer me,
 One sweet bit of shamrock from over the sea;
 Fondly 'twill whisper when you are near me,
 Whisper, dear Colleen, of home unto me.
 Oh! bring me my darling, etc.

BARNEY MCCOY.

I am going far away, Norah, darling,
 And leaving such an angel far behind;
 It will break my heart in two, which I fondly gave to you,
 And no other one so loving, kind and true.

CHORUS.—Then come to my arms, Norah, darling,
 Bid your friends in dear old Ireland good-bye,
 And it's happy we will be, in that dear land of the free,
 Living happy with your Barney McCoy.

I would go with you, Barney, darling,
 But the reason why I told you oft before:
 It would break my poor mother's heart if from her I had to part,
 And go roaming with you, Barney McCoy.

Then come to my arms, etc.

I am going far away, Norah, darling,
 Just as sure as there's a God that I adore,
 But remember what I say, that until the judgment day,
 You will never see your Barney any more.

Then come to my arms, etc.

I would go with you, Barney, darling,
 If my mother and the rest of them were there,
 For I know we would be blest in that dear land of the West,
 Living happy with you, Barney McCoy.

Then come to my arms, etc.

I am going far away, Norah, darling,
 And the ship is now anchored at the bay,
 And before to-morrow you will hear the signal gun,
 So be ready—it will carry us away.

Then come to my arms, etc.

MY IRISH WIFE.

I would not give my Irish wife
 For all the dames of the Saxon land—
 I would not give my Irish wife
 For the Queen of France's hand.
 For she to me is dearer
 Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
 An outlaw—so I'm near her
 To love till death my Irish wife.

O, what would be this home of mine—
 A ruined, hermit-hunted place,
 But for the light that nightly shines
 Upon its walls from Kathleen's face?
 What comfort in a mine of gold—
 What pleasure in a royal life,
 If the heart within lay dead and cold,
 If I could not wed my Irish wife?

I knew the law forbade the banns—
 I knew my King abhorred her race—
 Who never bent before their clans,
 Must bow before their ladies' grace.
 Take all my forfeited domain,
 I cannot wage with kinsmen strife—
 Take knightly gear and noble name,
 And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
 My heaven by day, my stars by night—
 And twinlike truth and fondness lie
 Within her swelling bosom white.

My Irish wife has golden hair—
 Apollo's harp had once such strings
 Apollo's self might pause to hear
 Her bird-like carol when she sings.
 I would not give my Irish wife
 For all the dames of Saxon land—
 I would not give my Irish wife
 For the Queen of France's hand.
 For she to me is dearer
 Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
 In death I would lie near her,
 And rise beside my Irish wife.

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

O! come to the West, love—O! come there with me,
 'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea;
 Where fair plenty smiles from her emerald throne,
 O, come to the West, and I'll make thee my own!
 I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
 And you'll say there's no land like the land of the West!
 The south has its roses, and bright skies of blue,
 But ours are more sweet with love's own changeable hue—
 Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best—
 O! what is the south to the beautiful West?
 Then come there with me, and the rose on thy mouth
 Will be sweeter to me than the flow'rs of the south.
 The north has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling array,
 All sparkling with gems in the ne'er setting day,
 There the storm-king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
 But the soft-breathing zephyr he plays in the West—
 Then come to the West, where no cold wind doth blow,
 And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow!
 The sun in the gorgeous east chaseth the night,
 When he riseth refreshed in his glory and might,
 But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest?
 O! doth he not haste to the beautiful West?
 Then come there with me, 'tis the land I love best,
 'Tis the land of my sires! 'tis my own darling West.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS.

To other shores across the sea
 We spread with swelling sail.
 Yet still there lingers on our lee
 A phantom Innis fall.
 Oh! fear not, gentle ghost,
 Your sons shall prove untrue.
 Though fain to fly your lovely coast,
 They leave their hearts with you.
 As slowly into distance dim
 Your shadow sinks and dies
 So o'er the ocean's utmost rim
 Another realm shall rise.
 New hills shall swell, new vales expand,
 New rivers winding flow.
 But could we for a foster land
 Your mother love forego?
 Shall mighty Espan's martial praise
 Our patriot pulses still.
 And o'er your mem'ry's fervent rays
 Forever cast a chill?
 Oh no! we live for your relief
 Till home from alien earth.
 We share the smile that glids your grief,
 The tear that dims your mirth.

THE CROPPY BOY.

Good men and true in this house who dwell,
To a stranger bouchal I pray you tell,
Is the priest at home? or may he be seen?
I'd speak a word with Father Green.

The priest's at home, boy, and may be seen,
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green,
But you must wait till I go see
If the holy father alone may be.

The youth has entered an empty hall—
What a lonely sound has his light footfall,
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
With a vested priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins,
"Nomine Dei" the youth begins;
At "mea culpa" he beats his breast,
And in broken accents he tells the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
And at Gorey my loving brothers all;
I alone am left of my name and race;
I will go to Wexford to take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter day,
At mass time once I went to play,
I passed the churchyard one day in haste
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing,
But I love my country above my king.
Now, bless me, Father, that I may go
To die, if God hath ordained it so."

The priest said nought but a rustling noi
Made the youth look up in wild surprise;
The robes are off and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
Instead of a blessing he breathed a curse—
" 'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive,
For one short hour is your time to live.

"Upon yon river three tenders float,
The priest's in one if he isn't shot—
We hold his house for our Lord the King,
And amen, say I, may all traitors swing."

At Geneva barrack that young man died,
And at Passage they have his body laid,
Good people who live in peace and joy,
Give a prayer and a tear for the Cretty Boy.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

Ireland rejoice and England deplore,
Faction and feud are passing away.

'Twas a low voice, but 'tis a loud roar,
"Orange and Green will carry the day!"

Orange! Orange!
Green and Orange!

Pitted together in many a fray!
Lions in fight and linked in their might,
Orange and Green will carry the day.

Orange! Orange!
Green and Orange!

Wave them together o'er mountain and bay!
Orange and Green!

Our King and our Queen!

Orange and Green will carry the day!

Rusty the swords our fathers unsheathed—
 William and James are turned to clay;
 Long did we till the wrath they bequeathed;
 Red was the crop and bitter the pay!
 Freedom fled us!
 Knaves misled up!
 Under the feet of the foemen we lay—
 Riches and strength,
 We'll win them at length,
 For Orange and Green will carry the day!
 Landlord's fooled us;
 England ruled us,
 Hounding our passions to make us their prey!
 But in their spite,
 The Irish unite
 And Orange and Green will carry the day!
 Fruitful our soil where honest men starve;
 Empty the mart and shipless the bay;
 Out of our want the Oligarchs carve;
 Foreigners fatten on our decay!
 Disunited,
 Therefore blighted,
 Ruined and rent by the Englishman's sway;
 Party and creed
 For once have agreed—
 Orange and Green will carry the day!
 Boyne's old water,
 Red with slaughter!
 Now is as pure as an infant at play;
 So, in our souls,
 Its history rolls,
 And Orange and Green will carry the day!
 English deceit can rule us no more,
 Bigots and knaves are scattered like spray—
 Deep was the oath the Orangeman swore,
 "Orange and Green must carry the day!"
 Orange! Orange!
 Bless the Orange!
 Tories and Whigs grew pale with dismay,
 When, from the North,
 Burst the cry forth,
 "Orange and Green will carry the day."
 No surrender!
 No Pretender!
 Never to falter and never betray—
 With an amen,
 We swear it again,
 Orange and Green shall carry the day.

NIGHT CLOSED AROUND.

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightning show'd the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood few and faint but fearless still.
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 Forever dimmed, forever crossed,
 O, who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honor's lost!
 The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valor's task moved slowly by,
 While mute they watched till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die!
 There is a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
 If death that world's bright op'ning be
 O, who would live a slave in this?

O! THE MARRIAGE.

O! the marriage, the marriage,
 With love and mo buachail for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage
 Might envy my marriage to me;
 For Owen is straight as a tower,
 And tender and loving and true,
 He told me more love in an hour
 Than the squires of the county could do.

Then, O! the marriage, the marriage,
 With love and mo buachail for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage
 Might envy my marriage to me.

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
 His eye is as clear as the day,
 His conscience and vote were unsold
 When others were carried away;
 His word is as good as an oath,
 And freely 'twas given to me;
 O! sure 'twill be happy for both
 The day of our marriage to see.

Then, O! the marriage, etc.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
 The neighbors think much of his skill,
 And Owen's the lad to my mind,
 Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
 But he has a tilloch of land,
 A horse, and a stocking of coin,
 A foot for the dance, and a hand
 In the cause of his country to join.

Then, O! the marriage, etc.

We meet in the market and fair—
 We meet in the morning and night—
 He sits on the half of my chair,
 And my people are wild with delight.
 Yet I long through the winter to skim,
 Though Owen longs more I can see,
 When I will be married to him,
 And he will be married to me.

Then, O! the marriage, etc.

LOVE-DREAMS.

I dreamed that my love was a milk-white doe,
 That ranged the forest wide;
 And I was a dappled mountain roe,
 That bounded by her side;
 Our home was the wild wood's lonely glade,
 Where hunters there were none;
 We danced on the harebell and couched in the shade,
 And we loved and lived alone.

I dreamed that my love was a beautiful bird,
 And I her tuneful mate;
 And the livelong day my song was heard,
 So wild, so passionate.
 And still when winter deformed the time,
 We bent our course o'er the sea;
 And we built our nest in a lovelier clime,
 'Mid the blooms of the orange tree.

I dreamed that my love was the fairy Queen,
 And I an Elfin knight,
 That mixed with her train when she danced on the green,
 Beneath the mild moonlight.
 And, O! it was merry in Fairyland—
 There's nothing on earth so sweet
 As the music and mirth of the spirit band,
 And the twinkling of fairy feet.

MY CONNOR.

His eye is as black as the sloe,
 And his skin is as white as its blossom—
 He loves me; but hate to the foe
 Has the innermost place in his bosom;
 I forgive him, for sorrow unmixed,
 His child, like himself, should inherit,
 If hatred to chains had not fixed
 The strong kernel-stone in his spirit.

The lark never soars but to sing—
 Nor sings but to soar; but my Connor
 Surpasses the lark on the wing,
 Tho' walking the earth without honor!
 The fetters—the fetters awake
 Deep passionate songs that betoken
 The part and the place he will take,
 When bonds are held up to be broken.

He loves me more dearly than life,
 Yet would he forsake me to-morrow,
 And lose both his blood and his wife,
 To free his loved island from sorrow;
 And could I survive but to see
 The land without shackle upon her,
 I freely a widow would be,
 Tho' dearly I dote on my Connor.

There is hope for the land where the ties
 Twixt husband and wife have been reckoned
 As virtue the first, in strange eyes,
 Yet are, in their own, but the second!
 The sun never shines from the sky,
 If the country be long in dishonor—
 With women—all braver than I—
 And men—all as brave as my Connor.

THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
 Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
 Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
 And the linnets are singing, "true lovers! don't sever."

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them;
 Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
 I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
 I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
 O! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,
 Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
 I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
 Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie,
 We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
 We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
 Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
 O! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
 And trust, when in secret most tunefully streaming,
 Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
 As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
 Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning,
 Kisses and welcomes you'll find here before you,
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!

MY LAND.

ALLEGRO.

She is a rich and rare land; Oh!

cres. *cen - do.* *dim.* *in - uen - do.*

she's a fresh and fair land; She is a dear and rare land, This na-tive land of

mine. No men than here are braver, Her women's hearts ne'er waver; I'd

diminuendo. *cres.*

free-ly die to save her, And think my lot di-vine.

dolce.

She's not a dull and cold land, No,

diminuendo.

she's a warm and bold land; Oh! she's a true and old land, This native land of

mine Could beauty ever guard her, And vir-tue still re-ward her, No

crescendo.

foe would cross her bor-der, No friend within it pinel.....

cres. *cen* *do.*

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land; Oh! she's a true and rare land, Yes, .

she's a rare and fair land; This na-tive land of mine. Yes, she's a rare and

fair land, This na-tive land of mine..... *Seg.*

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Fonn—Պօրնիյ.

I.

Ծօ շրիալլ ըստ Եօ-լաօճ նա րանս,
 Էար րանած Երբեայն արբալէ;
 Լանն աճար բարձրէ ալի Յօ տանս,
 Պոն աօրբեաճտ Լե ր-ա շլարիլլ.
 Քի շիր նա ր-ճան! ար ան Լաօճ-ճօլլ Յրիսն,
 Ծա ր-բեյճեաճ ան րաօշալ Ծօ Ծ' ճաօրած,
 Ծա աօն շրիստ անան Լե Ծօ րնօլած Յօ Ծիսն,
 'Տ աօն Լանն անան Լե Ծօ րաօրած.

II.

Ծօ շրիստ ան Ծարճ, աճտ րա շրիստ, Յօ րօլլ
 Ծի Ծ շրօրճե րեան-Եաշլաճ, շրեւրդար;
 Քի' րաօճ րե տեւճա շլարիլլէ ան ճօլլ,
 Ծօ րեւաճ րե, ան տրա Ծի րեւրդար:
 Քի' ճաճար; ի իլլիլլիճ Կիսն Յօ Յիւճ,
 Քի շրիստ ճաօրն նա Ծ-բեաճ րաօրա;
 Իր ի շլարիլլեար Յօ Ծ-Եւշ Ծօ Լան Ծիսն-րիւճ,
 Էար Ծիւլճե ա'ր Ծիօլլ նա շրիստ.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

[Taken from the Irish Version of the "Melodies," by his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam.]

Fonn—"The old head of Dents."

I.

Որ Ծ-բլլ անոր ան Յ-Կիսննե աօն Կարն, իօ Յլեան.
 Պար ան Լաշ Ծ Ծ-բլլ Ծօ-րիւճ նա Ծի' Ծան ան;
 Իր Լուլէ Ծեյճար ճալլէ ան, ի' Ծրիսն, 'ր իօ Ծիլլ,
 'Նա շրիստ ան Յլեան Յլալ իճ ան Ծ' իօ Ծեյճ.

II.

Որ իճ ան Ծ-անար Ծեաշ, աօրիսն Ծի րճարճա Ծի ճաճ Ծաօճ,
 Որ իճ Լօրեար ան շրիստալ, իօ ան-Լաճ նա Յ-Կարաօճ,
 Որ իճ Կօնճար նա րիւճա րար Եւշ-ճօլլ րար-րիլլե,
 Քիճ իճ շրիստ իօր ճիլլե, Ծա ան ճօրիեաճտ ան շրիստ.

III.

'Տ յաճ իօ Կարիլլե, Ծօ-ճօնճալ իօ Կարան 'ր իօ ճլաօն,
 Ծօ րեար Կար ճաճ իճ ան, րճիլլ րարճա նա րիսն;
 Օր իլ' աօն իճ Ծ'ա ճիլլե իօ րեւրդեան Ծ Լաճ,
 Ծ'ա րեար շրիստ իլլիլլ Կար Ծ Ծ-Կեանն աշարն Յրած.

IV.

Քի Յլեան աօրիսն Կաճ-Լիս,* Ծի րարիեաճ իօ րար
 Կար րարճա Ծ ճաճան Լե իօ Կար րիսն-Կար;
 'Ն ճի Ծ Ծ-Կեյճար Ծ իօ րիստալ Կար Ծիեան Յօ րար
 Տ ան Յ-Կրօրճե րար Ծօ շրիստ-րիւճա Կօնարճա Լե Ծար

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Fonn—"Molly a Stóir."

I.

An éruir, do rcap éirí áallais 'n níz
 Na gaele ceolta bhinn',
 Tá 'n ballais Teamhra 'noir 'nn a luide
 San fearrad ceoil, no rínn:
 Mar rúd tá 'n t-am, éalís éar, faoi éeo,
 Tá 'éal, 'r a élu faoi fuan;
 A'r cnoíde, 'fancuiz molta teo,
 Ní aihuizeann iad go buan.

II.

Ní cluistear cráir na Teamhra treun
 Nearz cruinníúgáð ban, no faoi,
 Óir, fuaznann í beir feacta, faon,
 Fuaim bhírte teud 'ra n-oidé!
 Mar rúd do 'n t-faoiríact, 'r anam tria
 A dúrctar í go deo,
 Aét 'huair a bhírtear cnoide 'g a éradáð,
 Aiz foiríúgáð í beir beo.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Fonn—"Langolf."

I.

'Chuir anra mo éine, ann doncadar bí ríste,
 Bí fuar-éinng na torba oir fáirgte go teann;
 Do éoiz mé ar seibeal, d' éir do éibneac beir rzaolte,
 Aii do éudais rzeir gaele, a'r roluir faoi-mann.
 Bí fuaim rundaé feacta do b' aemáige 'r buð bhíne,
 Aiz dúraet do éuda, 'bí fuaimhár, éum ceoil;
 Aét bíðir éo neam-eólgáð aii fuarcar 'r aii lunnhe
 Go m-bhíreann ay bíón trí do rúgáizil go fóill.

II.

Slán azur beannaet le do bhinn-gaeilb, 'éruir éroim,
 So an élaioz béizíonac dánta, do éeanfán' a éealb,
 Téid, ir eodair faoi rzaíl lonnraiz zairte aii do fuan
 éiom,
 Go b-fázaid meura nior rtuama aii do éudais éiun',
 realb.
 Ma bí cnoide zairizí treunhár, éir-zradáiz, vó fuar-
 faoi,
 'Ta z-cornuúgáð, aiz eirdeact le feinnim an v-dánn,
 Ní nair anam-ra aét oireoz neam-bhízhár na luatzaoré,
 Azur uair-re do éairic an fuaim bhinn amáin.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

THE IRISH HEART.—Quick and strong in its generous impulses, firm in its attachments, sound to the core.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.—Athens boasted of a Solon, an Aristides, and a Demosthenes, but Ireland beholds all their great qualities combined in her favorite Son.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.—A domestic Legislature alone can confer it; to expect it from a London Parliament is an idle dream, and we Irishmen, on this side of the water, hope that full restitution will be made for past injustice.

THE DAUGHTERS OF IRELAND, entrenched within the fortress of paternal affection: May they never surrender the citadel of their hearts, except to those who wield the arms of sincere love, chastened by morality and temperance.

THE LADIES.—With assiduity we court their smiles; with sorrow we receive their frowns; but smiling or frowning, we love them.

HIBERNIA.—Steeped in her own tears, she never can get up:—soaking in whisky, she must go down;—but bathing in "coult wather" she will get on "swimmingly."

THE MEMORY OF GEN. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER—a martyr to the cause of American liberty: May his blood constitute an enduring cement of friendship between the land of his birth and the land of his adoption.

THE HARP OF IRELAND.—He is no true son of Erin whose heart does not respond to the inspiration of its numbers.

IRELAND AND AMERICA.—May the former soon be as free as the latter, and may the latter never forget that Irishmen were instrumental in securing the liberty they now enjoy.

ANDREW JACKSON, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—The son of Irish parents; in retiring from office, we may justly say in the words of the poet—

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

THE DESCENDANTS OF IRISHMEN.—May they never forget the respect which they owe to the land which contains the ashes of their fathers.

THE HEART OF AN IRISHMAN.—A living monument of kind and generous feelings—while the hand of Charity guides the stream, may the hand of Wealth yield a perpetual supply.

IRISHMEN.—The love of liberty will burn in their bosoms as long as their bright Isle is washed by the ocean.

THE EMERALD ISLE.—May her sons and daughters resemble a field of potatoes in full bloom, beautiful to look upon; and when called on to assist the distressed, may they, like the roots, prove a real blessing to the poor.

HORTICULTURAL EXPERIMENTS.—May the tree of freedom soon be planted in Ireland, and may John Bull find it as difficult to uproot it as he found it here.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

--	--

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 038 480 0

Un